

much, and grandfather would never borrow from any one ; he would call no money his own until he had fairly earned it ; and, with his rheumatism, he could earn so little, only doing a few chores for white folks now and then."

They "must wait for their cottage," she said, sadly, "and grandfather was already so old, he might not live to get it." I consoled her by reminding her of the number of old people in Little Rest, of one charming old lady who had lately celebrated her ninetieth birthday, and of the tax-gatherer of the district, who, though seventy-six years of age, still walks his twelve miles a day to collect the taxes. "But you, yourself, Can, you earn money."

She told me that in winter she went to school, and that all that she could earn in summer she gave to the good people who took care of her to pay for her board and clothes. I found that the little dusky being by my side was as proud and more honestly independent than many who come of fairer stock. Meanwhile the shadows were growing longer, and Lady Jane's step was growing slower. I feared it might be premonitory of a full stop, one of the occasional fits of obstinate refusal to proceed, for which the old mare was noted. "I wish I had left my watch at home," I said, half to myself, as I looked around the lonely road, with not a house in sight, and at a stone's throw from us a figure moving about in the bushes by the roadside. It might be a robber ; the place was favorable for tramps. I recalled all the stories I had read of in the way of highway robberies.

"If you like," said Can, quietly, "I can take care of it, and your rings ; nobody would think of me having anything like them."

It was a good suggestion, and I quickly slipped all signs of wealth into Can's calico bosom, and urged Lady Jane forward. I was almost as plainly dressed as Can, yet I felt nervous, when a very repulsive-looking creature, smoking a villainous pipe, came with unsteady step toward the wagon. I put my hand in my pocket, thinking that I would civilly offer him a quarter and perhaps be rid of him. As he laid his hand on my arm with an unpleasant leer and was about to speak, the sudden shriek of an engine, close upon us, as it seemed, startled Lady Jane so that she gave a wild leap, which shook the wagon, its contents, and also shook off the tramp. Lady Jane then rushed like mad along the road ; I could hardly hold her. I had not supposed there was a railroad track in this direction. I turned to Can in surprise.

"That did about as good as firin' a pistol," she said, quietly smiling.

"Do you mean to say that was no car, Can ?" I asked, in amazement.

"Why, yes, ma'am," she answered apologetically. "You seemed a kinder frightened at that 'ere man, an' I didn't know of any other way to make Lady Jane go, so I thought I'd pay train comin'. Lady Jane can't abide trains."

"But how did you learn to imitate the whistle so perfectly ?" I asked. She put her hands to her mouth and was about to give a second performance. "Don't," I cried, in alarm, "pray don't. I think I was as afraid of your train coming full tilt upon us as I was of the tramp. Thank heaven, we are almost home !"

Little Rest was roused to a pitch of most unusual excitement the next morning by the news that the bank and the post office had both been broken open the previous night, and a considerable sum of money taken from each. No clue to the robbers could be obtained, or was likely to be had, for Little Rest possessed a very scanty police force and not a very efficient one. In my own mind there existed the firm conviction that the robbery was committed by the tramp whom Lady Jane had shaken from the wagon at the sound of Can's railway train. Perhaps he had accomplices lurking in the bushes. I felt that to the quick wit of my brave

little companion, I owed the preservation of my property, perhaps of my life.

"You have fairly earned it, child," I said, as I put into Can's hand a sum she declared was far beyond her services.

After this I saw Can frequently and also her grandfather. The old Indian gained a little money from the sale of common candles, which he made from the tallow he gathered from the bayberry shrubs in the woods near his dwelling. It was pleasant to see him running his candles through a mold, while his granddaughter read to him his favorite chapter about Greatheart, in "Pilgrim's Progress." It was always the same chapter ; he never grew tired of it or of Greatheart, his hero. He enjoyed looking at the pictures all through the book—a handsome copy—which, as the old man told me with pride, had been given Can as a prize at the school examination, and he made the child show me the fly leaf where the schoolmaster in his own writing had put her name, "Caroline Ann Neversink : A prize for good conduct and scholarship," with the date. I was asked to read it each visit I made the old man.

One day a lady artist came to Little Rest from Narragansett Pier, where she was spending the season. So pleased was she with the bright little face of my friend Can, that she begged her to sit to her for a figure in the landscape she was sketching. The child was much surprised that her face should be wanted to put in a picture, and that she should be paid money for sitting or standing still.

My artist friend was so delighted with Little Rest that she prolonged her stay to make several sketches, and finally declared her intention of painting a picture of a cranberry bog with Can and her grandfather as pickers. Can's delight knew no bounds when she looked at the sketch and recognized all the details. Perhaps the artist never enjoyed any prize more than she did the unaffected admiration of the rustic crowd around the picture which when finished was exhibited in the old farm-house to all Can's friends.

"You have helped me to my cranberry patch, Can. You must let me help you to yours," wrote the lady when her picture, having been exhibited in Boston, sold for a handsome sum—and she inclosed in her letter what to her models seemed a fortune. It proved sufficient, with the old man's savings, to buy the little cottage in which Can and her grandfather at last happily settled. Can has promised to send me some cranberries to eat with my next Christmas turkey. Happy child ; if she does not realize a fortune from it, she has already found what is better—she finds a great deal of happiness in living with her dear old grandfather in their own little cottage and cranberry bog, which they have fairly and honorably earned.—H. G. WHEELER.

The Golden Wedding.

HAND clasping hand, for fifty years

We have met the cares of life ;

Ever the same, 'mid smiles or tears,

We have been, my dear old wife.

'Tis fifty years ago to-day,

I gave you our wedding ring ;

Time is wasting the gold away,

But no change to love can bring.

God's blessing on your sweet old face,

To me still young and fair !

There is summer in your heart, my Grace,

Though the snow lies on your hair.

When death shall quench the vital spark,

And the thread of life is riven,

May we hand in hand pass through the dark,

To life and love in heaven.

JOHN M. MACDONALD.

AGATHE DE VALSUZE.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

BY M. D'EPAGNY.

(Continued from page 753.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

NAPOLEON.

THE first words the emperor addressed to M. de Chamberceau were an offer to continue the comte's position as prefect.

Adrien bowed respectfully ; but declined the offer for his father.

Napoleon smiled : " I expected that," he said ; " for I know the father and son have a mania—they take but one oath in their lives. That is fine ; but I cannot compliment you on it just now when I need *consciencés of every dimension*." He was silent a moment, then taking a paper he gave it to Adrien, saying haughtily : " You may obey ; for I am the only sovereign in France ;" adding with kindness and even emotion : " They denounced you to me as a partisan of Louis XVIII."

" Your majesty did not believe it ?"

" No ; the blockheads ! they wished to seize Paris before my return. They would have provoked resistance and spoiled my plan which was to arrive at the capital without firing a single gun. You have served me well in following the principles of your family. I am obliged to you for it, and you hold the proof in your hand. Go, my friend, and act—promptly."

Adrien was ordered to Lyons to gather the broken remains of several companies to make up his regiment. He was to form it without losing an instant, and to take the command. Adrien was Colonel.

Foncemagne was also called by the emperor, and in the haste and flurry of those events he forgot to send Adrien's note to the comte. So it happened that none of those interested received any word of the marquis.

All the world has heard of the epoch known in history by the name of the " Hundred Days." France was in an uncertain state. The whole population showed increasing uneasiness and the signs that come before a stormy outbreak.

This approaching trouble, which held the destiny of France, and of all Europe, terrified the great city. Everything was suspended—business, plans, hopes. It seemed as if nothing could be thought of until the immense decision should be pronounced by the voice of Fate, or rather by the Will of God.

The Marquis de Valsuze examined the situation sadly and calmly, without considering its effects on himself. Unconscious of the fact that he was now living by his daughter's industry, he believed that the price of the two carriages and the sale of his dear wife's diamonds had been more than enough for the furnishing of their apartment, and the renewal of his wardrobe which had been too much behind the modern fashion. He supposed there was money yet remaining.

For a month past, however, he had noticed some trouble and embarrassment in the bearing of his daughter and Nanette. Then he had caught in passing certain sentences

concerning economies which perplexed him. He noticed also how small the dishes were becoming, and was often surprised there could be enough for three people. Finally, having heard Nanette say about some article of food—" This is too dear ; don't keep any of it for me," and other words of the sort, M. de Valsuze grew annoyed as he always became when he saw any privation in his home which he thought unnecessary, and contrary to the liberality of his nature.

So he thought one day that he would—not count things over with Agathe—but ask her some questions about their present situation ; for he began to fear that what he called the usurpations of Napoleon would last longer than he had at first thought.

Agathe had not yet lost the hope of utilizing her graceful pencil. Already, in spite of M. Manchiron's avidity and the diminution of the prices which he made the condition of continuing his orders, Agathe had redoubled her courage, her activity. She did not despair of making nearly two hundred francs a month if Manchiron kept his word. Besides, the poor child sat up late at night and worked at embroidery. If she had not needed to keep her father company in the morning and at meal-times she might have worked even more. Luckily, the marquis went out a great deal, and left his daughter that time to herself.

She therefore assured her father truly that their resources were very low, but that, with the help of Providence, she hoped to be able to keep up the same poor style of living, only she begged M. de Valsuze not to bring her any more presents, as he sometimes did, the poor fond father thinking to delight her, while these costly attentions rendered her wretched.

Manchiron, however, did not appear. The greedy, dishonest man had calculated upon the increasing misery of this estimable family, and upon the ignorance and inexperience of the poor girl. He knew she dared not go out to offer her works for sale, and he had planned not to appear again until he could take away, for almost nothing, all that Agathe had done during more than forty days.

She had already spent more than she could spare for colors, and at last the money gave out entirely. To heighten the misery Nanette lost her temper. Bitter words passed her lips, and she seemed also to have lost her faith in Providence.

When Mlle. de Valsuze saw her old nurse in this fit of rage, she took her mother's portrait, now dismantled of its rich setting, from her bosom and kissed it fervently, as if to seek some comfort.

" Oh well, now !" cried Nanette, guessing her thoughts, " do you suppose I am scolding you because I am cross ? don't you know me better ? am not I always your own Nanette ?"

Agathe held out her hand without speaking. The old woman went on :

" Oh, yes ! always the same poor Nanette, and sorry indeed to be poor. This morning I had an idea which seemed to

me a good one. I was mistaken. I had been keeping it for a great occasion—and I must tell you about it, or I shall choke." She began to cry so hard that she could not speak for some time; but presently, drying her eyes, she resumed: "Have patience, Mam'selle, it has relieved me to have a good cry—now I am better. Well, I said to myself this morning: I have something belonging to me. When M. le marquis went into exile, he gave thirty thousand francs and more to my uncle, and to my father, who is now dead. They offered to share with me as was only right, but I said: No, keep my share until I marry. Make use of it until I need it. But when I married they gave me nothing at all, for I was with your parents and I needed nothing. When my husband died I sent my son to them. Anatole is a good boy; he worked for them, and gained his own living. He cost them nothing, and quite the contrary. But I said to myself this morning: Why not claim my inheritance? If I had that I should be rich; for my father left something—at least three times as much as the marquis gave him. So I went and told my uncle I wanted my money. What do you suppose he told me? That I must not be in such a hurry, that my son owed his board, and the price of his apprenticeship to the upholstering business. That he would give me nothing till a reckoning was made. I called Anatole, and told him what I thought of his uncle. The poor fellow threw his arms around me and said to him: 'My mother needs money, now. Advance her five hundred francs, or I leave you.' The answer was that he might go when he pleased, and his uncle added: 'Your mother is crazy. Take it to court, and I will prove that you have eaten more than her inheritance. I will wait for you. I do not fear you.' So then my son went and packed up his bundle and followed me here. He is in the garret; I have given him one of my mattresses—that is the result of my morning's work! One might expect to be robbed by Cossacks, but not by one's own relations, who inherited from one's father, and whose fortune one helped to make! If they had been honest, I should not mind the loss; but it is terrible, and enough to break my heart, and my poor, poor young lady, I can do nothing for you! I have only brought you back sorrow, and bad humor. Pardon me, it is over. But to-morrow I must find something to do, and you—must accept Napoléon's work. She is no longer paid so well, for just now the caricatures of the Bourbons do not sell, because they are unfortunate—that's the way they are in France, they never like to insult the suffering—but still Napoléon gains her two francs, two francs and a-half with the battles of the republic. And the pay is sure. I asked her to give me some for you, and here they are; it will be easy as play to you."

As she concluded, she laid down two hundred portraits of Napoleon at Elba, his landing at Cannes, etc.

And thus, by the kindness of a poor girl of the working class, Mlle. de Valsuze obtained the favor of coloring the portraits of Bonaparte!

By this strange occupation she made enough to last a few days; but the work fell off and finally failed. At the end of a month Napoléon had taken up her first trade, that of a laundress—"the *fine arts* are worth no more," she said.

As for Agathe, she nearly put out her eyes over embroidery, and her exquisite work did not bring her enough money to buy her father's dinner! Nanette made up what was lacking for this, and often the poor woman ate her bread with a piece of pork, or without anything, to get her master two fresh eggs, or a little pigeon, and some fruit for dessert.

At last, one day, Agathe had a serious talk with Nanette, who was sick with a chill—she had sold her mattress! Agathe, also worn out, was shivering miserably.

They agreed that they could no longer conceal their

distress from the marquis. "We cannot reproach ourselves," said Mme. Chaudfront, "the dear gentleman has seen everything giving out without complaining—always so content, always so calm, so kind. If we had told him a month ago, what good would it have done? We should only have seen him ill with grief a month sooner. As for his poverty, he will soon find it out—this evening at the latest; for I have been able to gain nothing to-day, nor you either, and the breakfast, with a little chocolate, took our last sou."

People talk a long time beforehand about the poverty they see coming, without realizing exactly what it will be like. It can only be understood when it has come, and extreme misery is like death; it is only horrible when it shows its face. The day when illness is added to want, and strength is lacking to work, is a frightful time that few can meet without shuddering.

Agathe's pain was doubled by the dread of her father's woe, and as singularly inappropriate speech and action often lends a sad oddity to such distress, it happened that day that M. de Valsuze entered gayly, declaring that he had an unusual appetite.

"My dear father," said the poor child, in a trembling voice, "I am afraid you must wait a long time for your dinner to-day; for Nanette is ailing, and I have been attending to her."

"Well, well, my child," replied the marquis, good-humoredly, "do not disturb Nanette, and take good care of her. I shall really enjoy dining at the pastry-cook's for a change. And I shall surely be hungry this evening, so we will have a supper." He kissed his daughter's forehead, laughing, and pleased with himself for having saved his good housekeeper so much trouble. Then, noticing that Agathe's brow was burning, he scolded her for rising too early, and for not taking more exercise. Then he wanted to go for a doctor, and could hardly be dissuaded. Finally, he went out to dine at the cake-shop.

Before this cruel day, everything that could be sold or pawned had disappeared from the little house, where now little was left but misery. Still the six straw-bottomed chairs, and the clean shining table, were left in the dining-room, because this led to the old gentleman's chamber.

Nothing in his room had been disturbed. It presented a sorrowful contrast to their indigence, and often the miserable Agathe, looking around it with tearful eyes, praised herself for having as yet kept the little chimney ornaments, which M. de Valsuze admired, his fine watch, his diamond ring, and his pearl-embroidered purse, through the meshes of which glistened two or three little pieces of silver. He seldom touched this money now. His dinner at the baker's was the first time he had done so in a month.

These two rooms were the only ones in the house that had not been emptied—even Nanette's bed and her son's had been sold!

"At least," said Mlle. de Valsuze to herself, "I have fought to the end. My father will not have begun to suffer until I could suffer no longer for him. My mother must know that I have tried my best." Then, turning to Nanette, she added: "O, you dear, kind Nanette, how much you have done for me! You have given me such generous devotion, do pardon me for having so greatly abused your kindness. We are at the end of our means. Soon this little room, where my father has slept in peace, will look like the rest of the house; and then—oh! what will he do!"

They never thought of themselves.

Nanette's son had obtained a little work in a shop near by, and gave all he made to his mother. He was a kind-hearted fellow, very sympathetic, and, like Mme. Chaudfront, he earnestly desired to assist Mlle. de Valsuze. In a less troublesome time they might have succeeded; but it was Anatole

himself, as we shall see later, who hastened the complete wreck of the family he wished to aid. His inexperience and rashness plunged himself, his mother, and all into deeper trouble. But we shall follow the thread of events.

The marquis, a little thirsty after his repast at the pastry shop, came back, and drank several glasses of pure water—for the sugar they pretended to go after was too long in coming. Then, before going out again, he said, pleasantly, "Really, my dear, we ought to see a doctor. Nanette is very pale—she looks badly—she will be in bed before long. And are you better yourself? Yes; your skin is soft and moist—that is good. A little abstinence and you will be quite well."

Abstinence! that had begun for them all in the morning. Agathe smiled gently, as she kissed her father good-bye.

"By the way," he said, as he left, "my dinner was not satisfactory. Do not forget our supper."

"Our supper," she repeated, mechanically. Her father thought she hesitated because of Nanette. "O, I forgot," he said, "our good housekeeper is poorly. Well, well, you have only to send across the street, just opposite, to the cook's shop, whose windows look nice. You had better only get a chicken, since I know we must be careful, because of this fiend of a man with his wars. But we can never ruin ourselves in our poor way of living."

"Father," faltered Agathe, "if I could!—"

"Dear child," he went on, his voice gentle with tenderest love, "I do not want anything better for myself—but only for you. You have no pretty clothes, only these two dark dresses, and you used to look so well in white. I think you are growing a little careless—I know it is from prudence—but do not push it too far. For myself, I am as happy as I was in my days of wealth. Your care, my dear, your attentions, are all in all to me."

Agathe rose happy and proud, looking up to her father's face through tears of joy. "You are really content?" she asked, lovingly.

"Yes, my daughter, thanks to you. I never felt better. One grows as used to spending nothing as to spending much. And we seem to have all we require."

Agathe sighed.

Her father continued: "I assure you, I really enjoy this humble and obscure existence. I waste nothing, and I have in this pretty purse you embroidered for me, enough—thirty sous. But for you, I want you to adorn yourself a little. Lovely as you are, my fatherly pride, which is the only pride I have, is hurt to see you dressed so poorly."

M. de Valsuze's laughing manner and his easy confidence increased the poor girl's feverish condition. "This evening," she said to herself with a sigh, "will close my father's last happy day. To-night will throw him into despair—he will know all. I can see him offended at our sacrifices, refusing the bed we have saved for him, and all that he thinks we are deprived of. I can see him, sinking under the blow, fall upon the same bed, where he may never again rest peacefully."

Agathe became so unstrung that Nanette grew frightened; but not knowing what she could say to console her for a grief without remedy, she rose, and, taking her arm, insisted upon her getting into the air. Arm-in-arm they walked, in the nearest paths of the *Jardin des Plantes*.

"He must sleep this one night more," said Nanette. "What can we sell?"

They could think of nothing. A new idea came to Agathe's mind, as she saw a child asking alms for its sick mother. "Oh," she cried, in trembling terror, "if I should come to that!"

"Alas!" replied Mme. Chaudfront, in a broken voice, "we are very near it now."

A lady, followed by a servant carrying a little dog, was walking in the same path. She called the little boy herself, and gave him a ten sous piece.

"How happy rich people must be!" cried Nanette.

The old lady heard her, and turned. She noticed Agathe's paleness, and seemed to pity her. She evidently desired to speak, but the young girl's timidity made her shrink away.

As they left the lady also turned to go, and followed them with looks of interest. It was but a step to their house, and Nanette, allowing Agathe to go up first, went back quickly and joined the lady, whose kind thought she had divined. Then, putting her pride under her feet, Nanette allowed herself to be questioned by the charitable woman, and in a few words gave her an outline of Agathe's history—she only concealed her name. In six minutes after she entered, set the table with a joyful air, before Agathe, who looked at her with wondering eyes, and thought she had lost her senses.

The marquis came home and supped with a good appetite, while Agathe, still astonished, broke her fast for the first time that day.

"Shame is for bad consciences," said Nanette, when the marquis had gone to bed. "That kind lady questioned me, and I told her the truth. She wishes to see you, and in the meantime she has been charitable. She is happy, since she can relieve misery. But, Mademoiselle, to-morrow I must go to see M. Bernard—he will lend me enough money to bring a suit against my uncle to force him to give me my property. In the meantime we will work with all the strength of our arms, my son and I at least, and if we do not earn our bread we shall not blush—I at least shall not blush, to hold out a working hand which has not been able to make enough for the day's support."

Agathe was so overcome by Nanette's decision that she was too frightened to speak. All night long painful dreams brought back the dreadful scene—her father in tatters, suffering from cold, from hunger, homeless, sick, exhausted, and herself begging, asking alms for him!

The imagination of sensitive people always goes beyond truth, and even beyond probability, but this time it is certain these dreams came very near reality.

When she rose in the morning she ached in every limb, for she slept upon a thin little mattress and had but scanty covering; it was the only bed left except her father's. Nanette slept on a straw under-mattress, and her son upon the straw itself spread on the garret floor.

When Nanette went to waken her young lady she found her on her knees, returning thanks for her father's last moments of comfort. She trembled with joy when Nanette told her they had enough to last another day.

"Yes," continued Mme. Chaudfront, "we are like birds of the air. We don't know where we shall get our food to-morrow. The Lord will provide. The birds don't trouble themselves about anything, although they take care to line their nests with down to secure comfort to their young. We shall live like birds of the air. And you, my saint—yes, saint like your mother, you will come out of all this trouble. I dreamed last night of your mother and she said a word to me—a simple word—"

"Oh tell me!" cried Agathe.

"She said:—'Patience!'"

Agathe again fell on her knees in fervent prayer. "I shall have patience," she said, as she rose and kissed her courageous companion in trouble. "I shall not blush before any step which may help my father. I will go and ask M. Bernard's advice, or even his aid, until I can get something to do to support us. Hereafter, I shall have no pride except in my duty, and in my devotion for my father. Do anything you think honest and right, Nanette—you know better than

I how to fight and conquer poverty. But ah! if ever I am rich—the poor—oh! the poor! I know, I know how they suffer."

CHAPTER XIX.

ANATOLE CHAUDEFONT.

Mlle. de VALSUZE seemed doomed to find her life one succession of griefs and disappointments.

The generous lady, who had given Nanette a considerable sum to take from her gift the idea of alms, was no sooner at home than she sent forty francs to the young lady artist. She knew the house because, as we have said, Nanette had

shown her. With the money she sent a note saying that it was the payment in advance for a little picture she wished to order.

By an unfortunate mistake the lady's man-servant asked the tavern-keeper if there was not a young lady artist in his house. This man, intimate as he was with Sous-Quartier, replied without hesitation: "Certainly, there is Mademoiselle Napoléonie, on the fourth floor; second door above the stair-way.

The domestic, therefore, gave the money to Sous-Quartier's granddaughter, the illuminator, the only artist that the inn-keeper knew anything about.

In the afternoon Nanette went to Agathe and said: "I have sent my son to Paris to see M. Bernard. He ought to be back by this. Let us go and wait for him in the Jardin des Plantes—he has to come that way."

Agathe, too tired to care what she did, followed without objection.

It was the hour when the good old lady took her walk. Agathe and Nanette, of course, knew nothing of her added kindness since the gift had gone elsewhere.

In meeting her Nanette curtsied deeply, whispering to Agathe: "That is the good lady who knows about us. Perhaps she may get us some work."

The young girl smiled as she bowed to the lady, who returned her inclination politely.

But the servant, who was leading the little dog by a ribbon, went close to his mistress and seemed to explain something to her which was not satisfactory. He saw that this was not the young person to whom he had carried a little roll of money on the previous evening.

As she turned to walk back the lady made a sign to Nanette, inviting her to sit down beside her on one of the garden benches. She evidently wished to speak to Agathe.

Nanette, uneasy and blushing, trembled lest there might be some humiliating explanation. Each one of the three was embarrassed, but the old lady asked her questions with the greatest possible delicacy.

"I have heard that you paint with great talent, my pretty child?" she said.

Agathe felt a little surprised, but replied modestly and respectfully.

"I should like very much to see some of your work," continued the lady.

"Unfortunately I have little left that is worth showing," answered Agathe, sadly, "and I have no material left to work with."

The conversation stopped short. The lady began to suspect some mistake; for what she had sent ought to have given Agathe the means to go on. She looked at Nanette, who knowing nothing of the matter, was at a loss to understand the mute questioning of the lady's glances.

In the meantime Agathe, noticing the exquisite beauty of the little dog, and how affectionately his mistress caressed him, thought of a pleasure she might bestow. Taking a small tablet portfolio and a pencil from her pocket, in five minutes she

had made a charming sketch of the little spaniel. She tore out the leaf, and gave it to the old lady, who was so delighted that she kissed her.

Agathe felt more and more astonished at this kind familiarity.

But Nanette, still on thorns, rose to go. They were hardly in, when they saw Napoléonie running toward the man servant.

She had recognized him from his livery, and seeing the lady whom he followed conversing with Agathe she guessed the mistake which had been made, and went down to find out, as soon as Agathe left.

Napoléonie, on learning the truth, at first laughed heartily, then she turned serious, and even a little sad, as she said, blushing: "I must give the money back to Mlle. de Valsuze, and excuse myself to her as well as I can."

"That will be all right," replied the lady, starting as she heard the name of Valsuze.



THE PICTURE DEALER OUTWITTED.

This lady's name was the Baroness du Bois-Chenn. She had no children, and no fortune, but was able to live honorably from a life annuity. She was one of the little circle with whom the marquis spent his evenings and played his whist. She was so bewildered on hearing this name that she said nothing more to Napoléonie, but made up her mind to ask the marquis himself the next day if there were any others of his name at the capital.

Nanette excused herself for the embarrassment she had caused her young mistress in bringing her so suddenly in contact with this benevolent gentlewoman. Agathe replied by reassuring and thanking her. She repeated that she had but one duty left—to see after her father's welfare.

"See, I am so happy," she said, "to think this lady is pleased with my drawing. Who knows? She may give me a portrait to paint, thanks to the one I made of the little spaniel!"

The door opened and Napoléonie entered. After making every excuse she could think of, she added, lowering her eyes: "I received forty francs for you, Mam'selle——"

"Forty francs! we are saved!" cried Nanette.

"Forty francs!" exclaimed Agathe, "with twenty francs worth of colors I will have enough to make a hundred crowns' worth of portraits and landscapes, and my father will enjoy a few more days of rest and peace!"

"Forty francs, alas! yes, I had them," resumed Napoléonie, "and I thought they were mine—I was so pleased—I was owing two terms of rent—I ran and paid the proprietor and here's his receipt. Now I have another debt, and I have been a stupid goose! ah! dear me!"

"It had to turn out so," thought Agathe, wearily. "I do not wish the money from you, Mademoiselle," she said, gently, "it was not your fault. Good evening."

"What are we ever to do?" cried Nanette, as Napoléonie went away. "The rent! I had forgotten that. We are done for now—to-morrow we must sell the master's furniture."

Overpowered by this, Agathe let her head fall on her hands and was silent.

The bell rang. A new trouble was about to be added to the misery already so great. It was M. Manchiron. The broker had made his calculations. He knew that the rent was due. He counted on paying half that he owed and getting a full receipt, and upon obtaining two or three little paintings which Agathe could not bear to part with. They had been begun during the lifetime of the marquise, and she had even touched them herself. M. de Valsuze loved them, although he could not see them without pain. Agathe had placed them in her studio, and had several times refused them to Manchiron when he pressed her to sell them. He now offered her one hundred and fifty francs for them—they were worth thirty times as much.

Agathe, looking upon him now as her savior, did not hesitate a moment. To pay her landlord, to keep her father comfortable a little longer, to be able to return to her beloved occupation, and to find useful employment, as she hoped to do through Mme. du Bois-Chenn,—this was hope, happiness complete in comparison with the despair of the last few days.

As they went up to the studio to transact this business Anatole came back. M. Bernard and all his family were in the country. His large business was suspended during this time of agitation and uncertainty. But by way of compensation young Chaudfront brought a rather consoling piece of news. He had stopped to see his uncle, to find out how things were going. He had been well treated. His uncle was not in the least inclined to give up the inheritance to the young man or his mother; for it would have taken a notable sum from his business; but he asked him to make arrange-

ments without telling his wife, who was miserly, and of whom he stood in fear.

He did not wish to deprive his niece Nanette of her rights, but he desired greatly to keep his capital, so he proposed to give her a pension and to take back the young man whose services he had missed.

Anatole had promised of a kind reception and an arrangement; he was to return to business as soon as possible. To make this surer the old man had refused to give him any money until he went back again.

This news did not greatly comfort Nanette. Misery was at hand and a promise was worth little.

Agathe, for her part, had made up her mind; she gave Manchiron all she had. He promised to pay her on the morrow and was about to take everything off, when Anatole interfered.

He knew the broker. He had often seen him at his uncle's, and he knew he was not honest. He had heard Manchiron one day boasting of a bargain he made upon which he was acute enough to gain ten times the price he had paid. He was speaking of one of these very pictures marked with the Cross of Stars.

Anatole, accustomed in the course of his trade to find himself in fine drawing rooms, had heard these pictures spoken of. He asked Agathe about them and understood the fraud at once.

An idea struck him when he saw that payment did not immediately follow the sale. He offered to carry the pictures carefully himself and to bring back the money, which proposition was at once accepted. He farther proposed a written agreement that Manchiron should buy the pictures conditionally, allowing the artist to buy them back within a week for three hundred francs instead of the two hundred he should give her. "As the young lady is without means," he said, "you are pretty sure to keep them, and if any complaint is made about the price, you can show this writing to prove that you have given her a fair chance, and that you have not taken advantage of her need to cheat her."

Manchiron was as shallow as he was avaricious. He allowed Anatole to draw up the paper. The young man's project was to go to his uncle's to leave the pictures with him instead of taking them to Manchiron's, and then, believing his uncle would understand the value of the deposit, to induce him to advance the money to redeem the paintings. He felt certain of rendering a great service to Mlle. de Valsuze; but unluckily things did not turn out as he had hoped.

When Manchiron found out his design he first promised to thrash him, next he said everything possible against the pictures, so that the uncle's wife dissuaded her husband from advancing the sum necessary before making further inquiries.

Anatole, certain that an estimate on the pictures would make his uncle willing to advance the three hundred francs, and having also laid to heart the thrashing Manchiron had mentioned, during this debate quietly hid his burden in a remote corner of the shop, and then positively refused to deliver it to Manchiron.

The broker, furious, ran to a magistrate and made a complaint, and as the objects to be redeemed could not be found, and as the uncle was declared responsible, he threw all the blame on his nephew. The poor boy never dreamed of any such consequences to his benevolent plan, and never doubted that his uncle would advance the money as soon as he found it safe. So nothing turned out as he expected, and while he was applauding himself for having kept the precious pictures to have them properly valued, an officer called at his mother's to arrest him for having appropriated the property of another.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ALMS.

THE marquis had passed the evening as usual with the choice little circle formed at this quiet quarter; but what was his surprise when the Baroness du Bois-Cheun spoke to him of a young person bearing his name, describing first the house, and then the sad, almost hopeless appearance of the young lady.

The baroness did not go as far as to say she tried to help her; but M. de Valsuze had heard enough to alarm him, although as yet he could not quite believe the young girl had been his own daughter. He went home long before Agathe and Nanette returned. As he walked he recalled a thousand circumstances and sentences he had not understood, but which now became clear. At last his eyes were opened!

His first thought on entering was to take a candle from his room and to enter the two other rooms of the lodging, a thing he was not in the habit of doing.

His heart sank—all was bare, and under a miserable copper candlestick he found six pawn tickets.

His eyes overflowed with tears. There upon his knees he vowed within himself to devote his life to Agathe.

"What! I have enjoyed the rest which she has been deprived of. I have lived by her efforts and her tears. Her health, her strength, her youth was exhausting itself upon me, and I saw nothing, guessed nothing. I have slept softly upon down, while she—poor child—"

He fell senseless. The cold of the tiled floor upon his brow brought him to himself—he rose. The fever which was beginning lent him strength. He went over all the house, even to Nanette's room. He saw the bare kitchen, the wretched bed on the floor where the poor woman slept. Coming down he went into Agathe's studio. All was gone from the walls excepting the large portrait of the marquise. A few brushes on the floor, a few torn sketches showed that work had been done there. This was the last explanation. The poor old man now knew all. He threw a long look toward the portrait of his Antoinette, bending toward it reverently. His heart was so full he could hardly breathe.

And now another uneasiness seized him. He only escaped one cruel thought to be fallen upon by one more cruel still. All at once he wondered where his daughter could be, and how his house came to be deserted at that late hour. He took out his watch; it was almost ten o'clock.

Anxiety of mind creates one new fear after another; and under the burden of heavy trouble, the unfortunate often imagine that an inexorable fate is drawing every accident of life upon them.

Still it was impossible to doubt that something strange had taken place. The marquis went down stairs to make inquiry, and found to his alarm that an officer had arrested Nanette's son. He determined to see the magistrate. Before going out he took his valuables, the diamond ring, and his repeater, an old watch, but of considerable value. He wished to sell these things at once, to give the money to his daughter and Nanette. It was now his turn, he thought, to deprive himself, to endure trouble and hardship. He tried to think of some very hard employment which he might engage in to expiate (as he said) the sacrifices and privations that had been suffered for him.

This gentleman, who in other days had had principles of generosity, esteemable without doubt, but of difficult application in present times, found his opinions suddenly changed.

"By what right," he thought, "had certain favored individuals the prerogative of charging themselves with the immense happiness of doing good to those around them? This right is too precious to belong to any one by privilege, whether of fortune or birth, and since at present (alas! times are changed!) since at present misery and suffering may be the

portion of a multitude, it must be admitted that industry and the obligation to work have become of the first importance in our social condition."

"I am nothing more now," he cried, "than a workman. Very ignorant, very unintelligent. A poor father, who has neither strength nor talent to support his daughter. And his daughter was killing herself for him! O vain titles of pride and rank—what are you beside an honest trade, since you can give me nothing in place of it? What do I say? I must not in my trouble despise the honor and nobility of my fathers who used their fortune so well for the poor."

The old man talking thus to himself, with nervous haste gathered all his things and made them into bundles. He left nothing but his bed. "I will take care of her now, my poor daughter," he said.

Unable to keep still, he went out, believing he was not too late to stop at some jeweler's or watchmaker's. He wished also to see the magistrate, but his uneasiness grew greater with each passing moment, and the confusion of his ideas and his extreme agitation rendered him almost incapable of guiding himself.

When he reached the office the lantern was burning brightly above the door, but all was closed; there was not even one light indoors. He felt frightened and sick. Sounds like the ringing of heavy bells filled his ears; he felt his limbs fail under him, and he sank down on a stone bench to save himself from falling.

Two voices were heard near by. The first said, "Calm yourself, mademoiselle, you see we have not lost our way. And we have hope before us since my uncle has at last promised to give the three hundred francs which M. Manchiron can reclaim, and having your valuable pictures as security, he will advance us all we need to-morrow."

It was Nanette with Agathe; but the marquis, in his stupor, did not recognize the voices.

The young girl wrung her hands in her forlorn discouragement. "The rent must be paid—we must have broth, for my father has eaten little these last few days—he is ailing; these agitated times distress his nerves. I know he has not had a piece of money in his purse for two days, and I have none to give him. Come, hurry home, and then take something, anything, from his room, and sell it—only get some money."

"True," answered Nanette. "I can't agree to sell his things; they seem sacred. I would far rather ask alms for one day from the charitable people passing in the street."

"Ask alms!" repeated Agathe. "Let me, yes, let me do this for the love of my father. I will go alone; only follow near. First, I will ask that old gentleman who has just risen from the bench there."

Agathe approached him. "Monsieur," she said, in a trembling tone, "have pity on me. I have nothing left—not one sou! I do not ask for myself, but for my father. I implore you to aid me—for my father's sake! my poor father."

As she spoke, with bent head and lowered eyes, the old man straightened up and shuddered violently. The moon just then passing from behind clouds, let its light fall on Agathe's face. Her father made a step forward, raised his hands (one of which held the empty purse, which he had taken out at the first word of asking), then, bringing them down to cover his eyes, he drew a long moaning sigh, followed by a cry of sorrowful pain, and fell back against the wall for support.

There was something so deep, so piercing in this sigh, and the horrible scream which escaped him, that Mlle. de Valsuze shrank away in fear. Nanette was yet more alarmed, for she thought she recognized the man; but, with rare control, she drew the girl's arm through her own, and hurried to her home without stopping.

But to return to the marquis

The greatest calamities of life can be borne, if only they change and take new forms. Nature is thus enabled to endure the sorest trials, one serving as a relief from the other.

The old gentleman was almost spent with affliction when he fell before the magistrate's closed-up house. A new anguish brought back his strength; but it was the false strength of excitement. He walked rapidly, and with a firm step. What sense he had left kept telling him that he must find a jeweler, and sell certain objects.

As he hurried on he muttered: "She gave me her rest, her health, her life; and when all was exhausted, she braved shame and asked pity for her father's sake—for her father, who had never suffered, because his daughter shielded him. O, wretch that I am! But if only I can return what she has done for me—if only I can save her from privation by my toil—yes, why not? I am strong. I have no pride. Ah! I should be the richest man in France; for I should possess the most precious treasure. Dear, noble Agathe; you have inherited all the virtue and courage of my Antoinette. Yes, I am strong; yes, I will work day and night." Thus, speaking to himself, he hastened his steps. Sometimes the drops rolled off his brow; sometimes his

breath failed him; his eyes burned, his mouth was parched, his limbs were trembling; he was in a raging fever.

Instinct rather than reason guided him to the city by the same streets he had trodden three months before. He went by the Carrousel, which had then been crowded with Prussian troops.

Time had brought changes in this interval. The hour of Waterloo had already sounded, and its fatal echo vibrated still in every quarter of France.

All Paris seemed to be out. The burning words which were exchanged among the people made little impression on the marquis. Still, certain phrases which he would not formerly have understood now struck him.

A man of the people was saying: "Here come our enemies again! Where is the day of our glory?"

Another replied: "Our glory! To have our children killed or maimed? Glory at such a price is too dear!"

"But those who become generals—marshals of France!"

"Bah! it is all a lottery. I would rather be sure of gaining my bread as a simple workman."

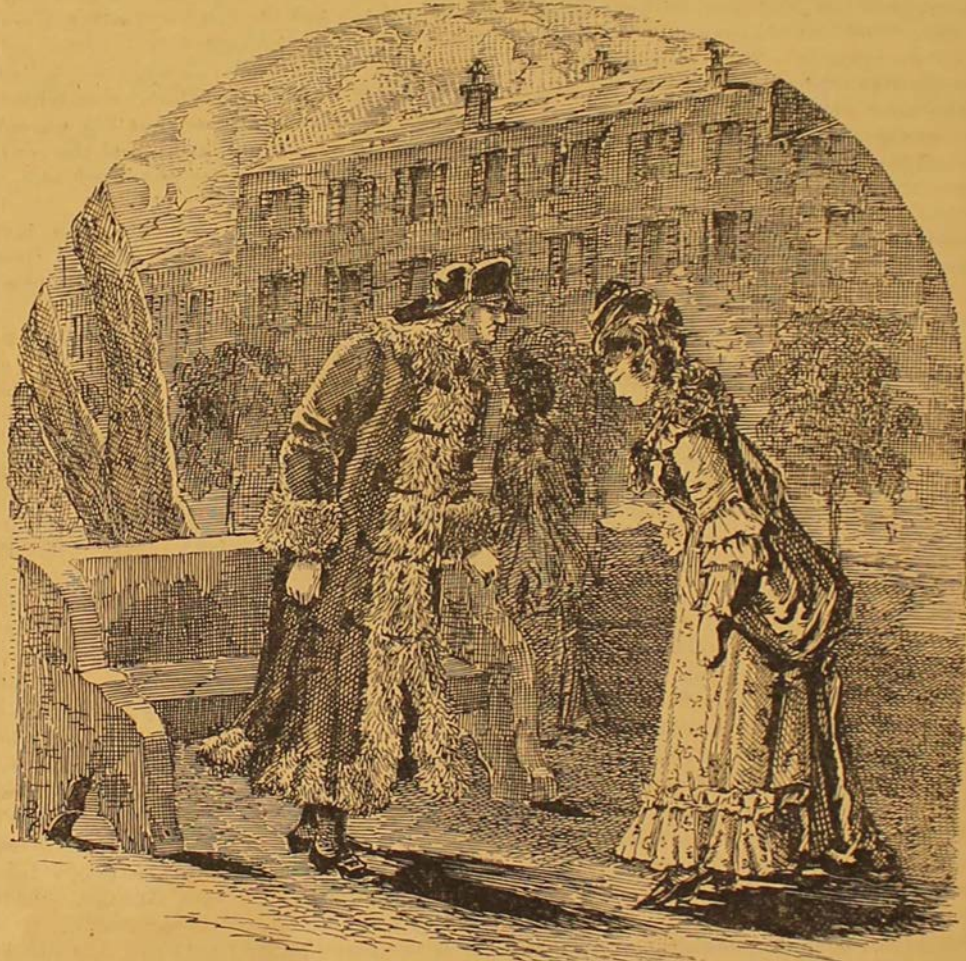
"You are right—and yet not altogether; for sometimes work is not to be had. The government will have something more to pay *nos amis les ennemis*. There will be no work doing—commerce will stop. This is what the descendants of St. Louis and Henri IV. cost us, without counting that the people must also pay back the *émigrés*."

"Monsieur! would Louis XVIII. dare to give them anything? He would ruin himself; and besides, where could he get it from? For my own part, I like Louis XVIII.; I am told he gave a charter which will be good for us in time."

"Oh I like him too, well enough; but I don't like the exiles who came back with him. Everybody talks of their losses, their miseries—is that our fault? Why did they go?—all the worse for them. Let them do as we do, and work for their living!"

"Ah dear!" thought the poor marquis. "That is all they ask."

Then he thought bitterly of this malevolent disposition, generally diffused through the population against those who had left France, a disposition which without exception, without examination, showed the same hatred for all. They classed them all together; those who left for the love of their princes, those who had joined the enemies of France, those



"FOR MY FATHER'S SAKE! MY POOR FATHER."

who had fought against her, and those who had done her no wrong, but who had been ruined, despoiled, burned out, and forced to fly for their lives.

These reflections passed through the marquis's mind, in spite of his preoccupied and suffering state.

It was surprising to see this immense place at this late hour covered with strange troops, national guards with battalions of Prussians, Austrians, and English, all showing clearly by the light of a multitude of little lamps ranged on the pavement.

This surprise acted as a kind of shock, and brought the marquis to himself. He remembered that he was looking for a watchmaker's; he crossed the place and entered the Rue St. Honoré. This was still brilliantly lit, and the shops were all open. M. de Valsuze went into one of the smaller ones, which was also one of the best stocked.

His odd costume was against him, and so many articles of gold and silver, pillaged by the troops, had been sold at low

prices that the dealers were hardly in the humor to buy more.

The one to whom the marquis offered his watch and diamond ring, seemed little disposed to purchase them, and gave a disagreeable reason for his refusal. Although he had been buying articles all day which were certainly stolen, he said he never received anything without having the name of the disposer, with his residence entered in a book.

The marquis felt the color rise to his cheeks. The time had gone by when his simple word inspired confidence—he saw himself at that moment in the glass of the counter.

He smiled sorrowfully and ironically at his own appearance. Then he said gently: "That is all right, Monsieur," as he took a pen and wrote: "*Le Marquis de Valsuze, Rue Saint-Victor*," with the number.

The watchmaker, a little surprised, faltered an excuse—he had not enough money in the house, he said; he was not in the habit of purchasing articles in this way; but on the morrow he would be prepared, etc.

"You understand, monsieur," returned the marquis, "that if I come to you at this late hour it is because I cannot possibly wait until to-morrow. Oh, dear!" he added, "it is midnight; I have lost time. They are shutting up everywhere."

"Monsieur," said a pretty, kind-looking young woman, seated at the counter, "I can take you to some one who will gladly serve you; he is my father, and I am going there now. Accept a seat in our conveyance."

This woman's face seemed familiar to the marquis. He bowed gratefully to her, as he replied: "You will render me a great service, madame."

Before they started, the young woman took care to note the number in the Rue Saint-Victor.

As soon as M. de Valsuze was seated in the cab, he felt his courage sink, and the chill, which had been coming and going, now shook him incessantly. His will and the thought of his daughter had sustained him; as soon as he believed he had found what he was seeking, a feeble means of present help, his strength failed him.

This young married woman, who had so graciously offered her services to the marquis, was Bernard's eldest daughter—Bernard, the associate, the factotum, the benefactor of the Comte de Chamberceau, and formerly his valet de chambre. Ah! revolutions teach us to feel surprised at nothing.

This young person had been much affected by the sorrowful, dignified bearing of the old man; but, when she saw his name and remembered how much her father had desired to find his address, she hastened to note it; and, extremely touched by his present appearance of poverty, she determined to take him at once to her father.

The carriage did not take the road toward the Madeleine, where Bernard lived, it turned into the Chaussée d'Antin, and stopped before the old Valsuze mansion. M. Bernard was with M. Foucemagne.

M. de Valsuze was already seriously ill; the familiar look of his mansion, as they entered and went upstairs, troubled his mind, and little by little he was becoming delirious.

Foucemagne had returned from Belgium wounded. He had brought letters from Adrien, and from the Comte de Chamberceau, and had sent for Bernard to come and stay all night with him, because the surgeons feared it might be necessary to amputate his leg, and Bernard had promised Adrien to send him word at once how his friend came through the operation.

Bernard's daughter, now married to the son of a wealthy jeweler of the Rue Saint-Honoré, went there by appointment to see her father, who had been absent from town for some weeks.

When Bernard heard that the marquis was there, he ran

to him. His daughter had rapidly informed him of the old gentleman's distressed condition, and the good man felt sure he would oblige Adrien by aiding him in every way he could. "He had been so put out," he said, "by their abrupt separation, because he found himself owing a little debt amounting to five hundred francs."

The dim and reddened eyes of the marquis sparkled with joy, and he said, with an effort: "That, indeed, comes in well, my dear Bernard." Then, immediately remembering what Agathe had told him of this man's delicacy and generosity in his dealing with her, a generosity which had partly induced the marquis to hide himself away, he added: "But no, my dear Monsieur Bernard, I know how you dealt with the Comte de Chamberceau's guests, and I cannot, I will not accept the balance of which you speak—not even though—"

He paused abruptly, and Bernard understood that he must not insist for the present. The old *émigré*, while he was answering, took from his pocket the objects he wished to sell; then, remembering that nothing could be done at that hour, since Bernard was from home and awaiting the result of a dangerous surgical operation, he grew paler, more agitated still, and incoherent words fell from his lips: "Your daughter deceived me—no doubt she meant kindly, M. Bernard. My poor daughter calls me—and I—I can't return—I wish—oh! this sum would have saved us for several days, at least—I should have been able to see her again before I die—I wish—alas! I cannot. I would have written to the king, imploring his aid for my good child. What do I say? No; if the king aids his faithful friends he will be dethroned. His faithful ones must die—that is only their duty—Agathe, Agathe—my Agathe—Antoinette, pray for us!"

After these words they could understand no more; only he kept calling his daughter.

One of the doctors was called from M. Foucemagne to M. de Valsuze. "This man is greatly agitated, and may have brain fever, unless we can succeed in quieting him." Bernard begged the doctor to attend to him.

The doctor replied, rather crossly: "Very well. But I have two difficult patients to cure—both are so obstinate. Foucemagne will not allow us to amputate his limb, and he will probably die before to-morrow noon; and this one, if somebody can't bring his Agathe (supposing he could still recognize her), will accompany M. Foucemagne."

Bernard, always prompt in action, soon settled it. He sent for a carriage to take the marquis home, and made the doctor promise to go with them.

As he gave this order, Foucemagne sent for him.

"Since I have taken it into my head to keep my leg, in spite of the doctors, it is necessary to think of something else to divert my mind. Tell me, Bernard, is this gentleman in the next room, whom you call Valsuze, the same old *émigré* who formerly owned this house, and who wanted it back?"

"The same," replied Bernard.

"Gracious!" said Foucemagne, laughing. "I have a funny idea. If I should die to-morrow, or have a long illness, and if the foreigners (I mean the Bourbons) should conclude to surround themselves with their ancient friends, the *émigrés*, and to return their property—which would not be justifiable, mind you, in law or equity, but it could be done in law of conquest, and, for that matter, we ourselves have done the same all over Europe; the law of conquest is the only one against which there is no argument—oh, dear! ah! ah! ah!—say to the Marquis de Valsuze, in that case, that I offered him this house to rest in after his arrival, and that in my turn I ask to be allowed to remain long enough to see if my leg will help me away."

Then I could go to you, couldn't I, and wait till Adrien comes back. He is not dead, as was reported. I have a letter from him—the shot which killed his horse only bruised him—that's all. Adrien is lucky. I never found another man I couldn't disarm: but he wounded my wrist—I feel it yet—as soon as our swords crossed. My! we were mad that day—Rue Saint-Victor. That isn't what I wanted to say—my head is all wrong. Ah! here I am—I knew I had something important to ask you, about that lovely Mlle. de Valsuze, who saved our lives that day, with her maid, I suppose it was, by a sort of theatrical stroke—some said a miracle. What has become of her? One ought to inquire about a person who saved one's life. Ah! life is a good thing. I feel that to-day, when I am told I have but twelve hours more! But how I babble. Oh! I understand; the doctor said my pulse beats one hundred and twenty-five times a minute—wait Bernard, I have it now—here's what I'm trying to say. It is a commission of Adrien's. Two packages for his father, and this note to me. I can't see where you are, my head burns so—take my note—read it."

Bernard took the note:

"The Emperor desires me to follow him. We are coming back by Fontainebleau. I send you two packages—one addressed to my father at Paris; you will give it him when he is returned to the capitol with Louis XVIII. The other is for the Marquis de Valsuze, inclosed in the same fold. You know his address—Rue Saint-Victor—send it to him at once, for my father wrote me that it was very important.

"Later:—I wish Bernard to tell me how you get on; don't let them take off your leg. I am only bruised myself; but I am down-hearted. Our chief is gloomy, overwhelmed. He has several times said: 'I was disobeyed, perhaps betrayed!' Still he is calm and has not lost his presence of mind. A general remarked it, and he replied: 'The least thing I can do now, is to keep command of myself' (*l'empire sur moi*). His resignation attaches me to him, although I do not agree with his opinions. Take care of yourself—you will get well. Do not forget the package addressed to the Marquis de Valsuze.

Yours,

ADRIEN."

Without the sad chance which guided the marquis first to the Place du Carrousel, then to the Rue Saint-Honore where he found one of Bernard's daughters, and without this woman's kind thought, which induced her to take the old exile to her father, certainly Major Foucemagne, wounded as he was, and suffering keenly, would have utterly forgotten Adrien's commission.

The plans of Providence work out strangely, and we should wonder still more if we could discern all the circumstances enchain'd one within another.

Bernard took the two sealed dispatches. He kept the one addressed to his old master, and carried the other to the marquis, after writing the number and the name of the street below the name of Valsuze. But in his delirious state it was useless to speak to him—he was past understanding.

According to the doctor, one only chance remained for him: "If this raving should have a lucid interval, he ought to be at home near those whom he loves and so constantly calls for."

Bernard placed the sick man in the carriage which had just come, and twenty minutes after they reached his home.

Poor Agathe had waited from eleven until two, in a condition of the wildest anxiety—then she had fainted. Nanette put her to bed, where she was now conscious, but un-

able to lift her hand. She lay praying, imploring for her father's safe return.

When Agathe, so strong and courageous, was stretched on her humble couch, Nanette broke down completely. She screamed wildly for her son, her uncle, her master, and ended by falling on the floor, where she lay sighing and moaning so piteously that the shop-keeper below heard her, and went up to tell Sous-Quartier's granddaughter.

So it was Napoleonie, the illuminator now turned laundress, who tended Agathe and Nanette. Her grandfather did her bidding, and went out for what was needed. He had brought back some crowns, taken at Fleurus from the belt of a Prussian captain. Having been wounded by the bursting of a shell, Sous-Quartier had not been able to follow the guards to Fontainebleau; he had taken out a hospital ticket, and had gone home to see his granddaughter.

As soon as he heard of the forty francs mistake, he took out his purse without a word, and handed the sum to the girl, saying: "Pay your debt at once. Perhaps it may have caused these good people to fall into such trouble—go quickly. It is lucky I have not yet met any comrades to drink to our defeat—the only comfort left us. Go; if you need anything more, tell me. Stay there to help them. It will not be time lost. I have an idea that the fine fellow who fought so well—that day you know—I mean the Commander Adrien Chamberceau, that you saved down the little stairs—you remember? I have an idea he will make us up anything we do for these folk. That is—if he isn't killed."

While Napoleonie and Sous-Quartier helped the marquis out of the carriage, Nanette's uncle entered.

Remorse had seized him. He had thought it over, and concluded that sooner or later he would have to settle with his niece, and that he had better not have her for an enemy. She would never pardon him, he knew, for having hesitated to release Anatole; and as he had naturally a good heart, when away from his wife's influence, he felt ashamed of himself.

Two business friends whom he had consulted, and whom he had also shown the pictures, had reassured him as to their value, and had even offered to charge themselves with double or triple the advance. They knew the value of the works marked with the cross of stars.

All these considerations taken together caused Nanette's uncle to withdraw his emphatic refusal, and he carried his niece not three hundred francs, but six.

Therefore, after Napoleonie had returned the forty francs, Nanette's uncle laid down a bag of money for his niece. Bernard explained to Napoleonie at the same time that the roll of gold pieces he deposited were the price of a very fine diamond and a repeater sold by M. de Valsuze. He hoped, by keeping the ring and the watch, to make the marquis, who was so unwilling to accept any favor, believe that he had rendered him a simple service.

Then before leaving, feeling sure that the package from the Count de Chamberceau inclosed some delicately disguised assistance, he threw it down beside the gold, on the same table which of late had been so sadly bare.

The doctor ordered quieting medicines, and left with Bernard, both promising to return on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT GHENT.

IN the night after the battle of Fleurus, before Waterloo, three couriers arrived one after another at the little exiled court of the constitutional king of the French.

Ghent was in great agitation, the king's followers seemed prostrated, and the morrow was a day of uncertainty; for the news kept contradicting itself.

"Call Chamberceau," said Louis XVIII.: "he is well informed; his son tells him the truth."

The count, who had accompanied the king, entered. He had just received a letter from his son. It contained but these lines:

"If Napoleon's orders are not frustrated (which I fear they will be), the star of the empire will rise again."

"He has traitors around him then?" cried the king. "I can easily believe it; for why should not some of the men who made false vows of fidelity to me, be ready to sell themselves? That will happen or I greatly mistake."

Then turning to the count, after a silence of some minutes, he said: "My dear Chamberceau, you must not endanger yourself by following us any longer."

"Sire," he replied, "nothing can prevent my fulfilling my highest duty. If Napoleon comes out conqueror he has nothing to reclaim from me, and he knows it. And as I will not and ought not to serve any other government than that of your Majesty, I can neither endanger nor compromise myself by following you. I have never asked anything of him. As to my property, they would not now dare to confiscate it to the nation. There is no nation under Napoleon—there is only himself."

"You are correct, comte; under a king who has given a charter, there should be much greater interest in preserving the throne. Unfortunately I came at a bad time—unfortunately I am protected by the armies of our enemies—and I am old, but the greatest misfortunes will probably fall on my successors."

The old king was sad and greatly stricken. He continued: "I should not regret power for myself; my position is too unhappy; I can be loved and understood by none. My family hold false ideas about France, and openly blame my principles. The statesmen of France are embarrassed between the old nobility, whom I cannot repulse harshly, and the new nobility who ask me boldly to reward them for services they have rendered to the republic or to the empire. I have to pay the allies and to send them back, and consequently I must impose heavy taxes—it is horrible! To fill my position conscientiously is so hard, I would not wish it to my most mortal enemy!"

Thus spoke this unhappy monarch, whose character has been much less known, and much more harshly judged than it would have been if those condemning him had entered a little more into the circumstances of the period.

The count still waited to know if the king had any commands for him, and presently Louis said:

"I must make the most of our last moments together, comte, if I must send my best subjects from me; but I have kept you as long as I could to show how I regret this separation, and to express my gratitude."

M. de Chamberceau was greatly affected. He loved the king, and highly esteemed his dignity and ability. He did not attempt to hide his feelings.

"What will you?" continued the king in a grieved tone. "I have not the means to keep up a court. I retain some few, merely to keep them from poverty."

"But I, sire," returned Chamberceau—"I am rich, and your Majesty——"

"Ah! you are of the old sort, Chamberceau, like Valsuze—poor Valsuze. Before I left I should have seen to that; his name was on my tablets."

He rang.

"Send me the nephew of the guardian of my purse—M. Isidore de Mont—Mont something—I don't know what moun-

tain he has given himself; they all ennobled themselves while the king, who only can confer such distinction, was absent. Well, well! France has a curious aristocracy!" He smiled sardonically, as a young man of very agreeable manners came in.

"I wish to know," said the king, "if the little sum on account was paid to the Marquis de Valsuze? The debt was liquidated before I left, and a small sum on account was to have been sent to him at once. Was this done according to my orders?"

The young secretary opened a register alphabetically arranged, searched a moment, and then replied: "No, sire, it was impossible to discover his address."

"Dear me!" cried the king very much out of humor. "You told me he was without means?"

"Yes, sire."

"I understand why I have not seen him, why he did not follow me; perhaps he had no money for the journey. What was the little amount?"

"Ten thousand francs, sire; but I must remind your majesty of the orders given yesterday, after the last news from the theater of war."

"And what orders did the news from the 'theater of war' compel me to give?"

"These, sire: to put off all payments, and to recall this decision to your Majesty if any petitioner came troubling you."

"See that the package is made up and the letter rewritten to M. de Valsuze, and remember, monsieur, that I need to be reminded of nothing. You make a false application of our orders—this has nothing to do with importunate petitioners; it concerns a man that I had forgotten, a devoted man, such as we seldom now find. Get the package and letter ready to send, and leave room for other papers in your envelope. We are going to make this package pass across the 'theater of war!'"

In pronouncing this last phrase, the king threw an ironical look toward the young man, who retired, covered with confusion, at the ill-success of his fine expression.

"Sire," said the count, "I will charge myself with the sending. My son has discovered the marquis' dwelling, and he will see that it reaches him. I should have carried it myself if I did not intend to remain with your Majesty."

"Ah! you will stay whether we are poor or rich—and even when we seem a little dethroned!" The king's tone changed to one almost solemn, as he said, with an emotion he rarely showed: "Very well! I will keep you with me, Chamberceau; yes, since you are free to act nobly. It would be maltreating a man of high lineage, to prevent him, in such a time, from acting like a loyal gentleman." Then, raising his head with a dignity peculiar to him at certain times, he added: "It is done; give your hand to the king, comte!"

The count, greatly moved, bent over the king's hand, and touched it with his lips.

At this moment, the young secretary, M. Isidore de Mont-Frichard (it was this newly invented mountain which had amused Louis XVIII.), entered with the letter explaining that the ten thousand francs in bank notes, fastened to the paper, were paid on account of the four hundred thousand francs due from the king to the Valsuze family.

"That will do; now leave us," said the king.

Louis was suffering still from the fatigue of his journey, and anxiety of mind had augmented his ordinary ill-health. He turned painfully toward the count, saying: "I am understood by no one. This young man is incapable of executing

my orders properly ; but, if his uncle had not shown a distaste to the idea of following me, he would have been quicker to catch my thought. I am surrounded with greedy intriguers, who ask more and more, and take from me what I should give to those true friends who have shown me pure affection ; and I have to pass for a miserly, an unfeeling man, or a poor one, even when I have something in my treasury—all to prevent my being devoured by this hungry pack of hounds, who surround and follow me—not to devote themselves to me, but that I may devote myself entirely to them."

The monarch was irritated by these reflections ; the count dared not interrupt him, and he went on in a tone half grieved, half disdainful : " I do not find a kingly position so very pleasant. My eyes rest on the littlenesses of those near me, who add nothing to my personal grandeur. A miserable court dishonors a prince. What can we do after a revolution and an empire ? Ah ! I cannot tell if, as I have promised myself, I shall yet be the Savior of France, if not for my own family, at least for her own good ; for my charter is her political gospel ; but I know my crown, like that of the Savior, is a crown of thorns !"

After these words, which brought tears to M. de Chamberceau's eyes, the king, satisfied with the impression produced by them, turned the conversation toward the sardonic corner of his mind, although his philosophy was always gay and intelligent.

" Fancy, my friend," he continued, laughing, " I am obliged to keep up little political schemes to defend myself against my surroundings. For example, I have thought it best to coin money since I passed the frontiers, to perform an act of sovereignty. But, would you believe it ? there are some among my followers—followers not of arms, but of gold—gentlemen who advise me to issue bank notes for some millions ; in a word, they wish to make me give false money ! What do you say to that ? And that is not all ; they have made me do it in another fashion, by an alloy in our twenty franc pieces. I let that go, because I only allowed one million to be coined, which I had brought to me, and which I have there"—pointing to a strong box behind him. " As I hold it myself, I shall look after the losses of those whom I gratify with my exile money, and I have given it out publicly, that Louis XVIII. was in such straits that he had to alter the metals in his coins. That will enable me to hold off such of my creditors as have given me only interested service. But, *cordieu ! comte* (Louis XVIII. swore a little when he was animated), *cordieu !* that will not help me with my real creditors, who interest me, like Valsuze. Therefore, take out of yonder box bank notes of France for the entire debt to your friend ; write at the end of this letter : ' The king thanks you, Marquis de Valsuze,' and I will sign it."

This was done rapidly, and with a happy gayety on the part of the prince, who cried, as he opened a dispatch just brought to him : " Oh ! oh ! comte, he who pays his debts, enriches himself !"

It was news of the defeat of the battle of Waterloo, or the gaining of the battle of Mont-Saint-Jean, as the conquerors named it.

At this news the Comte de Chamberceau rose, and took leave in all haste. " Without doubt, there are messengers awaiting me," he said, " and your Majesty, remembering that I have a son in the French army, will excuse me."

" I must excuse you willingly," returned the king, kindly, " since I also excuse your son ; come back and bring me news of him."

The count left, running.

(To be concluded next month.)

My Thanksgiving Dinner.

HOW it came to be decided in the counsels of the wise, that I should give the Thanksgiving dinner I could never divine, but when it first came to my knowledge that I was to be thus honored, it had become an undisputed fact, a foregone conclusion, a something in comparison with which the laws of the Medes and Persians were a mere trifle in severity. There were four goodly matrons to be invited, all notable housekeepers in their day, and some of them retired upon well earned laurels, with nothing left to do but to sit in judgment upon the errors and shortcomings and incapacity of the present generation. Besides this, there were numerous relatives and no end of children.

Poor little me ! with a cross cook, an incompetent housemaid, and four little children. Infant prodigies, they were the invention of mischief with their forty little fingers plunged deeply into every pie that was made in the house. I had also a mother-in-law, and she lives with us.

She was a serene and stately woman, and all the world said how amiable and lovely she was. But she was my mother-in-law, and with that bland and amiable manner, which all the world admired so much, she smiled in silent disapprobation and derision upon all my incompetent efforts and my miserable failures ; while I, with that spirit of petty pride, which lurks in all undisciplined human hearts, smiled back with haughty disdain of her opinion. In fact, so entirely did we dissemble our feelings that we were held up among our friends as a laudable instance of harmony in that trying relationship of life. There was no love lost between us, and nothing so honest in our daily companionship as the manner in which we recounted to each other these mistaken opinions of the outside world, and laughed at so ludicrous a joke.

Besides all this, I had only kept house six months, and what little experience I possessed had been obtained by rough encounters with butchers and fishmongers in that ungodly field of strife known as Washington Market.

As to the cook, there had been a smouldering feud between us ever since the first fatal Monday of her sojourn in the family, when my good husband had sent home from market a live chicken, having met there a lady friend who told him that was the cheapest way to buy poultry.

Oh ! exclaimed I, as soon as I saw it, I wonder how much a dead one would have cost ? but it was too late to make any change, and when, at last, through untold tribulations on my part, it was killed, dressed and cooked, and we sat down to eat it, I felt in my inmost heart that a " dinner of herbs and peace therewith," would have been far better.

Ever since that unlucky day I had stood in mortal terror of her frown, and had either sent down my orders by the chambermaid, or had given them from the top of the basement stairs, prudently retiring immediately after, for I had read in that journal of wisdom and ability known as the *New York Observer*, that it is not best to hear what the servants say after they have slammed the kitchen door. For my first experience in marketing I had boldly entered the stall of a distinguished dealer and had asked to see poultry. He inquired if I wanted chickens or fowls. I was rather nonplussed, not having the slightest idea what he meant, but thought it would be safe to say chickens ; when, what was my dismay to be asked next whether I wanted dry-picked or scalded. I covered my embarrassment by asking to see both, and finally rejected a lank-looking Philadelphia dry-picked, " a perfect beauty," so said the dealer (but I thought he was trying to cheat me), for a bunchy Western importation, whose wings refused to crack and whose breast bone would no more move than the noted rock 'gainst which leaned the brave James Fitz-James of olden story.

On the next occasion I visited the butcher, who demanded

if I wished rib, roast or porterhouse; whether I preferred first or second cut; and finally putting a huge side of beef recommended me by all means to take a cut off from that fine young steer. I did everything he advised, for I was too puzzled to know anything he meant. But from our after experience I was led to believe that I was served with the toughest and poorest cut that fine young steer possessed. Stebbins, our groomsman, was to dine with us that day, and we were anxious to have everything very nice, but we met with a humiliating and mortifying failure. Stebbins is still a bachelor, and I have always feared that the recollections of that dinner were a death blow to all his hopes of domestic comfort, and that, therefore, he, poor fellow, was doomed to a life of loneliness and misanthropy.

And I was to have the Thanksgiving dinner! I lay awake night after night thinking of it. I knew there must be a turkey, I feared there should be a ham. I had heard that mince-pie was an essential, and I thought that ice-cream must close the long-drawn agony; but all between was one vague impossibility, and my mind wandered helplessly through a dim procession of courses again and again, without coming to any conclusion.

Ah! why had I been an unobservant guest at so many handsome dinners? Why had I so many times eaten what was set before me, asking no questions for instruction's sake? but it was all too late now. My anxiety began at last to show itself in the perturbation of my spirits, and my amiable mother-in-law was accustomed to smile sweetly, from time to time, always remarking in a compassionate way, "Poor child, how unfortunate you are!" But my pride did not fail nor my spirit flag. I went on silently working out the dreadful problem all by myself, until at last my troubles ended in a fearful dream, in which I thought that at last my oxen and my fatlings were killed; that all things were ready and I was awaiting my guests, when, with one accord, they all began to make excuse. My sister and my sister's child came to announce that, never having visited Cleveland, they now had a good opportunity to go, and had concluded to forego the pleasures of my dinner in order to indulge in that recreation. Next came my maiden aunt, saying that being sure of a good dinner with her friends in Yonkers, she had decided, even though it was a little late, to refuse my kind invitation. Next came my cousin, to say that, being such a victim to dyspepsia herself, she was very careful of her family in regard to cooking, and had therefore decided to have them all dine at home. Last of all came my nephews, the beaux of the party, to say that "weally, nothing would do but they must dine with the fellows at the club."


My mother-in-law sympathized deeply, saying, "Poor child, how unfortunate you are!" but I swallowed my disappointment and called up all my never-failing pride to support me, for my few remaining guests were assembling, and I must go into the parlor to receive them. As I entered I found that it had not been swept or garnished. The chairs were dusty, the tables were littered, the hearth was strewn with ashes and coals from last night's fire, and even the charred and blackened papers, which revealed what had been our terrible efforts to start that fire, were blown about all over the rug and carpet, while many a cobweb adorned the walls with long and graceful festoons; and all these notable housekeepers were sitting in state and looking about them. Overwhelmed with mortification, I stammered out some excuse, but my indomitable pride came to my rescue, and I inwardly thought that my dinner would yet cancel all that had gone before and cover me with glory. When it was announced I ushered my friends with great dignity into the dining-room, but what was my horror to behold a roasted ox standing upon his four legs in the middle of the table, with the vegetables all ranged

around in huge butter-jars, the bread in a chopping-bowl, and the pickles in a stew-pan, and ice-cream in a tin basin, with a spoon sticking up in the middle. I turned pale with rage, while my mother-in-law stood gazing about her, and, with an amiable smile, remarked, "Poor child, how unfortunate you are!"

That dream was too terrible to last long, and I awoke with a start and a groan. As soon as I could shake off the delusions of my sleep I sat up in bed, and reflecting upon the possibilities of some such dreadful catastrophe, I became from that moment a humbler and a wiser woman. I went that very day to my mother-in-law for advice. She gave me one bland smile of satisfaction, under which I winced cruelly, but from that time forth advice followed in a calm and steady stream. She wrote my menu, she conciliated that dreadful cook, she instructed that stupid waitress, and she encouraged my fainting soul, so that altogether our dinner was a grand success; in fact, after it was over, there was nothing left to regret, except that Stebbins had not been one of the guests.

C. G. T.

Luther's Wedding Ring.

VERYTHING connected with the memory of a man whose name has so loudly re-echoed down the corridors of Time, yet who sang, when a boy of fourteen, in the Magdeburg streets for his bread, is of strange and peculiar interest.

It is not surprising that the ring, the visible symbol of the marriage of Dr. Martin Luther with Catharine de Bora, should be an object of great interest to curiosity seekers. Many have sought to make a gain from this very natural curiosity, by manufacturing a variety of rings, each one declared to be the real wedding ring of Martin Luther. This ring, the illustration of which we give, was a present from the Elector Frederick the Wise, and is a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art in that age. Pictures of it were taken, during Luther's life, and after his death. It was prized more than all their possessions, and was kept by Luther and his wife as a very precious treasure. After Luther's death this ring was sacredly preserved by his wife as her dearest possession.

The person supposed to be in possession of the real Luther wedding ring, is a lady in Brisgau, in Friburg. This ring corresponds with the exact description of the representation of the Luther ring in the Land's industrial office catalogue at Weimar, under the heading "Curiositäten der physich-literarisch-artistisch-historischen vor und chitwelt," a representation of which our illustration is a copy.

This ring is called the betrothment ring of Martin Luther; presented to the wife at the betrothal, and worn by her after the marriage. It is also called Luther's wedding ring, and it is preserved with great care as a national relic of the greatest interest.

The rather broad ring is composed of an intricate device of gold work, consisting of an adorned head in the main ring (figure 1), in the middle of which is a ruby, the emblem of exalted love, and two side rings (figure 2), also adorned with gold devices, which represent all the symbols of the Passion. The three rings are so firmly bound together that they cannot be separated. In the side ring (figure 3), set in the border, is a tree, the parted branches of which are plainly visible. This tree forms a cross, upon which the crucified Saviour is so clearly defined that the muscles are distinctly visible. On the tree are the dice with which the soldiers cast lots for the garment without seam. The spear, the scourge, and a rod are represented, and the head seen is that of a soldier. The other side ring (figure 4) shows a ladder,

swords, and a rope. Within the main or head ring is engraved the names D. Martin Luther, Catharina D. Boren, and in the side ring, 4 and 6, in smaller letters, 13 Juni, 1525. This is the date of both the betrothal and the wedding, at which time Martin Luther was forty-two years of age.

At the time of his death, Luther was sixty-three years old, having lived twenty-one years with his beloved Catharine. He preached his last sermon at Wittenberg upon the seventeenth of January, 1546. "Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth," were his last words. He died on the eighteenth of February. The Elector of Saxony insisted upon his body being interred at Wittenberg, and there he was buried with the greatest pomp. Princes, earls, nobles, and students, without number, joined in the procession to the grave, and Melancthon delivered his funeral oration.

Luther's "Table Talk," Letters, and Sermons, partly in Latin and partly in German, are of great interest to many. He translated several Latin hymns into German, which are exceedingly popular, and set many of his own compositions to German melodies. He was fond of music and poetry, declaring that he was "more influenced and delighted by poetry than by the most eloquent orations of Cicero and Demosthenes. He translated the noblest of David's psalms,

setting them to music, and these, with their simple beauty and homely strength, were sung by persons of all creeds.

His version of the Forty-sixth Psalm is a favorite with the German people. The first line

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,
A mighty fortress is our God,

Carlyle translates it

"A safe stronghold our God is still."

This line is inscribed on Luther's tomb at Wittenberg.

After Luther's death, his friend Melancthon heard a little girl singing this psalm in the street, and he said, "Sing on, my little girl, you don't know what famous people you comfort." These four lines of the first verse:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never falling,
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

were a great comfort to Catharine in her sorrowful widowed life. Luther's own hymn, "Out of the depths I cry to Thee," was sung with great emotion at his funeral.

In many verses of his hymns you hear the steps of a giant, "in the strong, short march of the original lines;" while

his letter to his little son, is as "artless and childlike a piece of writing as any that Hans Andersen has ever produced." Fifty wise men, not poets, could not render the Bible as this one poet theologian has done, surpassing them all in clear, terse distinctness. For seven years after his marriage, he was translating the Bible into the vernacular German. He was sometimes four days in finishing three lines in the book of Job, and often four weeks seeking for just the one word he wanted, which after all he might not find. He tried to reproduce the artless simplicity of the Hebrew writers, attending weddings and funerals, feasts and festivals, everywhere trying to get the simplest forms of expression. Here created the German language. For years before him, for nearly two hundred years after him, no German pen equaled his "simplicity, strength, and nobility of style."

Whatever our faith may be, we cannot help admiring the energy which swayed him, who without delaying or idling, found his life work and finished it.

When Luther was taken, all the wife's peaceful, restful days were over. Only a year after his death in 1547, she was obliged to flee with her children when the Austrian empress was brought to Wittenberg. She then lived in Magdeburg and Brunswick, but returned the following year to Wittenberg. But the summer of 1552 brought with it the plague, and she was once more obliged to flee away from her home with her children. On her way to Torgau she had the misfortune to have the carriage upset, and she was thrown into the water. Weakened by the great anxiety and troubles she had undergone, and overcome by terror and the cold, she was taken from the water and brought to Torgau, where she lingered until the 20th of December, and then closed her sorrowful life.

All we have left to remind us of the heroic woman, who at last fell in the battle of life, crushed by repeated calamities, is this wonderful ring, the companion of her misfortunes, the silent, eloquent reminder of her happier days. Through all her changes, she probably preserved



D. Martino Lutheri, Catharina u. Boren.

LUTHER'S WEDDING RING.

this ring with the utmost care. Only the direst extremity could take the wedding ring from her who cherished tenderly the memory of the man she loved.

History gives us most touching and beautiful examples of Luther's happy home life. A Titan in intellect, a boy in tenderness; how Catharine loved and mourned for him. The cross was on her hand, on her wedding ring. She bore the cross of sorrow in her heart for six troubled years after he left her, and then her own weary hands were folded in their everlasting rest.

The four hundredth birthday of Luther, which occurs on November 10, will be the occasion of a public demonstration in this city. There will be a parade of Sunday-school children, and addresses made in the languages in which the Lutheran church is represented. The Martin Luther Society of this city will co-operate with the association now endeavoring to raise means to erect a bronze statue of Luther in Washington. The designer is to be the sculptor of the statue of Luther in Worms, Germany. It is estimated that there are three million Lutherans in the United States, five hundred and fifty thousand of whom are communicants. "Thus," as Carlyle says, "the light of this mighty man will flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world."

LYDIA M. MILLARD.

Vatel the Cook of Chantilly.

THE estate of Chantilly, one of the most beautiful in France, has for centuries been in the possession of wealthy nobles who have taken pride in spending their money on its adornment.

None probably contributed more to its splendor than the Prince of Condé; and the last proprietor, the Duc d'Aumale, with what has been accumulated by the wealth and taste and effort of many generations, has art treasures valued at fifteen million dollars.

In 1671 the Prince of Condé invited the King Louis XIV. to visit him at Chantilly, and Louis honored his most illustrious general by accepting the invitation. The place was famous then, as now, and the king himself had looked on it with covetous eyes, and had even reminded Condé of his royal power to take it if he chose.

There were stables for two hundred and forty horses. The grand chateau was luxurious in its appointments, and the grounds about it laid out in terraces and walks and beautiful gardens. There were orange groves and hawthorn bowers, and, stretching on beyond, a grand old forest laid out in avenues, and yet its depths so secluded that the timid deer found refuge in its shade, and gave sport to the huntsman. Such was the place to which Louis went with his retinue, and Condé, who had great talent for decoration, quite surpassed himself in the tasteful magnificence of the preparations for his royal guest. In charge of all these elaborate arrangements was Gourville, a man remarkable for his executive power and good judgment, whom Condé employed to superintend his household and manage his business affairs.

Vatel, the chief of all the cooks, was to provide the food, and see that it was properly served.

At last, all things in readiness, the day arrived, and so did the king, and there was a grand promenade, a hunt, and a collation served out of doors, in a garden of jonquils.

As it grew dark, the grounds were illuminated with brilliant lanterns, and looked like an enchanted land. Everything passed off most successfully till supper came; then,

because of some unexpected guests, there was no roast at the last table.

Vatel was quite overcome by this, and several times exclaimed, "My honor is gone; this is a disgrace that I cannot endure." To Gourville he said, "My head fails me, it is twelve nights since I have slept; help me to give my orders." Gourville tried his best to console him, but all in vain; the joint that had failed at the twenty-fifth table continually haunted him, and he would not be comforted. Gourville then told the Prince, who went to him in his room and said, "Vatel, all is well; why should you be so distressed? There never was anything so beautiful as the king's supper."

"Monseigneur," replied he, "your goodness overwhelms me, but I know that the roast was wanting at one of the tables."


"No harm has been done," said the Prince; "all is going well, so do not distress yourself."

Fire-works, costing sixteen thousand francs, had been prepared, and exactly at midnight they were to have been displayed. For some reason they failed, and Vatel became more desponding yet, and unable to sleep, he started out at four o'clock in the morning, and wandered all about the place, which, of course, at that hour was quite deserted. The freshness of the early dawn had no charm for his overworked body and weary mind, and Vatel could see nothing, think of nothing, but the missing joint, and his own fancied disgrace. Soon he met a fish-man bringing two loads of fish to the chateau, and asked him, "Is this all?" "Yes, sir," said the man, meaning that it was all he had brought, and not knowing that Vatel had sent to all the sea-port towns of France for his supply of fish. He waited awhile, and as no more fish arrived, he became more and more excited, and in his morbid fear believed that these two small loads were really all the fish he would have for dinner. Then he went in search of Gourville, and said, "Sir, I shall not be able to survive this disgrace; my honor and reputation are at stake." Gourville, who had before said all he could to comfort Vatel, now tried to laugh him out of his fears, but all to no purpose. Vatel went to his room and locked himself in. Placing his sword against the door, he ran it through his heart!

Meanwhile, the fish were coming in on every side, and the servants were seeking Vatel to distribute it. Finally, they went to his room, and, receiving no answer to their calls, they burst open the door, and there they found him dead! The Prince of Condé was hurriedly summoned, and burst into tears when he saw the sad fate of his faithful servant. Then Condé went and told the king what had happened, adding mournfully, "It was all because of his high sense of honor." The king expressed his sorrow, and said that he had for five years delayed his visit to Chantilly, knowing the great trouble it would cause, but he was grieved that this mournful tragedy should have been the result. They all praised Vatel's high sense of honor. They both praised and blamed his courage; but poor Vatel was beyond the reach of praise or blame. He had allowed himself to be overworked, and had taken no rest by night or day, in his zeal to have everything fitting the reception of the king; and, at last, having lost all power of discriminating between real and fancied evils, and imagining himself in irretrievable disgrace, took his own life! A little rest, a little rendering of her just dues to indulgent nature, would have shown him things in their true light, and have saved his life.

This sad event, however, could not be allowed to interfere long with the king's enjoyment, and Gourville, always equal to any emergency, succeeded in filling Vatel's place, and the dinner was excellent. The games and hunting all went on as had been arranged, the guests were as gay as ever, and the poor man, whose exertions had cost him his life, was soon well-nigh forgotten.

The Marshall Family Coat-of-Arms, by One of Them.

T seems to me, Charley, that you could find some better entertainment for a holiday than writing those stupid letters," said Sophie, as she drew her needle in and out of the gold-colored satin on which she was picturing the story of Red Riding Hood and the Wolf.

"Why need you care so much about your old ancestry, and who your great-uncles were, and how many sons and daughters they had, and where they went to? If our great-grandfather had handed down to us a million or so, there might be some appropriateness in it. But here you are wasting valuable time and stamps writing to every Marshall you can hunt up, and all for nothing."

"Let's see," said Charley, reflectively, as he gathered his letters into a packet and tapped the ends on the table, "how much did I pay you for that last batch of silk stuff you are sewing up?"

"Oh, you need not commence a sermon on the extravagance of fancy-work. I shall have something to show for it when I am done. Won't it be lovely?" and she held it off admiringly.

"Guess so," said the unappreciative young man; "if you won't make a tidy of it; I got off two blocks the other day, with one sticking to my coat. I shouldn't have known it then, but for a crowd of admiring urchins who followed me, and passed remarks on my new style of coat trimmings. One of them asked me if I was not Oscar Wilde? I have the thing somewhere about me now," and he began ransacking his pockets.

"Charles Marshall, you horrid boy!" exclaimed his sister, as she took back the crumpled bit of satin and lace. "Who but a man would ever be so stupid as to wear off a tidy, and then cram it into his pocket in such a state?"

"Lucky, I didn't cram it into the gutter at the point of my cane. I was mad enough. But, to come back, Sophie, I have found out just where Uncle Christopher settled in California, and I am writing to him to get the particulars of Arphaxed Marshall's family. He was a very distinguished man."

"I should judge so from his name. Is he ever likely to leave me anything?"

"Not much, I guess. He has ten children of his own."

"I have no interest in him," said Sophie, as she pierced the needle through the wolf's nose and surveyed the effect critically.

"Is that Mary and her little lamb?" asked Charles, innocently.

"No, it isn't."

Charley's eyes twinkled as he picked up his letters and shut up his desk; but he asked meekly:

"Is there anything I can get for you as I go down town? I pass Westcott's place on my way to the post-office."

"No, I thank you. Seems to me you are getting awfully obliging. I suppose it is to make amends for that tidy you spoiled."

"Remorse has not yet gnawed to any great extent on that point yet. I rather sympathize with a man whose house blew away and a good deal of money with it. But he had never been to look for the money, for fear he should find the tidies and pillow-shams." With which parting shaft, Charley hurried to take himself off.

Sophie went laughingly on with her work, saying to herself, "Men are the most unæsthetic creatures!"

Charley's pastime was a little peculiar for such a stirring young business man. Though few people would claim with the jovial Roberts Burns to have "descended in a line of scoundrels from the flood," nobody but Mark Twain ever found his man "weeping over the grave of Adam." The main interest in ancestry is apt to be a little like Sophie's, of a rather mercenary character.

Fancy never consults the "utilities," and it was for the love of such research that Charley persevered in tracing out his family line in all his leisure hours, rather than from any profit he expected to reap from it. "But they are a very creditable family, Sophie," he remarked; "and the more I know of them the better satisfied I am to belong to them."

Thanksgiving Day came around, and the Marshalls, two dozen strong, were all gathered at Emily's, and had passed a very happy day. Sophie and her husband, and brother Charley, of course, were of the party. It was evening, and the children were playing merry games in the sitting room, while the others were placidly seated in easy chairs about the cosy parlors. All were in that contented quiet frame which is apt to follow a Thanksgiving feast, when Charles drew from his pocket a neatly written manuscript, and asked if any one felt an interest in their family history.

"Have you got it there, Charley?" asked Uncle Jeremiah. "I heard tell you were making researches. I am sure we should all be glad to hear it read."

"Second the motion," said Clifford. "Come over here, Charley, by the light," and he wheeled an arm-chair into place, under the chandelier.

"Thank you," said Charles, dropping into it before his sister could fairly begin her protest. "Any children who wish can retire before we begin," he said, waving his hand toward Sophie and a giggling group of cousins by the bay-window.

"Go ahead, Charley," said Ned. "If we find you getting too slow we can skip out softly so as not to disturb the meeting."

Sophie smilingly concluded to "go out and help the children play a little while," and Charles cleared his throat and proceeded to read the history of the Marshall family, from the day that the original Joseph, from Bristol, England, landed upon the far-famed Plymouth Rock.

It made quite interesting reading to such a comfortable audience, seated so cosily in easy chairs and sofas, and listening was less laborious, even, than thinking in their present mood.

Aunt Jemima, it is true, fell fast asleep over her knitting work, but she always did by eight o'clock, so nobody considered that any reflection on the narrative.

When Charles drew from his pocket-book the coat-of-arms the family had used in England, two hundred years before, there was quite a flutter among a few of his young lady cousins.

"Let's see that, Charley," they said, as they gathered about his chair. "You don't say so! Minnie Lyman has their old family coat-of-arms all embroidered on satin, ever so fine, and framed and hung up in the parlor, between the front windows. She is awfully set up about it. It's a real homely thing, too; no prettier than that. Let's work ours, and have it framed. Will you give me a copy, Charley?"

"I guess so, if I get time to copy it."

"Florence could copy it for us. Couldn't you Florence! She can beat you all to pieces drawing, Charley."

"That would be a very easy task," said Charley, looking up admiringly at the beautiful girl. She was not a Marshall, but Charley had often wished she was, and if he was only a richer man he felt he would try hard to induce her to become one.

The coat-of-arms wound up the family history, and the

the old folks fell to talking over the old memories the story had brought up, and the young folks studied heraldry in a mild way, with Charley for instructor. He made an engagement to come over the next evening and help Florence with her "copy," while the girls chattered like sparrows over the best colors and materials for embroidering the wonderful work of art. "Their old ancestry" had contributed not a little to the evening's entertainment.

A coat-of-arms was a very simple work of art to look at; a good deal like those pictures children draw on slates, and under which they think it needful to write "this is a horse," for the benefit of those not in the secret. It seemed surprising, therefore, that it should take so long to make this copy satisfactorily, and that Charley set himself up, all at once, to be such an art critic. Perhaps not less surprising was the fact that Florence took such criticism so cheerfully, and was so very ready to try a new copy whenever a new suggestion made it seem appropriate. It bid fair to hang on like a plumber's job, until there came a sudden turn in the tide, and those bright evenings came to an end.

Charley must pack his valise and start on business for his firm, away to Nevada, and there was no time to spare either. If he only dared "speak out" before he went! But there was his poverty, and Florence in her home of wealth and luxury! A thousand a year would be penury to her, and he felt he had no right to bring her down to such privations. But the world is wide and youth is full of hope. Charley felt that he would yet return with a fortune and joyously lay it at her feet. It is easy to form plans with great prudence and high notions of what would be honorable and suitable. But, if "Love laughs at locksmiths," he is also apt to smile in his sleeve at these providential considerations. When Florence asked in such tremulous tones and with half dewy eyes, about the dangers from wild Indians in these "misty mid-regions," Charley's self-command was of but little service to him. Then and there the "old, old, story" was told over again, with variations so trifling as not to be worth mentioning. On the whole, the evening of parting was about the happiest he had ever spent, paradoxical as that may seem.

With what anxious eyes Florence scanned the papers for the next few mornings, looking first of all on the list of casualties by railroad, though it was hardly worth her while, for every mail seemed to bring her a brief message, posted on some flying train.

A few weeks had passed away quite pleasantly, when all at once a silence seemed to fall on the postal service generally. At least so it seemed to Florence, though others went and came with their budgets of letters the same as usual. Only the western mail had any attractions for her and that, as far as she was concerned, was a blank.

Days dragged their slow length along, and the anxiety became almost insupportable. Sophie was away on a visit or Florence would have conquered her reserve and gone down to make inquiries. Direful visions of poor Charley in the hands of scalping Indians haunted her sleep, though probably one was rarely seen in the thriving town where he was located. Her next guess was not so wide of the mark. A western fever had prostrated him, and for a fortnight at least, outside cares and interests were of little moment to him. We can live through a good deal of personal history in a few weeks' time, when the mind and heart are keenly awake, and opened with deep anxiety. At least so it seemed to Florence, though all her anxieties were deeply buried in her own bosom. But all is well that ends well, and she rejoiced and wept over the first feeble scrawl Charley was able to send her, and I am not sure but she kissed it. Girls have been just as foolish.

A little later Charley wrote to his sister, "My fancy for

family research served me a good turn in this land of strangers. I chanced to recollect that uncle Christopher had a son, an M. D., in these parts, and I wrote him a letter a few days after I came here. He called on me the first time he came to town, and found me tossing, delirious with fever. Under Providence I think I owe my recovery to his skill and good care. So at last you see, sister Sophie, my researches have been of some 'use', despite all your prophecies to the contrary."

Business was brought to a rather summary conclusion, and Charles turned his face toward the sunrising with somewhat mingled emotions of gladness and disappointment. "The fortune" seemed still far in the distance. His enfeebled frame demanded rest and quiet rather than hard work, which he felt to be so imperative in his circumstances. Listlessly, as the cars rolled on, he glanced over the columns of a Chicago morning paper, and there seemed so little news stirring he even looked at the advertisements. A curious coincidence, it seemed, that the name of Marshall should meet his eye among the "personals." Inquiries were made for the heirs of one Hezekiah Sylvester Marshall, by an attorney at Melbourne, Australia. In all the line he knew of no one but his father who had borne that name, and a quick hope sprang up in his heart that his father's relative, who had been known to go to Australia, might have left him and his sister a bequest. Hope in the heart of youth grows with the rapidity of Jack's famous bean stalk, if you give it but a foothold of earth, and can quickly reach to the moon. By the time Charley reached home he was, in effect, the possessor of a fine estate and Florence and Sophie were enjoying it with him.

He was a prudent young man, however, and kept his own counsel for the time. Loving sympathy and tender care were very grateful to the convalescent, and Sophie made no protest to his writing letters to his heart's content, so that he did not weary himself.

At last, one morning, he asked to read a family letter aloud, in which he was sure, for once, she would take an interest. She was not quite so sure in her heart, but dear Charley must be humored now-a-days in all his whims. So she composed herself to listen to what looked like a most uninteresting letter, written in a very crabbed hand, and tied around with red tape.

But, wonderful to relate, her interest speedily grew to such a degree, that she dropped her precious fancy work on the floor and let the kitten run off with her floss, and, finally, she stopped Charley square off to ask in her excitement if he "was making up all this." When assured that it was sober family history, and she took in the fact that she was really an heiress, and could put in as much money as she pleased into poor Joe's business, she did what most impulsive young women would have done, burst into tears, and had a good cry. But Charley, though he sympathized, only laughed, and pretty soon went over to have a talk with another little girl about the Australian branch of his family. His past researches had made it easy to establish his identity as the very man wanted, and legal delays had been very brief.

In due time the honored family tree was engraved in fitting style; and one small right-hand branch bore in close proximity the names of Charles and Florence. In the fullness of his joy, Charley sent a copy to every Marshall who had kindly helped to give him the data for his great undertaking.

But the beautiful satin screen, with the family coat-of-arms upon it, in the original gold and azure, was to Florence the very pride of her house—her "Lares and Penates," for into every curve and line she had stitched a happy memory of "love's young dream."

Enid, a Saxon Maiden.

(See page engraving.)

SCULPTORS and painters have often found inspiration in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and some of the most attractive subjects of Doré and others are from this source. Of these "Idylls," "Geraint and Enid" is one of the most interesting; and the charming picture of the Saxon girl embodies the painter's idea of "Enid, Yniol's only child."

When Prince Geraint stood in the castle court and heard the sweet voice of Enid singing a song "about Fortune and her wheel," as the wondrous melody floated through "the open casement of the hall," he said, "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me." Entering the old hall, where splendor once had reigned, but where poverty now held sway,

"He found an ancient dame in dim brocade;
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk."

Her dingy attire could not obscure her charms, however, and the young Prince Geraint loved the fair Saxon maiden, married her, and bore her to "Arthur's court," for he was one of the knights of "that great order of the Table Round." Fearing the example of the queen, he soon bore his young bride to his own dominions, and, "forgetful of his glory and his name," spent his hours in devotion to his wife, until he became a by-word and a scorn, and he was spoken of as "a prince whose manhood all was gone."

When these remarks reached Enid, she sorrowed to think that through love of her the brave knight had lost his good name; and when she thought him sleeping, she bewailed the fact, blaming herself and saying, "Oh, me! I fear that I am no true wife." Hearing only the latter part of her speech, the Prince, fired with rage and jealousy, calling his squire, had his charger and Enid's palfrey saddled, and bade his young wife accompany him, for he was going forth to win his spurs.

Attired in the faded silk in which she had won his love, and which was precious on that account, she meekly and obediently followed her frowning lord. He led her through marshes, swamps, waste places, and into the very haunts of bandits. He performed many deeds of prowess on the way, and at length was dangerously wounded. Not resenting his harsh words and the painful ordeal to which he had subjected her, she wept over him, her tears falling on his face. When he recovered sufficiently he went on his way again, his jealous wrath gone, and declaring that he had done Enid great wrong. "The spiteful whisper" that he had lost his valor died, and being now victor at the tilt and tournament, "they called him the great prince and man of men," but the lovely Saxon maiden, wedded to this fierce lord,

"Enid, whom her ladies loved to call
'Enid the Fair,' a grateful people named
'Enid the Good.'"

The painter of the original of our charming picture of Enid is George E. Hicks, an English artist. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, and subsequently attained great popularity. In 1878, his "Faith, Hope, and Charity" was sold in this country for \$525. Our picture is from an etching of the original by Marden, and is a very beautiful example of that now popular art. The Saxon maiden is described by the poet as having a sweet face and meek blue eyes, and as such the painter has depicted her.

Red Apples.

EAR me! Yes 'm, if you will be so accommodatin' as to let me off for the rest o' your sewin' till after 'Thanksgivin' it 'll be a great kindness. Me and mother always does think a deal o' havin' plenty o' time to get ready for 'Thanksgivin'."

"Why, what preparation do you have to make, Maria Jane, with only you and your mother?" asked Miss Margaret Weddell, looking curiously, perhaps a little contemptuously, at the little dried-up, poverty-stricken spinster who sat at the sewing-machine putting in basting stitches with a renewed energy which set her lips together in a half-comical pucker.

"Bless your heart, Miss Margaret, do you think we eat our 'Thanksgivin' all alone, for all we have no kin of our own? Not to say but it's a forlorn thing to have none of your own flesh and blood to set down with you—bias, did you say, 'm—and we hung on to our'n as long as we could; the last of 'em all was when Seth Dickerson's widow—Seth was own cousin to mother—with her second husband's children—no, 'm, not very near o' kin, to be sure, but better'n none—used to come to 'Thanksgivin' dinner. But—shirred on, did you say?—sence they've moved to Kansas we've got to invitin' old Mis' Blake and Ruth Ann—they're poor, you know! and them two girls that works down to the creamery—these buttons does match the goods lovely! And since you've sent us that turkey and them splendid apples, Miss Margaret, mother and me's thinkin' we'll have a feast, sure enough. We've mostly cal'lated only on a chicken pie, but then Mis' Blake and Ruth Ann does say there's nothin' like mother's chicken pies. I'll try this on now 'm if you please.

"And you see," went on the monologue after the fitting was over, as there's only these sleeves to stitch up and sew in and the pocket and the collar—rolling?—yes'm—I'll easily get done to-night. And when I get home mother'll be as tickled as a kitten to think I'll have a chance to make over her alpaca—I'm goin' to turn it and put folds on the skirt, of a remnant I found cheap—before 'Thanksgivin' day."

In the gathering twilight which fell some hours later the little seamstress suddenly paused in her brisk walk down the elm-shaded path which led to the front door of Miss Weddell's square, substantial, roomy and comfortable-looking house. She stood for a moment undecided, and then went back to where its mistress sat alone in the hush which seemed dreary to the busy little soul, now that her perpetual chatter was not sounding in it.

"I'm sure, Miss Margaret—mother does say I'm quite a talker sometimes—and it just struck my mind perhaps I'd made you feel bad with my talk about havin' no kin to dinner on 'Thanksgivin'—leastwise—" Maria Jane stumbled helplessly among her desires to say the right thing and her fear of saying the wrong one, remembering that Miss Margaret had kindred whom she never saw. "It's all a matter of taste, you know—some folks don't feel like me and mother does—but it do seem so lonesome and quiet-like here—"

"Never mind, Maria Jane," said Miss Margaret, with more of softness in her voice than often belonged there, "if I get too lonely I'll have to do as you do."

"If you only would 'm," Maria Jane spoke with fervor, "you'd find it the payin'est thing you ever did yet!"

Again her quick steps went toward the gate, and Miss Margaret, stirred by several things she had said that day, seemed indeed to find the house more "lonesome" than ever before. In its silence she could almost hear the voices and laughter of those who had, such long years gone by, made the ample rooms and halls ring with sounds of happy life. Then sadder memories came, of child voices hushed and eyes

closed almost before they had taken in the beauty of the fair world about them.

But it was not brothers and sisters to whom she had bade farewell thirty years ago, nor yet of the father and mother who had followed them, with whom Miss Margaret's most painful thoughts were engaged. For two had been left behind; and yet here to-night, and for many and many a night past had been only her lonely self.

Her brother Robert, several years younger than she, had, early in life manifested a distaste for farming, which had provoked the grave disapprobation of his sister. He was anxious to engage in other business, and on reaching his majority had scandalized all her conservative ideas by proposing a sale of his portion of the great property. In her eyes it was an offense not to be forgiven. Not one of the honored acres, sacred by three generations of ownership, would she allow to be alienated. A heavy mortgage was put upon them, and for these twelve years she had been straining every effort to pay it off. Now it was done. The last payment had been made through the bounty of the year's harvest, and her one pursuit being thus brought suddenly to an end, Miss Margaret folded her hands and sat down.

It was done, and to what purpose? She could look proudly over the broad fields on which no man had claim, and which everywhere bore signs of thrifty and careful culture. And at the house, in which no foot might step without her bidding. But its rooms were empty, and so, she was now obliged to confess to herself, was her heart.

Robert, followed by her stinging reproaches, had gone to a town not a hundred miles distant. Had several times made overtures for a reconciliation, to which she had turned a deaf ear. When the measure of his sins was made complete by his marriage with a poor girl, he had written beseeching that his wife might be received at the old homestead. To this also she had paid no attention, and he never wrote again. She had occasionally heard, through others, of the birth of children, and had gathered that Robert was not doing well, at which a harder than usual look would come over her face as she murmured:

"Serves him right!"

"It's a forlorn thing to have none of your own flesh and blood to set down with you—" the homely words of the little sewing-woman, who with narrow opportunities seemed to keep such a freshness in her own life and the lives of others through a warmth of heart so far-reaching in its craving for kinship, repeated themselves in her ears in reproach, warning, and even threatening. Amid the full realization of her yearning for the companionship of those who should have been so dear to her came the thought: What if, for any reason, it should be too late to bring about what she had so long turned from?

"On the early train! Everything huddled up to be in time, and she gone without a word about the week's butter and eggs! I'm that upset about it, I'm fairly weak!" The housekeeper at the Weddell farm fumed and fidgeted over her perplexity at Miss Margaret's most unwonted proceeding, as that lady sped away toward the home of her long unseen brother.

Arrived at an ill-kept station, she was directed, in answer to inquiries, to a frame house but a block distant, having about it a look of poorly-built, out-of-repair, shabby gentility, which excited Miss Margaret's strong disfavor. A little girl of ten opened to her knock, in the face of whom the visitor looked sharply for some trace of the Weddell features but could find none.

"Does Robert Weddell live here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am." She was led into a sitting-room, where the child left her, saying:

"I'll tell mamma."

"Wou't you sit down?" said a voice which made her start, as it seemed the signal for the sudden lifting of a curtain long closed between her and bygone scenes. Was that Robert? Was she in a dream in which childhood had come back to her? No, it was only Robert's son lying on a sofa, his thin, expressive face and dark hair and eyes recalling so vividly a long-forgotten picture, that she failed to respond to the boy's politeness.

Twenty-five years or more ago there had been a blue-bird's nest in a tree near the Weddell house. Margaret and Robert had watched the little bird mother fondly as she cared for her brood. But one day both were dismayed at sight of a cat in the tree, stealthily climbing toward the precious family.

"She'll kill them!" cried Robert, in a transport of alarm for his pets, as he sprang to climb the tree.

"No, Rob—wait. The branches won't bear you. Stone her—or let's get a pole—or a ladder." No stones were at hand on the well-kept lawn. Margaret flew for help of some kind, but Robert could not wait. The tree was climbed, the cat driven away and the birds saved, but the boy fell and broke his ankle.

And the face which Miss Margaret Weddell saw on the sofa, looking up at her, was exactly the face which had at that time watched for her as she went in and out in tender care of her brother.

"You're waiting for the next train, ma'am?" said a voice.

"Sit down, please—yes, a good many come over here to wait, it's such a comfortless place at the station."

Miss Margaret sat down without explaining, and looked at twin girls who had followed their mother, both of whom had enough Weddell in their faces to satisfy her. The room had a forlorn look of poverty, suggesting a state of things unrealized before. It was so different, the thinking of Robert being in struggling circumstances which came of his own obstinacy, and this seeing children of a Weddell actually in the midst of it. They had the half wistful look she had sometimes observed on the faces of children of the poor, and it smote keenly upon her heart—which heart she felt was rapidly getting the upper hand of her pride.

"Is the little boy sick?" she asked.

"Yes, he had a fall last spring which injured his hip."

"So long ago? Is he under good advice?" The mother hesitated, but evidently warmed at Miss Margaret's interest, and said, with a slight flush:

"I suppose not the best yet. We are advised to take him to the city for treatment, but have not yet been able to accomplish it."

She was a lady in look and manner, this wife of Robert's, having also something about her which impressed her visitor with the belief that she might be the possessor of energy and strength of character in which Robert had always been lacking. She quietly sat down to very busy sewing on a garment which gave Miss Margaret another shock, at observing that it could not be for any member of the family. Could it be that Robert's wife took in sewing?

The little ten-year-old maiden cared for the boy and the younger ones in a womanly way which showed her well accustomed to make herself useful. A twin leaned fretfully against her mother, clamoring for attention which she had no time to give, and Miss Margaret took from her traveling satchel a great red apple and rolled it on the floor toward her.

"Oh-h!" Four pairs of child eyes followed it wonderingly as both twins scampered after it. But the womanly little girl interposed.

"It must be baked for Robbie," she said, taking it with a very decided air. The child gave it up at once in a matter-

of-course way which brought a lump into Miss Margaret's throat.

"But let us dess have it to woll, Madge," begged the other one, and this was conceded. The boy looked admiringly at it, saying with a smile:

"That's exactly the kind papa tells us he used to have when he was a boy."

"Yes, lots of 'em!" said the twin who could talk straight.

"Dess as many as he tould eat!" said the twin who talked crooked.

Miss Margaret thought of the overflowing bins in the cellar at home, as the two petted the apple as a thing greatly to be prized, rubbing its red surface till it shone and laughing to see their faces in it. And soon Robbie, refusing to have it kept for him, divided it in four pieces. The visitor drew the tongue-twisty twin upon her lap as she came to offer her a bite.

"Will you go with me into the country and be my little girl?" she asked. "I'll give you all the red apples you want."

"That's where papa used to live—in the country," remarked the other twin. "They had chickens and little lambs and calfs—"

"And a pony," said Robbie—"and turkeys and lots of things when it was Thanksgiving—and butter for every day—"

"Children," interrupted the mother just as the mite in her lap was thoughtfully saying, "I dess I'll do" (go), "you make too much noise. I think, perhaps, that is your train, ma'am," she said to Miss Margaret, who cared little for trains, but she had heard all she could just then bear, and sprang up rather excitedly. Kissing the ailing boy with a warmth which almost frightened him, she asked earnestly:

"If I send for you, will you come and see me?"

And as he smiled wonderingly into her face she left the room, and they saw her pass out the gate, when she turned the way which did *not* lead to the station.

She took her way to a hotel, where she spent the hour which intervened before her homeward train was due, in writing a letter. All these years she had carried in her mind a half-formed picture of the time when Robert would surely again sue for forgiveness, her intention then being to meet him with condescending magnanimity. Now she was wondering if he ever could forgive her that she, in the midst of abundance, could have so closed her heart against him and his in their pressing need. A man passed the window as she wrote, at sight of whom her heart stood still—stooping of shoulder and with thin locks of premature gray on his temples. It was with difficulty she could refrain from calling his name and flinging herself upon his neck with a cry of remorseful affection, but this would have spoiled her hastily formed plan, and she restrained herself.

Arrived at home, the commotion raised in the old house was most astonishing to the few who were within observing distance. Long-unused rooms were thrown open, and the sun, taking advantage of so rare a chance, peeped searchingly into nooks and corners as if wondering at finding them so cosy, and willing to be neighborly if only permitted so to be. The housekeeper reflected his beams in her face as she delightedly aided Miss Margaret in giving things a home look. Little white beds were set in waiting order for little occupants and Miss Margaret grew restlessly impatient in her longing to see their smoothness disturbed. Then such marvels were worked in kitchen and pantry, such wholesale destruction of butter, eggs, spices, fruits and poultry as had almost passed out of memory in the house. And when, on the day before Thanksgiving, all was ready, Miss Margaret, still more restless, again took sudden flight on the early train.

"There comes the strange-acting lady, mamma, that had the big apple," said one of the children, looking out of the window. "She's coming in."

"Won'er if s'e's dot any more—" the interesting suggestion was stopped by Miss Margaret's entrance without knock or other ceremony. The children were half frightened and their mother stood aside in the sudden alarm we feel at the presence of a possibly crazy person, as the stranger stepped swiftly to where Robert Weddell sat with head bowed on his hands and knelt beside him, putting her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Robert! I have come for you. I couldn't wait for fear you would not come. You will come home, all of you—and forgive me Robert?"

She had guessed that his pride might forbid his seeking her after all that had passed. He returned her kiss, but did not speak nor offer to present his wife. He had asked recognition for her once and would not do it again. Miss Margaret approached her.

"I have waited a long time, but I have come to you now. Everything is ready for you and the children—you will come for their sakes, sister?"

She had touched the chord by which the mother had been able to forget much in the thought of what all this might promise to her poverty-pinched little ones. And there was to her an inexpressible sweetness in this prospect of the knitting together of ties so long broken, this reconciliation of brother and sister after so many years of estrangement. Not for any preservation of her own dignity could she have found it in her heart to refuse the tardy overture. She had been quietly making preparations for the short journey ever since the receipt of the letter, in hope of persuading her husband even at the last moment to practice the grace of forgiveness.

What a ripple of happy excitement soon arose and increased among the children. "It was Aunt Margaret all the time!" was the inexhaustible text for wondering comment. The very Aunt Margaret of whom their father had but rarely spoken, around whom such a mystery had always hung. And they were going to that very home of which he told such stories, to behold all its marvels and share in all its bounties.

"I didn't think I was coming so soon when you asked me to come," said young Robert, drawing her face down to his as with her own arms she, late that same afternoon, tenderly placed him on the lounge on which his father had lain so long ago, telling him in few words the story of the blue-birds' nest. Then, going to look for the others, she came across the twins in the hall, both so intensely interested in her satchel as they sat on the floor beside it as not to notice her approach.

"I don't believe dere's any more!" Both softly poked with small fingers over its surface before dolefully agreeing that no red apples could be inside, and then sprang shyly up at sight of their aunt.

She took a twin with each hand and led them down cellar—such a cellar as they had never dreamed of. In the half light it seemed a bewildering maze of yellow apples, green apples and streaked apples. But she led them past all these to a heap upon which Mother Nature must have expended her gentlest winds, her softest showers and her most loving smiles of sunshine, and told them to fill their aprons.

"For Robbie—and Madge—and mamma—and papa." The aprons were small, and how those apples rolled about the cellar, and how two fell out for every one picked up, and how long it took to get up the steps, and how the apples rolled through the hall before they were finally emptied on Robbie's lounge!

"'Ou isn't doin' to tut 'em up, Wobbie!"

"Everybody's to have a whole one, and then there'll be plenty left."

"I couldn't for the life of me wait before takin' a peep at 'em, so I told mother I'd just run up a moment after I'd done my dinner—no, I thank you 'm, I won't speak to 'em to-night." Maria Jane was looking through the crack of the dining-room door and whispering to the housekeeper as the Weddell family sat at dessert on Thanksgiving day.

"Ah, dear!" wiping her eyes, "but it does my heart good to see such a comin' about. I says to Miss Margaret that very last day I was here, says I: 'Yes, Miss Margaret, there's nothin' like havin' your own kin to set down with you on Thanksgiving! Sweet? Yes'm, I should say they *was* sweet—they twins! Miss Margaret's sent me word how I was to sew here till every one of 'em's fixed up for winter—lovely little figgers for gored dresses 'n three or five ruffles round the skirt! Well! well! It must do the very angels good to see it. No wonder the good Lord says, 'Blessed are them that's kind to their brothers or sisters,' or somethin' of that sort. To think of me a makin' little clothes again for Weddells after all these years!"

SYDNEY DARE.

Worn Out.

(See steel engraving.)

WORN OUT is one of those simple and pathetic home scenes for which Thomas Faed, the Scotch painter, is celebrated, and which have won for him lasting popularity. A motherless child, more dear to the father on that account, has been stricken down by illness, and seems to be nearing the "silent land." Its only parent, a laboring man, wearied with the toils of the day, gives up his nights to watching beside his sick child. Friendless and poor, there is no one on whom he can call to assist him in caring for his child, and no sympathetic friend offers to relieve him in his night watches. Hour after hour, with a heart full of anxious care, and with weary limbs, he keeps his lonely vigils, ministering to his child with all the devoted care of a fond parent. At length tired nature succumbs, and worn out by his daily toils and nightly watching, the weary father falls asleep.

There is a touch of pathos in this domestic scene which appeals to the sympathy of the beholder. The white face of the sick child, the worn-out father, who yields to sleep, not because he would, but because he must, and the poverty of the surroundings, combine to make a very pathetic scene—one that tells plainly of that greatest of all losses to a child, the loss of a mother, and which depicts strongly the utter friendlessness of the father.

Thomas Faed, whose scenes, though homely, are always well treated, was born in Scotland, in 1826, and studied in the School of Design in Edinburgh. From the dawn of his career up to the present his pictures have been popular, winning their way into hearts and homes by their simplicity, pathos, and naturalness. They have been extensively engraved, which has made them familiar to the public, not only in Europe, but in America. Among Faed's best known pictures are "Home for the Homeless," "Scott and His Literary Friends at Abbotsford," "A Wee Bit Fractious," "Homeless," "The First Break in the Family," and "The Mitherless Bairn."

Her Glove.

THERE it lies on the ground where she threw it,
When she gave back my ring and my love.
How indignant she'd be if she knew it—
Knew I'd found and was keeping her glove.

'Tis a *gant de Suede*, very long-wristed,
And the least little bit worse for wear.
(Have you noticed how much intertwisted
"Love" and "glove" are in rhyme everywhere?)

It still keeps (to return to our muttons)
The shape of her fair slender hand,
And I notice that one of the buttons
Is gone from the full shining band.

Here's a slight rip in one of the fingers,
Which was caused by a ring, I suspect,
And I own that my fondest touch lingers
Over this most decided defect.

Was it *my* ring which caused the frail stitches
To part in so shameful a way?
My ring, meant for life-wear, but which is
Returned to the giver to-day.

"It was all a mistake," she asserted,
As she gave me the trinket again.
Perhaps so. My taste is perverted,
For I *love* a mistake now and then.

So 'tis over. I won't be dejected
And rave against woman and love;
If I can't have the hand it protected,
At least I have stolen her glove.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

So Young to Die.

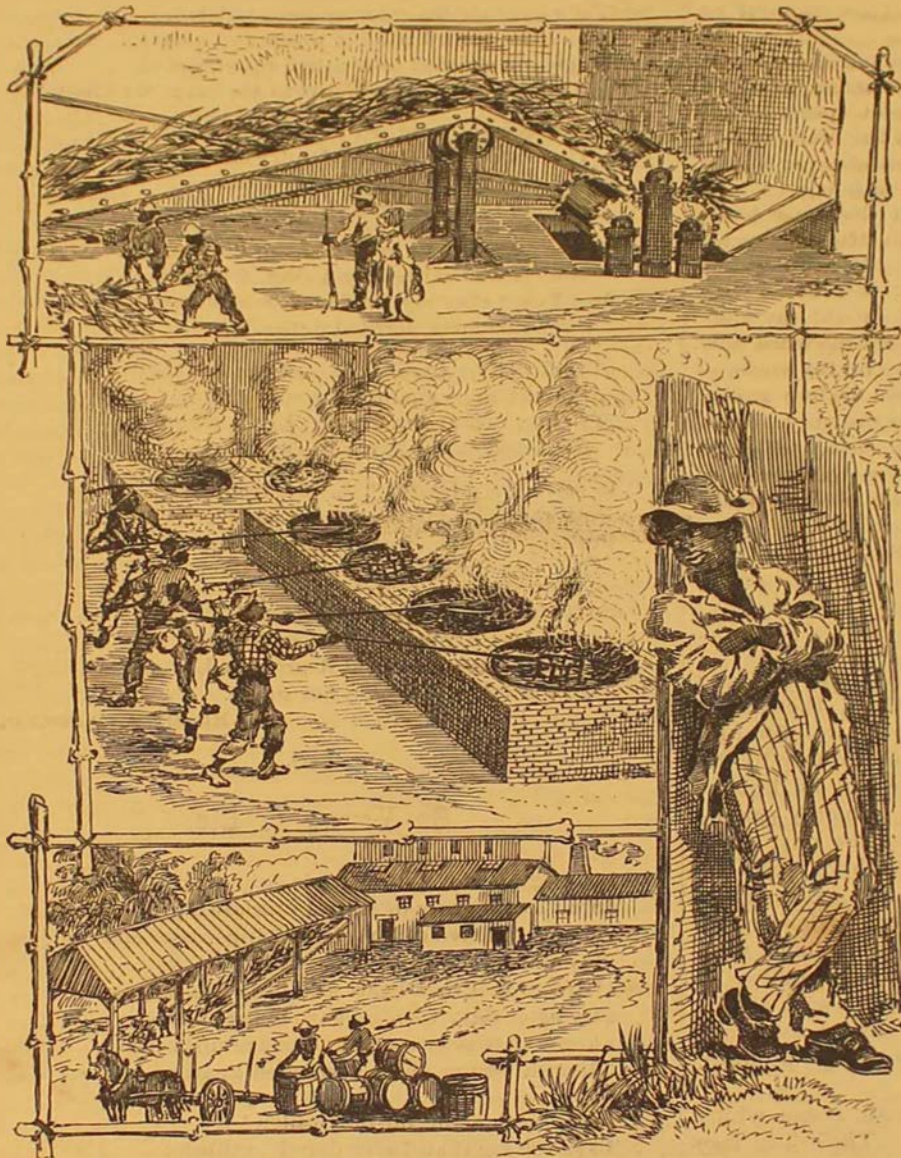
So young to go from out life's golden splendor,
Into the darkness of a land unknown!
So young to leave earth's friendships, true and tender,
To enter on an untried world alone!
So hard to feel that heart and flesh are failing
Day after day, with no sure helper near—
To know that prayers and tears are unavailing,
Though wrung from anguished hearts I hold so dear.

It may be that the far-off Golden City
Is fairer far than I e'er dared to think;
And yet—and yet—O cruel Death! have pity,
And clasp me kindly as I near thy brink,
Where, shbrinking, shorn of strength, I stand and shiver,
Fearing to press thy cold, dark waves—alas!
How dare I cross the deep, mysterious river,
The which no mortal ever can repass?

Wait—wait, O Death! till some o'erwhelming sorrow
Shall leave its traces upon heart and brow!
Wait till the anguish of some dread to-morrow
Shall bid me call for thee—but, oh, not now!
Not in the radiant flush of life's fair morning,
When Love and Hope light up my eastern sky;
While earth grows sweeter with each day's glad dawning—
Not yet—not yet! I am too young to die!

But if in Thy blest mansions, holy Father!
There is one place that I alone can fill,
Be with me when Death's awful shadows gather
Across the Silent River, dark and chill!
Within Thy sheltering arms, oh, blessed Keeper!
Fold me away from every fear and doubt!
For, Oh! the darkness will grow deep, and deeper
As the glad light of my young life goes out.

L. A. PAUL.



Sugar.

THERE is a plate of something to eat; the children's eyes are sparkling at sight of it, while their elders are gravely invited to join them as they gather round the table. What can it be? It is like long sticks of sugar-candy, pulled till it is just cream color, with divisions cut into them about an inch long, suitable for each mouthful.

Prepare for a long, sweet talk, for this sugar-cane which I have just described to you is the Mother of all sweetness, and I know your mouths will water before I am done with the list of good things that come from sugar-cane. All the candy shops in the world owe their attractions to sugar. What wonders of candy are made of it! Bon-bons, nougat, peppermint drops, chocolate drops, burnt almonds, kisses, lemon drops, cream candy, caramels—more kinds than I can name or ever saw. I think of the ice cream, the jelly, the blanc-mange, the preserves, the thousand kinds of cake, the numberless puddings—all that would never have been thought of were it not for sugar. What would the baby do if you gave him his tea without any sugar in it! Coffee and tea would not be the necessities they are for breakfast and supper if there was no sugar put into them. Who would eat gooseberry tart without sugar? It almost makes you squeal to think of it. Apple-dumplings are great

favorites; but nobody ever heard of apple-dumplings without the sauce. It is wonderful to think of the hundreds of forms into which this juice we get from these peeled bits of cane can be made.

I am here in the land of sugar, and all around me stretch many acres of sugar-cane, beautifully green, and looking like a sea of corn, as the corn fields look in June. The season for grinding has just commenced, and if you like you may go with Mary, and Lucy, and myself to the sugar-house. They told me long ago of the delights of that charmed place—what fun it was to see and hear all the wonders done there, what a sweet time they always had, etc. On our walk to the sugar-house we see rows of men on the edge of the large field of cane, and as they cut down each one a stalk at a time their long bright cane knives glitter in the sunshine. There seems to be a sort of rule about their motions, for their knives all rise and fall at the same time, and as they pass on another set of hands comes up who cut off the leaves or blades from the top of each stalk and strip it, leaving the blades in piles as they fall, and gathering up hurriedly the long, heavy, purplish stalks ready for the carts coming for their load to be carried to the mill. These are very large, broad carts holding as much as a two-horse wagon, drawn by three mules abreast, and driven by an ebony Jehu, who spends his time in exhorting Molly, Peter, and Jule to trot faster. The carts convey the cane to the shed, which looks like a field with a roof over it, it is so large, and in it is piled up the cane, which is used so fast that very little accumulates there but for a short time, as there are a great many hands—women

and boys—who make it disappear very fast to feed the carrier. This carrier is a movable platform at one end of the shed, made of thin boards, about four inches wide and thirty inches in length, joined together laterally by a chain at each side, making a sort of band or ribbon sixty feet from end to end, but double, and so one hundred and twenty feet in length really, and passing over two wheels, one inside the building, the other in the shed, after the manner of a chain-pump, though of course on a much larger scale. The building is the sugar-house proper. It is of brick, and in the basement, or rather on the first floor, which is even with the ground are fixed the furnaces with their tall smoke-stacks. The steam engine on which the whole machinery depends is near the center of the building, and has its own furnace opening outside, as the others do, and all fed with wood.

This wood is a wonder in itself, and could tell of other latitudes and scenes before it reached these shores, if it could relate its own history. None of it grew here or near here, but is cut from the trunks of trees, some of them four or five feet in diameter, which have floated down on the bosom of the great river which sweeps past us, and which kindly lies all along its shores in quantities sufficient for all the fires of the dwellers thereon, the driftwood uprooted by the high waters

of the Mississippi and its tributaries. These come into it, as you know, from ten States on both sides of the river, reaching as far as Wisconsin; and these trees have grown, we do not know where, but have had some of them a journey of thousands of miles. During the summer the wood was cut and corded up into stacks which surround the sugar-house on three sides, and seems an immense supply until you see the rate at which it is fed to these fierce furnaces. These have iron doors opening on the ground, and as we pass along and see the black firemen feeding their immense mouths every moment with thick logs, we imagine each a separate Pluto.

We left the cane traveling slowly up on the carrier to the great mill or crushers, formed of three large iron rollers, two and a half feet in diameter and five feet long, turned by means of steam, and only one-quarter inch apart, with a power or compressing force of six thousand pounds, so that you can imagine how every drop of juice is pressed out of each cane as it comes between these great jaws. It is squeezed so hard that the stalk and pith are perfectly dry, so that they are used for fuel as soon as they drop from between the rollers. This material is called "bagás," and falls through a special opening, as soon as it leaves the mill, into the furnace below. The lid-like door by which it passes down is tended by another Pluto—"Uncle Marshall"—who says he has stood there and "minded" that "bagás" for thirteen years. He opened his gate with a grim smile to let us look at the fires below, burning at what seemed to us a white heat, saying, "No, indeed, ma'am, I gits mighty cold here sometimes in de night, by dis winder."

After somewhat such tribulation and hard treatment as "John Barleycorn" describes as his fate, our juice has just left its fountain-head, and after a look to see what it is like we will follow it through all the many steps, and ups and downs, necessary to make it real sugar. You would never imagine that the thick, greenish, dirty stream of liquid rushing through this trough could ever be made into anything to eat. Let us see. It flows directly through this trough into the sulphur machine, which is an iron cylinder holding one hundred gallons of juice, through which the fumes of burning sulphur are made to pass, by means of an opening at one end communicating with a little furnace, in which the brimstone is burned all the time. The fumes being drawn by the current of air into this cylinder, are mixing with the juice, and by a chemical process, bleaching it so as to free it from the dark foreign matter in the cane. After passing through this sulphur-bath, it looks a little lighter in color, and a little clearer, but still very uninviting.

Passing into what are called juice-boxes, it is now allowed to settle for several hours, and then, leaving a thick sediment of vegetable matter in the bottom to the depth of several inches, it is drawn off into another set of vessels, called clarifiers. These, like the juice-boxes, are iron, six feet long by five feet wide, and two and a half deep, containing each one hundred and seventy-five gallons. When nearly full, lime is stirred into these, after having been mixed with water, and looking like thick whitewash, and by means of steam, the juice is heated nearly to the boiling point, while the thick scum is removed by long wooden paddles into troughs by the side of each of these vessels, and is so dark and thick that it looks like mud. This simmering process is gone through three times, for the juice in each vessel, and it is allowed to settle also for awhile, when, after having been clarified until it is quite a presentable liquid, as seen in a little glass jar which they dip into it at each stage, to watch the effect of the lime and the simmering; it is allowed to boil in the last clarifier, and while quite hot is drawn into another large trough which supplies the first of those large boilers called the "grands."

From this "grand" No. 1, after a certain time of boiling fiercely, the juice is dipped up and poured into the second "grand." This is done by means of large wooden buckets, holding each as much as a half barrel, fixed to long handles, working in something fixed to the edge of the boilers like an oar-lock. With this great dipper a man pours the juice from one to the other of the six boilers—two "grands," the "prop" or third boiler, the "flambeau," the "sirop," and the "battery." Notice the French names these Creoles give to everything they have to do with. By each of these boilers there stands another man, whose business it is to skim off the thick yellow froth which rises constantly to the top, and it is done with long wooden paddles, made very thin and light, which skim the froth from one into the other. This boiling is done so rapidly, and requires such close attention that this pouring and skimming from "prop" to "grand," from "flambeau" to "prop," and so on, cannot be stopped for one moment, and it seemed the place where the hardest work is required.

As we stood watching these boilers, and passed from one to another, the men raised the long handles of their great dippers, and turned them so as to let us pass under, and I looked at their handsome faces, dark Spanish eyes, and glitteringly white teeth, as they smiled and bowed, and thought of Pizarro and De Soto. These Creoles are very graceful, but there is a sad expression about them which struck me in them all.

Our juice now deserves the name of syrup, having become very rich and thick by this long, fierce cooking, and is again pumped into two large vessels, where it is allowed to cool and settle for a time before its last fiery trial, when it is to be made sugar. For this last process, a copper vessel, six feet in diameter, and three feet deep, called the pan, is ready, and we have come just at the right time to see it empty, as it is between strikes as the workmen call it. A strike is one filling and finishing of this pan.

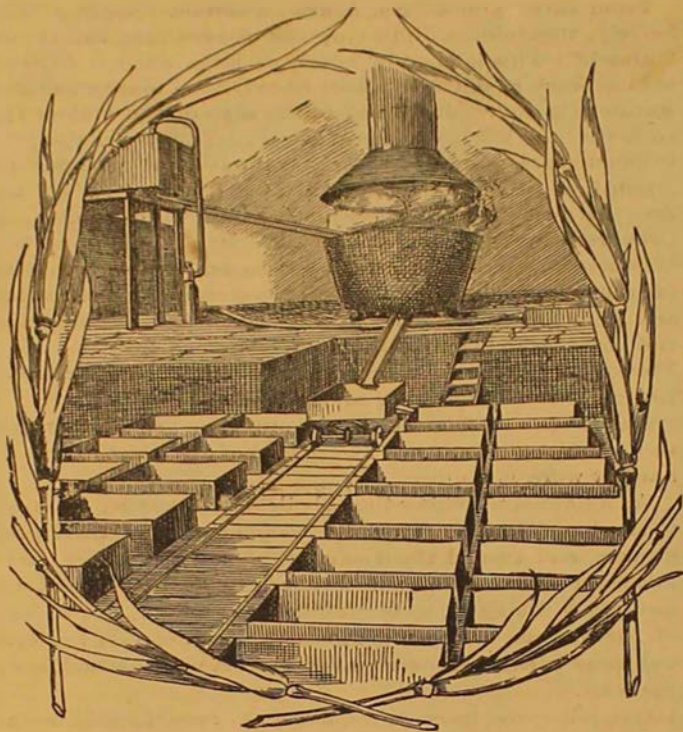
The bottom is seen covered with a coil of copper piping, through which the steam is passing, which boils the syrup without danger of burning it. From a spout in the last vessels, when the syrup is settling and cooling, on a floor higher than the pan, it is now allowed to run until the pan is nearly full, leaving room for expansion, as we do when we stew candy.

As soon as the syrup touches the bottom, it begins to boil thoroughly and rapidly, as is shown by the rich, bubbling waves all over the surface, and after about fifteen minutes of boiling and a certain amount of heat, measured by an instrument called the saccharometer attached to this pan, this strike is done. As the index reaches the 235th degree, the syrup is sugar. At the bottom of the pan is an opening through which the thick, hot stream of molten sugar pours into a wooden trough, and empties the pan, ready for another strike.

While we were watching the great kettle of candy, the sugar-maker, *Mr. Corbeau* (that means *Mr. Crow*, in Creole language) has laid across this trough a piece of board, on which he carefully places three little tin boxes, half filled with shelled pecans; and now he has dipped up a little of the hot syrup with a scoop which he holds all the time, and is letting it trickle slowly into each little box, whose owner is watching him intently, knowing that the result will be a box full of real nougat after it has cooled and hardened.

This is some of the fun that none but the children who live in this sweet land know anything of, and as the old Creole handed each precious box to the little girls, for whom he fills them every year, and smiled at their delight, I thought of how some bright eyes that I know, far, far away, would sparkle at the sight.

The trough I spoke of rests on the edge of a car on wheels



TRAMWAY AND COOLERS.

which run on a wooden tramway between two long rows of sheet-iron pans called coolers. Each of these holds four strikes, and as the car holds only one strike—about 55 gallons—it makes its journey four times before one cooler is filled. The floor on which these coolers rest is several feet lower than the pan. There are thirty-two coolers—sixteen on each side—and the car seems to be rolling along a little street, and pouring its contents into first one house and then another. Or, rather, they look like a garden with a walk between the beds, for they seem to be hoeing and spading the sugar. But before it is stirred about with something like a hoe, and then cools and hardens into real sugar, is the sweetest of sweet times for the children.

I wish Fritz and Lulu, Carter and Prentiss, Janet and Margaret, were all standing by this cooler with Gussie and Lucy, and could dip with their little wooden paddles their father made them, into the hot "cuite," and catch the glittering, amber-colored crusts of sugar as they harden on the tops of the coolers. The Creoles call these little crusts "caramels." They are crisp and clear like candy, and so pretty!

Some of the coolers are full of hard dry sugar now, those which were filled many hours ago, and have had time to get perfectly cold. Now is the time they use spades—real iron spades—to dig up the sugar as they fill the hogsheads in which it is to be carried to New Orleans. Think of spading sugar! Then there is a sort of rake which they use for scraping it away from the sides of the cooler, so that the sugar which you dip up so carefully with a spoon, I have seen worked with a hoe, a spade, and a rake!

The drainings at the bottom of the coolers, under the crust of hard, granulated sugar, is molasses, or New Orleans syrup. "Cuite" is not molasses, but is the syrup cooked just a little less than is necessary to make sugar, and is so near that point that it cannot be kept long without granulating, so that it is never seen except where sugar is made. A bucketful we took home for breakfast one evening was half sugar before we reached the house, but when still syrup it is very rich and nice for the table.

We have seen wonders of sweetness since the plate of sugar-cane was brought in, and have followed the stream of juice until it is made into sugar and packed in the hogsheads, but we cannot follow it any farther than to the river, where I hear the whistle of a steamboat which has stopped to take on a load, on its way to New Orleans. Thence it will be taken to Baltimore, New York, and over the wide ocean, and some of the cake, mince pies, and good things that your children will eat at Christmas, maybe, will be made of some of the sugar manufactured at "C—" plantation.

We always go home in the cane carts, and some one has just said that Sandy's cart is waiting for us, so we must go now. Here is our carriage tilted so that we can scramble in, and when the gate is bolted on, away go the mules, three abreast in this funny way, and as Sandy gathers up his lines we wish he would curb his fiery steeds a little, for we cannot stand up while they trot so fast. As we drive through the gate the steam whistle sounds for the night-watch to be put on, for a fresh set of hands must grind, and pump, and boil, and pour all night, as the work cannot stop except on Sundays; and as we leave the sugar-house behind we look up to see the sunset heavens glowing with such gorgeous tints of crimson and gold as the sun never paints on any skies but these.

R. H. C.

Cousin Ebenczer.

"ES," remarked Grandma Sweetfern, with a beaming smile on her placid countenance, "I'm a-gittin' pretty well along now, and I would like to hev all my kin-folks together under my ruff once more.

"There's some of 'em I aint seed fur more'n ten year, now, and 'pears like I want to see 'em agin, fore I die.

"Thar's Ebenczer Sweetfern, that's ben roamin' about ever sence he was ten year old—he's made a heap of money if he is a rolin' stone—a tradin' in cattle out in Texas. His Aunt Susan on the mother's side has writ me that Ebenczer's home now, out at Rolla, and thinks of payin' me a visit afore long.

"And thar's Simeon Sparks, that lives thirty miles tother side of St. Louis. He's pore as black-eyed peas, but good-hearted as ever, and allus remembers to send me a letter on birth-days and Christmasses and says he's a-comin' to see me soon as he kin scrape up enough money to pay fur the trip.

"And I was jest a-thinkin'," she concluded, "that I'd give a dinner on my birth-day, and invite 'em all, from fur and near. It's mebbe the last chance I'll hev to see 'em all together."

"O Grandma, how nice!" cried 'Rushy Robbins, a pretty blonde, with tinsel-colored hair, and eyes like wood-pansies. "Only think, I've never seen either of my cousins, and won't it be jolly!"

"But you don't mean to invite that shiftless Simeon Sparks, surcly, mother," said Aunt Amelia Smith, discontentedly.

Aunt Amelia, with her sister, Jane Robbins, and their daughters, had been invited to take tea with grandma, and discuss the matter.

"What's the difference whether he's invited or not?" sniffed Sarah, Mrs. Smith's daughter. "'Tain't likely he kin scrape up the money to come with, anyhow."

"I shill see that he hes money to come with," said Grandma, decidedly, and Sarah, not daring to answer, helped herself to a currant-tart, and proceeded to dispose of it with a sulky look on her sharp-featured face.

"Grandma," cried 'Rushy, excitedly, as she nibbled a slice of plum-cake, "how many will there be altogether?"

"Dear me, 'Rushy, can't you count noses?" asked her

sister, Serephina, snappishly. "There's pa and ma, and you and me—that's four, aint it? And there's Aunt Amelia and Cousin Jonathan and Sara—that makes seven—and Cousin Ebenezer is eight, and—and Sim Sparks," here she turned up her nose disdainfully—"makes nine, besides Grandma, ten in all."

"You aint counted noses jest exactly right yourself, Serephina," said Grandma Sweetfern, dryly. "There's another cousin, you know."

"Why, Grandma, who is it? You—you don't mean Phœbe Firkin?"

"And why shouldn't I mean *her*?" demanded the old lady. "She's as much my grand-child as you are."

"Yes," pouted Serephina, "but—but she lives out? Think of inviting somebody's hired girl from St. Louis!"

"She's your cousin, if she *is* a hired girl, miss, said her grandmother, severely. "And if you don't want to meet her, you kin stay away."

Serephina held her tongue, having no idea of staying away, but she made up her mind to snub Phœbe Firkin at the dinner, every chance she got, by way of revenge.

"Of course she'll be a-setting her cap fur Cousin Ebenezer," she grumbled to herself. "But I shill take care to let him know she's only a hired girl, and I reckon she won't stand much chance after that."

II.

"Oh dear," sighed Phœbe Firkin, briskly rubbing a silver pickle-stand with a cloth dipped in whiting. "What nice weather it is, and I do wish I could get out in the air awhile!"

"How nice it must be down at the farm!" she thought, a far-off look shining in her dark-lashed eyes. "I know how velvety smooth the young grass looks on the old lawn; and the orchard must be a mass of pink and white, with the peach-trees and cherry-trees in full bloom."

"I wonder if Grandma Sweetfern lives there yet," she continued, "and——"

Tag-a-ling-ling, sounded the door-bell.

"That's the postman," cried Phœbe, hastily rubbing her hands on her apron and flying to open the door.

"One for me!" Phœbe's eyes sparkled at the unexpected sight. "From Grandma, too," she cried. "And—what's this?—a check for twenty-five dollars!" And down she sat on a soap-box in the kitchen and fairly cried over the good, kind letter.

"A whole month at Grandma's on the old farm," she mused, with sparkling eyes. "And now I can get a walking-jacket and a new hat, with ostrich tips, and—I do wonder," she thought, hesitatingly, "if I *could* get a new dress? My brown cashmere is nearly thread-bare now, and I *would* like a garnet-colored merino."

The birth-day arrived and with it the guests.

Grandma Sweetfern smiled hospitably on all—on merry, curly-headed Simeon Sparks, with his threadbare coat and colorless shirt, as well as on handsome, dignified Cousin Ebenezer, in his glossy suit of black broad-cloth.

But pretty, dark-eyed Phœbe Firkin, in her garnet-hued dress—for she *had* managed to squeeze out the coveted article—with her brown satiny braids and cheeks like damask roses—Phœbe seemed to be grandma's favorite.

"I declare, I'm half jealous," pouted 'Rushy, "but then Phœbe is so pretty, I know you can't help it, grandma, I'm half in love with her myself," and grave, dignified Cousin Ebenezer endorsed her sentiments with his eyes, much to the disgust of Serephina, who was watching him sharply.

"How ridiculous!" she whispered confidentially, "to make such a fuss over Phœbe, when she's nothing but a hired girl!"

"Indeed," returned Cousin Ebenezer, "I never should have suspected it."

Ten minutes later he was seated by Phœbe, looking into the shy, brown eyes, with more than cousinly admiration shining in his own.

"And how do you like the cousins," he asked, mentally comparing her red lips to the velvety scarlet of a wild carnation.

"Oh, I like Cousin 'Rushy ever so much," she answered, lifting the dark-lashed eyes half-shyly to his face. "But Sarah and Serephina don't seem to like *me*. They have not said a word to me since I came."

"Pleasant meetin', Cousin Sary," remarked Simeon Sparks when the introductions were over, but a stony gaze from Sarah's steel-blue eyes was all the answer she condescended to bestow on the insignificant relative.

With a disappointed air, the young man turned to Miss Seraphina.

"Hev a cheer, and sit down, Cousin," he ventured, drawing forth an arm-chair. "It's as cheap setting down as standing up."

"Humph," sniffed Seraphina, with a shrug of her angular shoulders. "I reckon I kin set down in my grandma's house without bein' invited if I choose to."

Poor Simeon bit his lip at this second rebuff, but 'Rushy came to the rescue.

"*I'll* take the chair, Cousin," she cried, cordially. And in spite of Seraphina's frowns and gestures, she was soon snugly ensconced in the rocking-chair, where she chattered away sociably to her cousin until they were summoned to dinner.

Cousin Jonathan Smith, who carved the turkey, managed to serve Simeon last of all, bestowing on him the neck and a drumstick; the young man, however, accepted his allotted share as cheerfully as if aware that he deserved nothing better.

The dessert was just being served, when Deacon Popkins made his appearance rather unexpectedly in the dining-room.

"Hello, hello!" cried the deacon, heartily. "Jest in time to be too late, hain't I? Never mind, don't say a word, Mrs. Sweetfern, I've jest bin to dinner, any how."

"Heered Ebenezer Sweetfern was here to-day, and thinkses I, I'll jest drap in a minute and see *him*. How air you, Eb? Putty nigh ten year sence I seed you last, hain't it?" and pulling off his yarn mitten, the deacon went directly past the dignified young man in glossy broad-cloth, and held out his hand to the curly-headed, impecunious cousin, in the seedy coat and collarless shirt.

"How are you, Deacon!" returned the young man, heartily shaking the proffered hand, though he cast a guilty glance towards Grandma Sweetfern, as if expecting a rebuke.

The old lady only smiled, however. "Well, young man, the cat's out of the bag, aint it," she remarked, good-naturedly.

"And so you really thought you was a-fooling *me* as well as the rest by changing coats with your cousin, therel! But I see through your little trick the minute I laid eyes on you."

"Phœbe," whispered the *real* Simeon, taking advantage of the excitement which ensued, "you won't turn against me, now you know I am not the rich cousin after all, will you, Phœbe?"

"No," answered Phœbe, with blushing cheeks, "I am glad of it, Cousin, because I'm poor myself."

Sarah and Seraphina penitently apologized to the real Cousin Ebenezer for the snubbing he had received, but their repentance came too late. The mischief was already done.

'Rushy had slipped out to the back porch soon after the discovery was made.

"What—what will he think of me?" she sighed, covering her blushing face with both small hands.

"He will think, 'Rushy dearest, that you are the sweetest little cousin in the world,'" said Cousin Ebenezer, taking the little hands in his, "and—that he hopes some day to win you for his little wife!"

* * * * *

"Two weddings, hey," cried Grandma Sweetfern, a few weeks later, "and both come of my birth-day dinner? Well, well, I'm satisfied," she continued, smilingly. "But *you*, Phœbe and Simeon, must live here with me, and when I'm gone the old place shall be yours."

And so Phœbe's days of drudgery were over.

And Ebenezer Sweetfern ceased to be a rolling stone, and settled down on a snug farm, with pretty, golden-haired 'Rushy for his wife.

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

How We Live in New York.

KEEPING A BOARDING HOUSE.

THERE are certain persons, and classes of persons in the world, at whom every one feels privileged to throw a stone—in the shape of a sneer, a jibe, or an innuendo—as if their mere existence was a reproach, and any effort to sustain it a crime. The boarding-house has been a special point of attack, and the obvious opportunity offered by the struggling boarding-house keeper—usually a woman, to small wits to exercise their humor, or ventilate a grievance safely, is abundant reason for the odium which has been cast upon this unlucky class.

Keeping a boarding-house is the first, and almost the only alternative that presents itself to a middle-aged woman left with children to care for, with small resources, in a populous community. It is estimated that there are ten thousand women boarding-house keepers in the City of New York, who make a profession of it, besides those who "do not keep boarders," but who "rent out rooms," or "take a few friends" to "reduce expenses." The boarding-house keeper is usually a widow, somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources. She probably has some furniture, or a little money with which to procure it, and the principal reason why she ventures a boarding-house is because she wishes to keep her children together, and knows that sewing for a living in her desultory, inefficient way, would be hopeless. The boarding-house scheme may be disastrous also, for it requires a higher and wider range of faculties to successfully keep a boarding-house than to sew, but it at least furnishes a prospect, while it lasts, of something to eat, and it utilizes her meagre capital. The first six months may see an end of the enterprise, and of the means embarked in it, and they may also have sufficed to develop latent and unknown pluck, and energy which will lead to unexpected success.

Boarding is a feature of New York life—somewhat less so perhaps since the "apartment" house became an institution among us, and "family" hotels multiplied, the latter being simply boarding-houses on an enlarged scale, kept by a man instead of a woman, and offering, at the same time, more freedom and greater isolation than the sometimes too social life of a boarding-house, where it is the pride of the mistress to keep her community on a "family" footing. The boarding-house, too, has advanced with other elements of our civilization, or at least has been harnessed, and organized into its place as one of the potencies by which the struggle for life

is maintained, and the competition makes it a question, more than ever, of the survival of the fittest. Twenty or thirty years ago it was much easier for a woman to begin a little undertaking with small capital, and "work up" than it is now, the competition being now much greater, and including men who have gone into boarding-house keeping, not as a resource, but as a regular business, and the methods demanding larger outlay, and an experience in buying, which is of itself capital, and is only acquired by personal and practical oversight and undersight, hindsight and foresight. Success in keeping a boarding-house, that is in bringing people of diversified habits, opinions, and qualities under one roof, and making them happy, and glad to remain, is evidence of personal character, as well as business ability of a high order. Courage, patience, insight, readiness in emergencies, unflinching tact, clear, cool judgment, promptitude, and rarer than all, a kindly heart united to an impartial head, these are the qualities required by the successful boarding-house keeper, and which are possessed in a greater or less degree by many who are targets for vulgar and belittling misrepresentation and abuse.

Naturally, there are not many very successful boarding-house keepers, but there are not many who are very successful in any business, or profession, and those are the most so who have been most thoroughly trained, and who base their methods on the truest business principles. One of the largest and most successful boarding-houses in New York City consists of two spacious dwellings upon a prominent street. The founder was a woman—a widow—who was forced into the field of active exertion some fifty years ago, by the death of her husband—a sea captain. She came from the Eastern shores, had three children to support, and the thrifty, business habits, the independence, and capacity of the women of her day. She started her boarding-house in what was then a very good neighborhood, and from first to last, managed it herself, only associating a son in the superintendence of some of the details, and particularly in the buying, as she grew older and less fitted for the amount of labor devolving upon her. She saw the disadvantage under which the ordinary boarding-house keeper in New York staggers and suffers continually, viz., the summer migration to rural districts, the giving up of rooms till autumn, an established custom which enables the "boarder" to be at once fashionable and economical. To obviate this difficulty, and to preserve herself from loss, she cultivated Southern and Western people, who come to New York in the summer, and who gladly filled the vacancies, finding a house more agreeable than a hotel at half the cost. The widow has been dead now for many years, but the boarding-house, which grew until it acquired the dimensions of a hotel, though it still modestly calls itself a boarding-house, is kept by the son, who was trained to its management by the mother, and who is well educated, and a gentleman in every sense. The only daughter is married, and occupies a high social position, and the other son follows the sea, is captain of one of the steamers that goes out of New York on a well-known line. There was nothing extraordinary in the family, they never have their names in the papers, but they have been happy and prosperous, and all out of a boarding-house, because their mother was sensible, industrious, and applied business principles to her modest effort at acquiring a livelihood for herself and family. Moreover, she did not stand still—enlargement with her did not mean the mere acquisition of more rooms, it meant the addition of every comfort and the gratification, as far as possible, of individual tastes.

"Don't never make that puddin' no more," remarked a boarding-house keeper of limited ideas to her hand-maid in the kitchen; "that there Mrs. Blank said it was so good as she wanted another piece. I guess she'll wait a good while

before she wants two pieces of puddin' again." Fortunately such boarding-houses, and boarding-house keepers, are as limited in duration as in capacity.

There is no class of women in the world, however, who are more entitled to sympathy, who make a braver fight against worse odds, than the poor, struggling boarding-house keeper, whose hard, thankless life is shut out from all sympathy; who eats the crusts her servants would throw away; who is housed in a dark closet, while the occupants of her best parlor neglect to pay the rent, and abuse the food she finds it difficult to procure for them; who must bear her burdens silently, and her wrongs uncomplainingly—for no one cares about either; it is only dirt, tatters, and obvious starvation that call for sentiment and sympathy.

There is a woman now living in New York, active in her church societies, always ready to visit the sick and help with her mite, who came from the country twenty-five years ago with three small children. Her husband, a hard-working, faithful cashier, had died suddenly, leaving her with three little children, and, when everything was settled, one thousand dollars. She was a small and frail-looking, but energetic, woman. She revolved many plans for supporting her children and educating them, but finally decided on a boarding-house in New York, if she could see her way to getting started. She consulted her husband's employer, and he offered her an unfurnished house, in a fairly good location, at a somewhat reduced rent for three years, but advised her not to put the whole of even her meagre capital into furniture at the first, but to furnish her kitchen, dining-room, and such others as were absolutely necessary, and try to get boarders who would furnish their own rooms, or who, if they were breaking up, would sell their furniture at a low rate, and take it out in board. She acted, as far as possible, on this advice, and, by dint of the most careful economy, slowly worked her way up. But what a weary way it was, and how little even those of her own household knew the intense weariness of the struggle. She had no attraction to offer beyond her cleanliness and the personal care and service she gave to her house and its inmates. But these gradually drew around her a small circle of persons who appreciated the value of these qualities, and overlooked other things on account of them. She was not naturally a "business" woman; she could not bear to ask for an "advance," or to seem to look upon any one with suspicion, and she received some severe lessons in consequence; but from the first she determined not to go into debt—not to run up bills—but to buy for cash, and at the best market—that is, where she could get the most and the best for her money. As for her own life, it was one of complete self-abnegation. Her children occupied a small attic room, in which there was a window; were fed with sufficient food, dressed neatly in clothes which she sat up half the night to make, and sent to school; but she herself slept in a dark closet, into which a transom over the door let in all there was of light and air. Often she sat sewing, by a side-light outside this door, late at night, being too timid to sit in the "basement," which was used as a dining-room, after the occupants of the house and the one servant had retired to rest. Housekeepers of any experience can imagine the multiplicity of her labors with twenty-one in family, and one "girl"; but these were as nothing to her anxieties to make "ends meet," and keep her rooms occupied, for one vacancy in a small boarding-house makes all the difference between profit and loss. Modest and distrustful of herself, she never appreciated the charm that existed for many in her small figure, attired always in a neat-fitting black dress and white apron, her quiet ways, her personal horror of dust and vermin, and her untiring faithfulness in the matter of "home-made" biscuits, pies, puddings, and Graham bread. She made no

astounding success, and life was always a struggle, but she educated her children, one of whom is a teacher, another a prosperous business man, and the other happily married to the business partner of her son, a man who came a penniless boy from the country, was admitted to the family as a boarder, at a very low rate, when his earnings amounted to but three dollars per week, and now insists on making his house the home of his mother-in-law. The old lady (she is not so very old) is not, however, dependent. She saved something like ten thousand dollars before she stopped keeping boarders; and she had never moved out of the house and the neighborhood, which had become endeared to her from associations. After the three years, her rent was raised three hundred dollars, but by that time she had furnished her house very nicely from top to bottom, and three years after a story and an extension were added by the owner, and three hundred dollars per year more to the rent, which she was very well able to pay out of the increased income.

In retiring from her burdens and responsibilities, when age and the advantageous settlement of the family rendered it no longer necessary that she should bear them, many persons said—who thought themselves singularly astute—that she was so active and such a "business" woman that she would die without affairs to occupy her. Never was a greater mistake. She was not a business woman; she did not enjoy affairs, and she shrank painfully from first to last from strangers and from financial bargains and settlements; but she did with courageous devotion the only thing she felt she could do that would meet her case, and she laid it down like a burden when the necessity was over, without a wish to take it up again.

Very different was the experience of a widow, also from the country, who came to New York with considerably more money, only one child, a girl, and a good deal of "influence" in the way of well-to-do relatives. Perhaps it was these who persuaded her that she must have a house in a fashionable neighborhood, well-furnished, and do things "in style." She hired a furnished house at a very high rent, committed it to the care of four servants, and let them do the marketing, and manage or mis-manage affairs pretty much as they pleased. The result, of course, was loss and failure; the widow and the child went back to her brother's, after two years of this boarding-house keeping, with a loss of five thousand dollars—just half her capital.

Boarding-houses, and boarding-house-keepers have, however, improved, on the average, of late years. There are a much larger number of houses that are half boarding-house, half hotel, where the "family" idea is left out—where guests come in to table as they would at a hotel, where the food is abundant and good, and where there is a common parlor or reception-room, where there is a possibility of meeting, and where music sometimes enlivens a dull evening, isolation if desired, may be made perfect. Such boarding-houses are not cheap, the average cost for one person is twelve to twenty dollars per week, the lower price for a hall bedroom only; but the dinner is served in courses, and there is soup, fish, two meats or poultry, vegetables, a varied dessert, and coffee every day for dinner. If there is less sociability in these houses, there is also less gossip and scandal; people can live their lives without being tormented by ill-natured comments, such as are the common atmosphere of the "family" boarding-house.

Of a very successful boarding-house, kept upon a liberal scale by a lady, assisted by her husband, who does the buying for the establishment, a "boarder" for years remarked, "The secret of the comfort of this house is the independence every one feels, and the entire freedom from petty surveillance. For the price they pay, they receive rooms that are

well cared for, and excellent board; that closes the transaction; they are not obliged to entertain, or be entertained; they command their own time; they are permitted to know and attend to their own business. I do not think Mrs. H— was ever known to discuss one boarder, or his or her affairs, with another, and discourages such discussion, and it is, therefore, not usual among the boarders themselves. Then the table is uniform, not good to-day, and poor to-morrow, as is apt to be the case in 'private' boarding-houses; but furnishes a sufficient variety, which is always well cooked, and up to the standard in quality." "What ought the profits of keeping a boarding-house like this to be?" I asked. "Well, that is a difficult matter to tell," replied my friend. This is a double house, of thirty rooms, of which we will say twenty are occupied by boarders. The income from these ought to average \$20 per week for the large rooms; \$10 per week for the small ones; of course, the house, though in a respectable, is not in a fashionable locality; were it on Madison avenue, these prices would be at least double—quadrupled if private table, and negro waiter be part of the *entourage*. But taking the rates mentioned as a basis, the income should be \$300 per week; or roundly, fifteen thousand dollars a year. Of this

Rent calls for	\$3,000
Servants' wages.....	1,600
Food.....	4,000
Fuel.....	500
Wear and tear.....	1,600
Gas bills.....	500
Ice bills.....	100
Total.....	\$10,700

"There is, therefore, of the whole amount, ten thousand seven hundred dollars to be earned before any profit arises, and of this amount scarcely any reduction can be counted upon from a reduction in the number of boarders. All the bills, except the item of food, must be met exactly as usual, and in this single one there is no perceptible diminution, and no perceptible increase on account of a few more or less. Men profess not to be able to understand this; but they would if they kept house, and particularly if they kept a boarding-house. Americans are proverbially lavish in the matter of food; they neither serve, nor think of restricting themselves to exact quantities. If the dish is one they like, no matter how choice or costly, they expect to be supplied as plentifully as if it were common as bread. If there is not enough, if it gives out, there is no more to be said, they only bewail their luck in not getting to the table earlier; but if it is there, of course it is eaten. The family and servants also will often 'put up' with one thing when they cannot get another; but delicacies naturally never go to waste, where there are six or eight servants and a family to feed after the boarders are satisfied."

This calculation is based upon extremely moderate estimates. The house rent for example is low, the amount for servants' wages is low, the estimate for food is low; the expenses for such a house would be more likely to reach \$12,000 per year than a lower figure, leaving but three thousand dollars, as the residue for family expenses, education and profit. Moreover, this presupposes that the house will be always full of good, paying boarders, that rooms will never remain vacant, that summer will be as profitable as winter, that "bad" debts (debts are always bad) will never be made. But these blissful conditions are not within the experiences of any boarding-house keeper. The summer is always a season when many give up their rooms; there are always persons who manage to gain sympathy and confidence, and leave unpaid board bills as the result; and there

are always unlucky and vacant rooms where there are many, as there are ne'er-do-wells and can't-do-wells in a family.

A "private" boarding-house is a contradiction in terms, but it means that a private family is willing to take boarders to reduce expenses, or rather enable it to live at greater apparent expense than it otherwise could. This, as a rule, means much that is unpleasant on both sides. Private houses in New York usually have only one or two desirable rooms, outside of the "living" rooms; these must be given up, like the tenderloin in the beefsteak, and the breast of the chicken, to the boarders. All the sweet sense of privacy in a home is gone, all the come and go as you please; for meal-times, whatever else may fail, always come with unexampled regularity, and the expected roast, stewed and boiled must be prepared for the boarders, though the roof had fallen in, or the plumbing fallen out, as it has a habit of doing.


On the other hand, the boarder knows that he, and especially she, are only tolerated; that the discomfort account resulting from their presence is very strictly kept, and is hardly balanced in the minds of their entertainers by the convenient addition to the income. They know that this addition is expected to do the work of providing for the table, perhaps paying the servants and other bills, and supplying the lady of the house with money for clothing herself and children. Men whose wives "take a few boarders" usually divest themselves as rapidly as possible of household responsibilities, if they have not done so before. They are often "good fellows" at the clubs, and take immense credit to themselves for a style of living, which costs them personally nothing. A gentleman in New York who has the credit of living in an elegant home, is simply a boarder, and pays his wife only what he would pay in any other house, for his room. They are childless, and his hard penurious ways made life intolerable to her. A small legacy enabled the wife to emancipate herself from her boarding-house; she bravely took a house, furnished it, invited her husband to become her boarder, and has been able to reserve for herself a small parlor and bedroom, and obtain the services of a waiter, a girl who acts as her maid, a luxury which she never possessed before in her life.

We know nothing here of the lodging-house system so common in London, under which people can hire rooms with "attendance," buy their own food, and for a trifle have it cooked at any hour they choose. Here we either board, keep house, live in hotels, or hire rooms and live in a restaurant. This last is always a temporary measure, a makeshift, for it demands robust health as well as a plethoric purse.

Boarding-houses are not confined to cities; they have become the coveted resource of the penurious farmer, the summer burden, grievous to be borne, of his over-tasked wife; for the profits of her labor hardly accrue to her in sufficient amount to replenish her scanty wardrobe. They go to pay interest on a mortgage, to buy more land or stock, or swell the "old man's" bank account, not to make the woman's life brighter or happier.

Boarding, or taking boarders, is not true living. A true man and woman cannot be satisfied with a life laid in such narrow grooves, bounded by such distinct limitations. They will wish to lay their foundations broader, to be able to dig deeper, give opportunity for growth and the gradual building up of a home which shall be a social center, a resting place for other souls, not cut out rigidly for themselves alone, and with lines that they cannot overstep without trespassing on another's grounds. Boarding and boarding-houses may be a necessity of our civilization, but they are a pitiable necessity, and take the joy of life from those who are subject to it, either as boarders or boarding-house keepers.

The Young Ladies of Clyde Discuss Wedding Presents.

 SAW the other day in a newspaper that Mrs. So-and-So was about to give an announcement party," says Miss Nolan. "Now, please, will you tell me what an announcement party is?"

"It is an absurd name," I say, "and might as well be to announce one thing as another, but I suppose it means that Mrs. So and-So takes the occasion of giving a party to notify her friends that her daughter has become engaged."

"What a horrid thing to do," says Miss Bently. "It seems just as if she was so delighted with the prospect of getting her daughter off her hands, that she sends for everybody to come and hear the good news. I would never get engaged myself if I thought my mother would act like an old hen in a chicken-yard, screaming *cuta-cuta-cuta-cuta*, to let the whole hen community know she has just contributed her part toward an omelette."

"Yes," assents Miss Nolan, "the whole fun of being engaged is to keep it a secret as long as you can, and have people wonder and guess."

"I could not show my face in the room if Mamma gave a party to announce my engagement. I should creep under a bed and stay there till the folks had gone home," says pretty Nettie Baldwin, blushing as she speaks.

"I think myself," say I, "that a betrothal party, as it is called sometimes, is in very questionable taste. Young people naturally have a delicate reticence about affairs of the heart, and must shrink from instantly sharing the tender secret with the general public."

"I am afraid that is an old-fashioned idea," says Miss Bently, "for nowadays people seem to be in the greatest hurry to let the tender secret, as you call it, become known."

"This is certainly not a romantic age," I admit, "but as there are frequent slips between cups and lips, practical good sense would suggest less haste in publishing the contract."

"As engagements quite naturally remind one of such things, I want to ask you if you don't think the fashion of wedding presents is getting to be something awful?" asks Miss Nolan.

"In what way?"

"Oh, it's getting to be such a tax upon people. You just have to make a present, whether you feel like it or not."

"It is a much abused custom, I think myself, and it is a pity that it has degenerated," I say, "for it was begun long ago from the purest motives. Relatives who had a sincere desire to help the young people made them useful and valuable gifts on their start in married life. From that, intimate friends grew into the habit of offering some token of their love and good feeling. Often the greatest value of these friendly gifts was the spirit with which they were given, for the things themselves were sometimes so trifling that a modern bride would hardly exhibit them among her splendid display."

"If she did, she would probably be ashamed of them," remarks Miss Bently, "for brides now seem to have a rivalry about who shall have the most and the handsomest presents."

"I think they do, and the means girls take to secure a good supply are simply outrageous," I say. "I have heard of a bride-elect in New York who, by some means, fair or unfair, discovered that her rich uncle intended to present her with a solid silver tea-service and salver. She immediately wrote a number of notes to friends, and even mere acquaintances, begging each, in exquisitely polite language, to avoid duplicating that particular thing. Most of the

people addressed had probably no idea of making such expensive gifts, but the notes seemed to subtly convey the idea that something elegant was expected."

"She just wrung handsome presents out of her friends. What meanness!" exclaims Miss Nolan.

"It is meanness," I assent, "but of a kind that is getting so common in society that it does not receive the condemnation it deserves. I have heard of more than one instance where a mother has asked those who were likely to make her daughter wedding gifts, if they would kindly inform her what manner of present they meant to send, as, to avoid duplicates, she wished to keep a list to be shown others. Of course, as intended, this plan draws out handsome presents, for if one hopes to get off with a poor little pickle-fork, or a pair of butter knives, hoping they will escape comment in a crowd, one has not the face to put such insignificant trifles on a list to be canvassed and commented on for weeks beforehand, and so one must rise to the emergency, and sacrifice to the vanity of some girl for whom, very likely, one has neither affection nor admiration. The obligation to make a wedding present is as binding as any other arbitrary law of etiquette, in some circles, and it is often a heavy tax. I knew a rather poor lady who had to make so many in quick succession, last October, that she had to omit attending the weddings because she could not afford dresses, gloves, carriages, and other necessary outlays."

"What a shame!"

"Yes, so I thought, but she said, rather satirically, that as long as she was well represented in the exhibit of presents, she would never be missed."

"I am glad I have not five hundred or more dear friends," says Miss Maltby.

"I do not wonder you congratulate yourself, for if they all had marriageable daughters, they would be the ruin of you."

"If everybody feels the tax of present-giving to be so burdensome, why isn't it given up?" says Miss Bently.

"Simply because custom's bonds are too strong to be easily broken," I say. "You know it is not the practice itself, but the abuse of it, which disgusts people. If it were a question of sentiment, as it should be, no one could find fault with the custom. Sometimes I think there is but little romance left in the world, and you would agree with me fully if you had sat, as I did yesterday, on the seat behind two pretty girls coming home on the cars. They were talking about a newly-married friend, and there was so much mysterious pity in their manner, that I made sure 'Poor Louise,' as they called her, had been sadly unfortunate in her recent marriage.

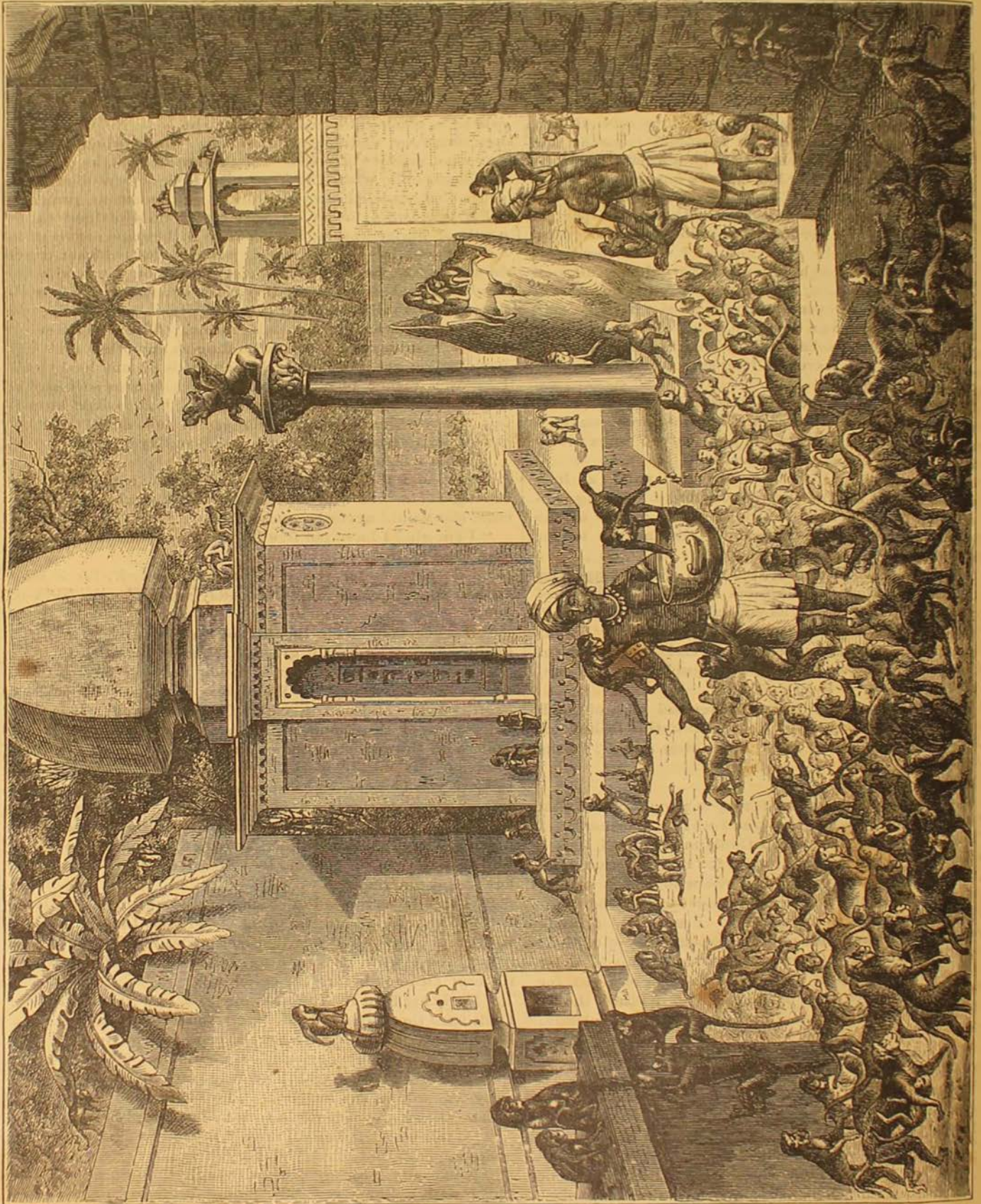
"'I should have died of shame,' said one emphatically.

"'So should I,' said the other, 'and poor Louise felt terribly, and her mother was just sick about it. But of course, it was too late to do anything, for they did not discover it till half an hour before the ceremony.'

"My heart bled for the unhappy girl and her mother, for I felt sure the culpable bridegroom was a forger at the least. I did not expect to learn what the crime or misfortune was, but happily for my curiosity, a gentleman who knew the speakers came on the train at a way station, and to him the story was told in my hearing. The husband of poor Louise was neither a gambler nor a forger, but simply a brute."

"Do tell us what he had done," says Miss Nolan. "You make me curious to hear the story."

"It is easily told, my dear, although the comments were bitter and exhaustive. The young bridegroom had given his fashionable, affluent bride, for a wedding present, a bracelet made of his hair! Fancy the intolerable mortification of showing the old-fashioned, sentimental thing to the wedding guests, instead of the diamond parure which ought



COURT OF A TEMPLE OF APES AT BENARES, INDIA.

to have dazzled their envious eyes! Truly, 'Poor Louise' was a victim to man's perfidy."

"The young man should have hired some diamonds if he was too poor to buy them," says Miss Maltby. "I have heard that wedding presents are hired sometimes."

"They say silver is hired by the bride's friends sometimes, when the *bona fide* gifts are not sufficiently gorgeous or numerous," I say. "I do not know whether it is ever really done, but I should say it was an excellent plan. Silver is a troublesome possession, and must be stored and insured if it is too valuable to keep at home, and so, after the one great day of display, of what use is the bride's elegant silver. I know of more than one woman who has paid expenses on her silver for ten or twenty years, only to lose it at last by fire, without even having seen it since her wedding day, and then been unable to collect more than a trifle of the insurance."

MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

If.

If you should come all suddenly
And let the soft, sweet glory of your eyes
Light up the darkness of this somber room,
And chase away the dreariness of this day of gloom,
And grace it with the dawning of a glad surprise,
How quickly would the shadows flee,
And looking out, amazed, I'd say:
"O beautiful, bright, happy day,
How could I think you dark and cold,
When in your heart such joy you hold,
O fair, sweet day?"

Now while I'm sitting here alone,
And bending, wearied o'er my work,
If from yon curtain's gloomy fold,
That seems the spirit of the cloud to hold,
While darkest shadows in it lurk,
Should suddenly, from a niche unknown,
The star-sweet splendor of your presence shine,
Then I should say through passing gloom,
"Why did I think you dark, fair room,
When every niche is all a-shine
With light and bloom?"

If o'er this heavy, dingy tome
Your gentle hand should wander swift,
How quickly would each leaf be edged with gold,
And every shining page would hold
A message sweeter than a fairy gift,
And down through long dead years would come
The far faint echo of the sage's vow,
In music sweeter than the world hath known,
And looking up surprised I'd say:
"I wonder why this gloomy day
So fair hath grown."

If while the wind is making moan
Through leafless branches of the trees,
And I am trying, all in vain,
To shut away the sob of pain,
Your voice came floating on the breeze,
How would its long remembered tone,
In music sweet fall on my ear,
And I no more the moan would hear,
But your voice my heart would fill
With its music and its thrill
And its echo clear.

—MARY TORRENCE.

By the Wood.

SUNLIGHT on the far-off hill,
Sunlight in the valley,
Where, to please its fitful will,
Murmuring waters dally.

Zephyr-fingers part the leaves,
Light comes through them sliding,
What a tangled web its weaves
O'er the mosses gliding.

'Mong the grass, in happy mood,
Trills a message cheery;
Far behind me in the wood
Drops its echo dreary.

Every forest-spirit deep
Wooes me with its sadness;
Where the mellow lusters sleep,
Turns my heart for gladness.

Still I loiter on the brink,
Powerless for choosing,
While the swift sands sink and sink,
All my moments losing.

—MARY M. BOWEN.

Court of a Temple of Apes at Benares,
India.



NE of the oldest and most interesting cities in the world is Benares, situated on the Ganges. The Hindoos call it Kasi, or "The Splendid," a name it deserves more for the splendor of its public buildings than for the beauty of its streets, which are disagreeably narrow.

Benares is remarkable for the great number of its temples, about one thousand adorning the city. It is the headquarters of Hindooism, and thousands make a pilgrimage here to worship the numerous idols—said to be nearly half a million—which are set up in the various temples.

Not only do these people pay their reverence to senseless idols, but animals, too, are devoutly worshiped. At any time the sacred bulls can be seen in the streets, and, as representatives of Siva, are honored and protected. The monkeys have a temple to themselves, which is quite a fine building, and is two hundred years old. It has pleasant surroundings of gardens and fields in which the animals amuse themselves. There are about four hundred of them, and they are religiously and faithfully cared for by the Hindoo attendants, who have their quarters in the corridor of the quadrangle.

Mr. Vincent, who visited this "monkey temple," tells us that "the monkeys were seen on every side. We fed them with kooce (parched corn) and fried rice, which our attendant Brahman produced. We were soon encircled by an immense troop, and very sleek and fat they were, of all ages and sizes, who scrambled, and wrestled, and fell over one another in the most ludicrous and ungodlike manner, eagerly contending for the food." At the entrance to the temple "the Faithful" buy the wicker-work baskets for sale there, filled with pastry and fruit, and give the sacred monkeys a feast.

The illustration shows just such a scene as was witnessed by Mr. Vincent. The majority of the animals are clamoring around the attendants for their food; while others are engaged in lively antics, utterly regardless of the sacred character they are expected to sustain.


Success.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

"Oh, if Thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay—
Let my lost pathway go—what alleth me?—
There is a better way."

JEAN INGELOW.

I.

T is a cruel, cruel, cruel letter!" She crossed her arms over the paper, crushing it as it sprang back to its folds, and dropped her head upon them, in the old agony of shame and shrinking. The letter was six months old now, and the first shock and pain were over, yet she could not read the words without the same hot blushes, the same fierce tinglings through all her frame, the same passion of wild tears following. Yet the words were kind and friendly; a gentle remonstrance against her own heat and impetuosity and rash desire to snap early ties. Ah, yes! but they held a mirror relentlessly to her shrinking, wounded heart, betrayed into needless confession; they dragged to the light all the innocent love and loyalty of her girlhood, and branded them as unmaidenly. They left her panting, quivering consciousness no refuge, no hiding; they surprised her and mocked at her distress. She covered her face; her thoughts fled back nearly twenty years, and mounted those slow years over again.

The stoops of two brown-stone houses were built together as one, not even a balustrade to divide them, but only a low, broad stone coping slanting from top to bottom, just above the level of each step as it passed it. Here, on summer evenings, the two families sat, the Courtlands on their side, the Darrows on theirs, year after year. Stately Mamma Courtland, in delicate lace cap and black grenadine or striped summer silk, brought her low, Shaker rocker close to the boundary; and pretty, slender Mamma Darrow, in pink, blue, white or lavender muslin, or some similar diaphanous cloud of drapery, crowned by an aureole of soft, fair hair, drew her camp-stool as close to her neighbor as possible. The two papas, who were nearer in age, sat lower down on adjacent steps, and discussed a thousand themes. For two summers dark-eyed Lily Courtland occupied the doorway with her lover; later she was only an occasional visitant, and laid claim to the dignity of a chair. The Courtland boys, all but one, ran about the street, sometimes resting briefly on the lowest step, where, on the first summer, she could distinctly remember, little Syd and little Daisy sat, and offered dislocated remarks to each other.

Then it was that the curly-haired, five-year-old boy "dared" the curly-haired, five-year-old girl to slide down the "coaster" between the stoops, because "dirls are all towards." Daisy could not endure this imputation, and gallantly slid from top to bottom; but Syd, in following, tumbled off sideways, bumped his head, and burst into a loud roar. Daisy generously soothed and petted him, and led him, bawling and grimacing, to his mother, who told him it served him right; for Mrs. Courtland, although twenty years the older, was not the more judicious mamma of the two.

From that hour the children were fast friends. They played, indiscriminately, ball and dolls, tag and housekeeping, steam engine and beggars, emigrants and robbers. On her seventh birthday, Daisy proposed a novelty.

"Play I was married to somebody, and lived over here, and you—"

"No, you don't!" interrupted Syd, violently; "you shan't play you was married to anybody but me. *There—now.*"

"Why, Syd Courtland, what a lovely idea! what ever made you think of it?"

"Well, now remember, if anybody else asks you, you're engaged to me."

"All right," said Daisy, surveying her tiny hands, "only we ought to have an engagement ring, you know."

"No, it's a secret; by and by we'll have one."

"But I must tell mamma, or I can't have any clothes to be married with."

"Oh, we won't be married for most a hundred years."

"Yes, I guess it's best not. I'd rather go to school awhile first. I guess I'll wait till I'm twenty; that's as old as my mamma was."

"Twenty! Thunder! Why, Daisy, you'd be an awful old maid!"

"Mamma wasn't."

"Oh, well, that was old times! Besides, twenty's the age that grown-up people say they are, when they don't want to tell. My mamma said she was twenty when I asked her, and she's a sight older than yours."

As the children grew larger the parents expected the friendship to die a natural death; but it only became firmer. Sydney's brothers were much older than he, and Daisy's brothers and sister were too young to be companions, though they were incomparable as pets. As a child, Syd made most of the smart speeches, but as they advanced, Daisy proved both quicker and more industrious. It was she who invented a game to help him memorize the multiplication table, and cured him of saying "twice times," after his mother gave him up. They studied arithmetic and grammar together, singing the rules aloud so persistently that after all these years she could have repeated every one without missing a word. They conquered Latin in the same fashion, Daisy defying lawful authority by adopting Syd's pronunciation, in order to avoid confusion, and becoming, in consequence, really the best Latin scholar of her class; for girls' schools are only just awaking to the necessity of a consistent system of pronouncing Latin. Mrs. Courtland frequently declared that, but for Daisy, Sydney could not have entered college till he was twenty, instead of leaving it at that age.

At the end of Sydney's freshman year, he and Daisy went to Commencement together. They sat in the front of the gallery, and although evidently in high excitement, talked and laughed in a quiet, decorous manner, which might well have been copied by those around them. The boy's dark picturesqueness and the girl's fair, dainty prettiness, formed a pleasant contrast, and many noticed the happy young couple, with half a smile and half a sigh for the spring-time of life that drops its blossoms so soon.

Daisy held a bunch of white roses, with a calla lily in the center, which would almost surely be broken if it fulfilled the mission she planned for it. Around the stems was tied a garnet ribbon—her chosen color. Syd wore a single daisy in his button-hole. He had promised Daisy to "go in for" the rhetoric prize, as the college phrase goes; and although he had not a shadow of a chance from the first, not having given the subject the requisite study, her faith in his success had inspired in him a like certainty.

When the momentous crisis arrived, she leaned forward eagerly, the syllables of Syd's name sounding over and over in her mind during the suspense, until the President's voice rose, clear and cold,

"Frederick Stuart De Cortny."

For just an instant she allowed herself to be deceived by the one syllable common to both names, but even in that instant her heart gave a great leap, and stood still; the tinkling of a hundred tiny bells broke loose in her head, and the hand which held the flowers turned cold as death. She had never once thought of a disappointment. She gazed toward the stage, not daring to turn to her companion. She managed to hear what unsuccessful competitors were honor-

ably mentioned ; the name for which she listened was not among them.

Then she saw a line of dark figures file up the steps.

The De Cortnys were old friends, and she was not sorry that since Sydney must fail, Fred should take the prize. As the file returned in triumph, De Cortny fell back for some reason, leaving a space between himself and the boy before him, and the same instant glanced toward the gallery. Following a sudden impulse, Daisy swung her roses, and they lay at De Cortny's feet, the lily safely aloft. He seized them, and kissed them, waving them upward with a grace which would not have been possible to another youth in the building. This caused a burst of applause, and Daisy leaned back, blushing and abashed.

Syd had noticed nothing, and was endeavoring to appear indifferent. Men are apt to think that a woman's heart always goes with the victor ; but this is a vast mistake. Daisy spoke, now ; but she did not say as he expected, "Better luck next time, Syd." For she did not believe in luck, and besides, her last ambitions for college honors had vanished as she tossed down the white roses.

"Well, honors of this sort are of small account anyway. I supposed at first they were really prizes for superior scholarship, not rewards for study out of the course."

"I don't care, then, if you don't," returned Syd, with a breath of relief : "I never will be a great scholar, but I'll be successful in my own line. I won't found a college, though ; I'll found a library, and pay off the debt of the Board of Foreign Missions," he added, merrily.

"May I be there to see," laughed Daisy.

"You ! Of course you will be ! I can't do anything without you."

A year later, Daisy graduated, and applied herself diligently to the study of household matters, and the education of the younger children. Sydney displayed some interest in her progress, and she made cake for him when he came to tea. He completed his college course without much credit to anybody, although he was generally recognized as "a smart young fellow." His future was already planned. His father's firm had a branch in Colorado, whither he was to be sent as assistant superintendent. It was a good position for so young a man, and had a promise of advancement.

The parting was rather sudden at the last, for Mr. Courtland wished Sydney to travel for a month or two before settling, and so started him off earlier than was expected. He ran into the sitting-room that last morning to bid Mrs. Darrow and the children good-bye, and Daisy went downstairs with him. She had been quite brave until then.

"O Syd !" she exclaimed, the tears starting to her eyes.

He clasped his arm about her neck, as he had not done now for years, and kissed her warmly.

"I don't know how I *can* do without you, Daisy," said he ; "but there'll be better times by and by."

That was all he said. Did he mean anything more ? He was only a boy of twenty, and who can tell how much, or how little, a boy's words mean ?

Her life was quite uneventful after that. She strove to perform well home and social duties, and to adapt herself to the requirements of a young lady's life, which is at once difficult and easy, perplexed and simple, wearisome and unburdened ; for some the lightest, for some the very hardest, to wield, to control, or to fit oneself into. She was very happy in her life ; it had in it just the vague, secret romance which, if rightly cherished, lends glow and color to the most tiresome details of every day.

Letters to and from Syd were her chief delight, and by and by she began to wonder when he would come back, and if he would be changed. She saw with pleasure that she

was growing prettier ; the lines of face and figure were finer, the coloring more delicate, the expression sweeter ; for formerly she had been noted for strength rather than sweetness. She scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed, when, after two years, a photograph came, showing her boy quite buried in a great black beard, and with a dashing, Joaquin Miller look about him.

It seemed to her, to-day, that her mother had been glad of his departure, and that she had not liked the correspondence, although she could not well forbid it, in view of their life-long friendship.

Other girls, her companions, had their admirers, their conquests, their offers, their engagements, their weddings. Daisy had none of these. There is no surer defense against suitors than a heart preoccupied. The love of an ideal, the original of which has passed out of view, is to some temperaments a very happy love, if it could only last. But by and by the letters became more irregular, and then came the announcement of his intended marriage, with a portrait of the lady.

Perhaps the news stunned her, for she took it very quietly, and when Mrs. Courtland called to talk it over with her mother, she also went into the parlor.

"I hope it will prove the best thing for him," was her first remark. "Syd will make a fine man, if he marries the right kind of woman."

"But she isn't the right kind," cried his mother ; "she's just a coarse, under-dressed, over-dressed millionaire's daughter. Syd never did have any sense, except in business ; he's smart enough there. The only girl I ever wanted him to marry was just twenty times too good for him. And I suppose you'll think me a very foolish woman, Mrs. Darrow, but I do feel as if I never wanted to see him again. He's not like my own boy now. He's disappointed me in everything, more and more as he grew older, and now this is the worst of all." And the poor woman broke down completely, and burst into tears.

From this interview, Daisy went to answer her letter. She congratulated Sydney very fully, and expressed many kind wishes ; then, without debating with herself the wisdom or the necessity of such a step, requested him to send back any letters from her which he might have kept, or to destroy them, as the correspondence was at an end. She wrote with a dull sense of unrealized trouble, as if some one had died.

The answer was a rude awakening. Sydney expressed astonishment at her extraordinary request, and refused to comply, unless she insisted. There was no reason that the letters of friends should be destroyed, or even that they should cease, at the marriage of one. He was sorry that his marriage had caused such feelings at home ; but, although even his mother had been unreasonable and angry, he had felt sure that Daisy, who had always been reasonable, would understand. He was as fond of her as ever, and would enjoy writing to her, and would prize, as ever, the letters of his dear sister ; with much more of the same sort, which cut, and stung, and tortured her. It was a trifle curious that it had never before occurred to him to call her his dear sister.

Happily, she was a girl of spirit, and when the first shock was past, she saw how he was changed from the boy Syd whom she used to love, and how much farther still he was from likeness to the image she had borne in her heart. Now that all was over, she was more hurt in her maidenly pride than in her affections. The letter was, after all, a merciful cruelty, and as such it was a help to her. There is much truth and insight in the lines of the poet :

"Go with thy chosen mate,

The fashion of thy going neatly cured

The sorrow of it ; I am yet so weak
That half my thoughts go after thee ; but not
So weak that I desire to have it so."

But to-day her deepest regret was that she had thrown away her girl-life on one who not only was unworthy, but who tossed it carelessly aside as worthless, and was none the better for the sacrifice.

II.

In story books the hero either graduates at the head of his class, or, having led it all the way through the course, he slips into the second place out of generosity for some comrade whose future depends upon his position. In real life only one young man in forty, or sixty, or eighty, is salutatorian, and one is valedictorian, while a correspondingly small number carry off the principal prizes. Unfortunately, also, for romance, the head man cuts but a poor figure in after life, nine times out of ten ; while some bright young fellow, whose record was merely fair, strikes ahead of him and takes many of life's best prizes before his very eyes ; not always because of any fine-drawn or high-strung difficulty in coping with the world on the part of the former, but because the latter has really greater talent, energy, and capacity, although not a first-class studying machine. Therefore the real head man offers slight inducement to the story writer.

De Cortny had now his first and last scholarship. There is in his college a tradition, the charm of which has but very lately been broken, that the winner of the scholarship in rhetoric fails in every after contest for college laurels. De Cortny was an example in support of the tradition, although his classmates believed that his thesis in the senior year would break the spell.

He stood high on the honor roll, and delivered (very badly indeed) on commencement day an essay which was better written than seven-eighths of the essays presented on such occasions, and more flavored with originality than the average, which is not an overwhelming statement. His gown fitted him, however, which was a novelty, and he had a fine, intelligent face, and his family was very proud of him.

That evening Dr. De Cortny summoned his son to his office. The relations between these two had always been somewhat ceremonious, and now the young graduate stood before his father's easy-chair in an attitude of graceful humility, one hand behind him, the other lightly resting on the table.

"Well, sir," the Doctor began, "you have finished your college course ; I may say, with honor. I congratulate you."

"I thank you, sir," responded the young man, gravely.

"And now I suppose it is a fair question to ask what will you make of yourself?"

"I am very sorry, sir," in a low tone, "I do not know."

"One of the professions, I presume. I am satisfied that you would make a very bad physician, and I can't say I'm sorry. As to the law, you have neither the gift of the gab, nor the grace of assurance, and your combativeness is simply zero, which is a pity, seeing you have the world to fight. There remains, then, the ministry—oh ! and dentistry ; how would you like that?" with a grim smile.

The son smiled also, rather sadly.

"Well, but about the ministry ? Eloquence there is only one of a dozen qualifications, of which all are not imperative, and has, besides, the inspiration of the highest truth and of the purest object. You have many of these qualifications—earnestness, faithfulness ; it is not necessary to name them."

"But I lack the very first, that special and sacred call which distinguishes this from other vocations. I am not sure you have taught me that this call is peculiar and divine, but I know you believe it, as I do."

"What next, then ?" the Doctor's heavy brows contracted slightly.

"I am ashamed to say, sir, I cannot tell. I have had my impracticable dreams, but no plans. I hoped you had plans for me to which I could agree."

"No, no ; you are of age, and should make your own decisions. I am well satisfied with your record as a student"—Here the two shook hands in a semi-formal manner, which caused both to smile—"and I am willing to trust you further. You must not be rash. I give you a year to experiment as you please, and make your choice. Now, Fred, what is it you want to try?"

The son drew himself up with a military air, which made the Doctor wonder why he had not thought of suggesting the army, and answered, with sparkling eyes :

"I should like to try literature."

He began his work the very next day. He had several stones in his sling, one of which he slung very hopefully at the Goliath public. To use another figure, he sent out a raven to see if the world were ready to receive him. He chose his best essay, and rewrote it, making it even more classical than before. Of course the raven never came back. He received, indeed, an intimation that it would be returned to him on receipt of thirty cents postage, but he scorned to notice it.

His dove was already equipped for flight. It was a sketch of Gustavus Adolphus, and embodied what he believed to be, and what perhaps was, a novel view of his character. Its return aroused astonishment and wrath, but he had sufficient faith in its merits to send it on another journey. That was the last of it. The eminent editor of one of our foremost magazines neglected the usual courtesies, and the dove skipped the olive-leaf episode.

There was a train of slowly moving events, all tending to one grand result. Unfortunately, his parents and sisters believed with unquestioning fidelity in his talents, and manifested a sincere admiration for his productions. They execrated the stupidity and favoritism of editors to an extent to which he could not follow them, for he was learning a reluctant respect for the judgment and the trials of these worthies. Unfortunately, also, a second-rate weekly printed a critique of his—pretty well written, and showing an intimate acquaintance with his subject—on a recent book on Greek tragedies, for which the weekly of course did not pay.

Both these facts hindered his decision. But he began to see that this was a slow road to fame, and an impossible road to fortune. He had quite a stock of printed slips in what he had begun to call his "returned-with-thanks" drawer ; and he read over the returned articles more and more dubitantly on each successive occasion. He had made the common mistake of supposing that literature required no apprenticeship ; which, as usual, had resulted in the discovery of a still greater mistake, that of thinking himself fitted for such work. Moreover, a certain "something on his mind," which he had hoped to smother in his new career, became once more so troublesome as to make him really unhappy. He resolved to let a last venture settle the matter, and sent a very passable article to a semi-religious paper, not being aware what a pitiable affair such a half-and-half publication is apt to be. That was simply the end. It dropped out of sight. And while he waited his probation year came to a close.

He entered his father's office directly after breakfast, and dashed into the subject.

"The year is up to-day, you know, sir. I'm afraid I am a prodigal son in a small way."

"Not a bit of it," said the Doctor, with a keen glance. "Do you want another year?"

"No, father. It distresses me to be such a disappoint-

ment to you all, although sometimes I think if you didn't expect so much—" He stopped, raising his brown eyes, apologetically.

"I do expect much. I expect my son to be an upright, conscientious, Christian man."

"You are very good," returned the other, humbly; "but you have the right to expect more, after all you have done for me. I want to tell you that the failure is in me, not in the alternate. I know myself better now, and I thank you for the hardest and most valuable year of my life."

The hands clasped more heartily than a year ago, and without more words, the young man passed out, proudly, erect and strong.

Once in the street, however, he clasped his hands behind him, and walked slowly, with bowed head. A friend had once said of De Cortny that he had conscience enough to furnish half a dozen honest men. As in most cases so described, the difficulty lay, not in over-conscientiousness, but in the want of balancing parts. His judgment was undeveloped, and he lacked decision, boldness and enterprise. He would shrink in self-distrust from a responsibility he was quite competent to assume, and there was no danger that his folly would "rush in where angels fear to tread." This tendency had been increased by an early trial, of which a hint has already been dropped, when he watched his inferior hold lightly a prize which had been easily won, and carelessly retained, but which would have been worth, to himself, all honors he could ever hope to gain.

His walk brought him before a store in upper Broadway, and raising his eyes to the windows above, where black and gold letters proclaimed a preparatory school for boys, he hesitated a second or two, then stepped in, and up the dusty stairway. There was a studious hum and a restless stir which sounded familiar, and there at the desk sat his dear old teacher, who had always had a soft side for him, a frailty common to most of his instructors.

"Fred! my dear fellow! Glad to see you! glad to see you! Proud of you, my boy! Went to see you graduate. Meant to write you a note, but was hindered by laziness; my old trouble, you know. Glad you remembered me. Sit down, sit down. Yes, I have plenty of time—haven't a recitation till ten o'clock. Now tell me what you are doing."

"Nothing, sir; that's just the trouble." Then out came the whole story, a fuller confession than he had made to his father.

"I'd do anything now," he concluded. "I want your advice. What *am* I fit for?"

"Now, Fred, I don't like to mention it—I don't, indeed; but if you would think of it, I'd be a rich man. My tutor in the classics has broken down—poor creature! never did understand the aorist. Couldn't you just take hold until something better offers for you? That's sure to be soon. Here's a little chap wants coaching this summer to enter next year. Couldn't you just put him through?"

De Cortny was impelled to accept this offer with cordial gratitude. The position of tutor in a preparatory school was not a dizzy height for a De Cortny; but it was his first opening. He brought to this career a truer enthusiasm than his last had inspired. He possessed the genuine scholarly passion for Greek, and Latin was second best. The boys flushed and fidgeted, and shouted their recitations in a comical new eagerness, and the reputation of the school rose rapidly. He was doing well; but his face wore a sad expression, and he was more serious and reserved than even a studious young man ought to be.

"I never heard such prayer-meeting talks from a young person as those your brother gives us," said some one to his sister; "one would say he'd had a sight of experience."

One day he casually picked up a paper and recognized the

last article he had written, the one which had decided his destiny. He read it through without a change of expression; then flinging it down, exclaimed, impressively:

"Shades of all the ancients! Is *that* the kind of fool I was?"

When he had taught for more than two years, he received a totally unexpected invitation to fill the position of Greek tutor at his Alma Mater. He read it two or three times in utter amazement, then started to find his favorite professor, and enter a sort of remonstrance.

"Why, I wasn't even the first Greek scholar of my class," he exclaimed. "Where's Howard, who won the 'Extra Greek?'"

"When you refused to make a dash for it, though you had as good a chance as anybody," retorted the professor, with a twinkle in his eye. "Howard is in the ministry; and if he weren't it might not have made any difference. You did not take any prizes, but you had a good grasp of the language. It wasn't a dead language to you. It isn't often we see a student take hold of Greek as you did; you went through Homeric literature as though it were Robinson Crusoe. Besides, we know you were teaching Greek successfully near us here, and that we could get you. A college as old as ours does not like to receive the mitten."

De Cortny went straight with the news to his old teacher, who rejoiced and mourned heartily.

"It will be the ruin of me, Fred," said he, "but it will be the making of you. I have been expecting this. 'I knew, I knew it could not last! 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!' Well, God bless you, my boy; I'm proud of you."

In the De Cortny household was grand jubilation, and when Fred retired to his room early in the evening, he took out a certain box which had not been opened for years. He opened it now, and lifted from it a withered and dusty bouquet tied with a garnet ribbon. He gazed on it long, tenderly dusted and smoothed the soft bows, and laid it away.

"Too late now, even if it had not always been too late," he murmured, stifling a sigh. Nevertheless he dressed carefully and went out to make a call.

So it chanced that while Daisy Darrow sobbed over her cruel letter, she was startled by the door-bell. Any interruption was welcome, and she was glad to see Mr. De Cortny, whom she had not met for many months. There were no traces of tears as she smilingly gave him her hand, and their talk was gay and unembarrassed. By and by he found courage to ask if she could give him news of Sydney Courtland.

"Nothing very recent. You heard of his marriage, I suppose."

"What! is he married?" cried De Cortny, his brown eyes darting surprised flashes. Daisy laughed, and her pretty eyebrows made a motion of questioning astonishment.

"Oh, yes! nearly half a year ago." And crossing to the table, she opened the album at the two photographs. The young man bent his fine head over the book, and Daisy soon found *herself* studying its noble proportions, and wondering if he could be as pleasant as his sister Alice. He, for his part, was trying to think of some agreeable remark, for one face was so sadly changed, and the other so painfully common, that it was not easy to speak of them.

"You don't like them; neither do I," said the girl, candidly. "He is all beard, and you might as well have a picture of the back of his head; but her face is not *good*, there is no soul in it. I'm very sorry, for he had the making of a fine man in him, as they say. Poor Syd! he was the only intimate friend I ever had."

Poor Syd! who had made a hundred thousand dollars in three years! But who shall count what he had lost?

"Well," she concluded, with a light sigh, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

"It won't some day," said he, closing the album.

"When? Oh, you mean the other world! But *won't* it, Mr. De Cortny?"

"No, Miss Darrow; only the good sorts, and they'll be vastly changed for the better," with an odd smile.

On her way up-stairs, Daisy paused at her mother's door.

"You wouldn't believe how entertaining Mr. De Cortny can be, mamma," she said, with animation. "I never thought he coul' be amusing, with that grave face; but his laugh would d' your heart good, it has such pure enjoyment it it."

I do not know the rest of the story. Probably nobody ever thought it worth the telling. It may have been like many other little histories of the sort, the narration of which reaches the verge of sentimentality; the needs of her heart inclining toward the wealth of his; the needs of his heart yearning toward the wealth of hers; blending, at length, in one of those rare unions which yield a boundless recompense for the pain of all past losses and failures.

I do know that Sydney Courtland is now "cutting a dash" in Paris, where his wife's diamonds and *parvenu* manners are the wonder of the gay society.

But the last time I attended the Commencement of a certain Eastern college, as I sat listening to the enlightening conversation of my particular graduate, a fair-haired lady with a lovely face passed into a seat before us, and while I covertly admired the exquisite lace shawl she wore, my companion softly explained:

"That is Mrs. De Cortny, the professor's wife. Her youngest brother is our valedictorian."

Social Duties.

WHAT "a man's house is his castle" is an apothegm as "old as the hills;" it means that a man who possesses a house has a right to enter in, shut the door, and bar it from all intruders; it means more, that a man has a right to hold it for himself alone, and to say whether or no any one save himself shall ever find shelter or comfort within its walls. This idea was born of the masculine mastery of the olden times, the assumption of power by the individual, and the unwillingness to recognize any authority superior to that of one man's will or whim. The idea lingers still among a certain class of men, that they own absolutely house, home, wife, children, and have a right to shut them in or out of all knowledge, and all human love and sympathy, if they please. But it is much less prevalent than formerly; it is true that it invades even the laws of hospitality, for many a man who recognizes that he owes some social duties to his fellow-men, fails to consider that his wife and children feel the same obligation, and believes his duty fully discharged by an occasional dinner which feeds his vanity and his appetite.

But this view is a very narrow and selfish one, and is gradually giving way before the light of modern sympathy and a wider feeling of fraternity. It is beginning to be seen that individually we are but very minute parts of a great system, which depends upon sympathy and co-operation for its harmonious working; and that every man who has a house or a home has an opportunity to cultivate the virtues not only of hospitality, but of friendliness, of sympathy, of good taste that will not shock, of modesty that avoids vul-

gar pretension and display. It is true there are *some* people who use hospitality as a vehicle through which to air their finery, their fine new houses, their gorgeous silver, and wonderful wares. Such people are natural hucksters and traders, and never get beyond their vocation; their business is to exhibit goods and extort something for them, and if it is not money it is admiration. The truly hospitable man and woman will endeavor to create in their house and home a tone, a general atmosphere, which it will be pleasant to enter. They will not obtrude their possessions, and only use them for their comfort and to do honor to their guests. They understand that hospitality does not consist in forcing people to do what they do not want to do, in compelling them to admire out of politeness what is perhaps distasteful to them, or in marking with vulgar ostentation the difference between wealth and poverty; but it makes homes social centers, it softens and humanizes the feelings, expands the heart, and creates a circle of human interests which makes life sweet and precious to us.

Persons who grow tired of life, individuals for whom life has no attraction, nearly always belong to a class who lead isolated and selfish lives. This isolation and selfishness grows upon one, and should be repressed, and social duties cultivated, if we would enjoy a happy and prolonged old age. There is no wayside mark, no crisis in youth or age that social sympathy does not recognize. Sometimes it seems almost burdensome and too much of a tax, but after all how sweet when death enters the household, when misfortunes come: for it is not at all so true as cynics would have us believe that friends fly when troubles come. On the contrary, they very often help courageously to sustain the fainting spirit, and drift away when they do so more from force of circumstances than will. Life is necessarily built on reciprocity; one cannot forever do all and another nothing, but how many examples we constantly find of disinterested friendship, of untiring goodness and sympathy. We therefore say again, and to women especially, cultivate your social duties; do not wait till you can do it in this, that, or the other way; till you have got parlors or a parlor of a certain size, or just such furniture and what you consider suitable means for entertainment. These are not essential; they are probably just like those belonging to somebody else; the human companionship, the enlargement of the sympathies is the thing, and if people through their heads or their hearts, their contact with fine thought or loving companionship, get taken out of themselves, they think little of carpets or furniture.

Not that pleasant surroundings are to be despised; it is part of the duty we owe to our friends to work for them, to possess them, to share them, but we need not wait till our walls are covered with just such a pattern, till our table is supplied with rich or costly viands; we can express as much of the spirit of hospitality under a low roof as a high one, and round a pine table as if it were made of mahogany. Among the rich hospitality is a necessity, and often means little; with the poor it is a virtue and means much. If the turkey is a rarity, all the more honor to those who invite friends to share it; if the meal is not always bountiful, it is the stranger who is served first, and who is sure to have enough. Friends are often God's providences; keep them and cultivate them, not necessarily by giving an afternoon reception once a year to the whole five hundred, though that is well enough in its way, but by constant acts of loving kindness and by keeping a welcome at your threshold. So shall life grow sweeter and sweeter day by day, friends multiply, and social duties become social joys—foretastes of a communion which we cannot enjoy in any future unless we have first cultivated our social natures here.

VENI VIDI.

The Prodigal Son.

(See Engraving on page 40.)

HERE are few parables more touching than that of the prodigal son, or that conveys so impressively the "divine beauty of forgiveness." This young man had gone off from his father's house, as many young men do, and wasted his substance in riotous living. It was all very well while his means lasted, and he was merry and contented amid his expensive and sinful pleasures. But the time came when the enchanter's wand was broken, and, reduced to absolute penury, he was compelled to accept the lowly position of tending swine—a beast regarded by the Jews as unclean. Ragged, wretched, hungry, he would gladly have eaten the very husks on which the swine fed, but "no man offered him."

Then it was that the vision of his father's home came before him, and he cursed the folly that had brought him to this abject condition. So long as he was tossing madly in the exciting whirlpool of seductive pleasures, he thought not of the quieter joys and affectionate love of his old home. It is only a lesson like this that teaches youth to value what it so recklessly throws aside in a vain search for a more satisfying happiness.

Filled with reproach and anguish, he resolved to arise and go to his father, and, throwing himself upon his mercy and his love, confess his sins and promise amendment. Few are the parents unforgiving enough to turn a repentant child from his old home; few there are who would not freely open the doors of that ark of safety to the prodigal son who has seen the error of his ways.

When the father of this poor, wretched youth saw him coming afar off, compassion for his erring child filled his heart, and heeding the impulse of love and forgiveness that moved him, he ran eagerly to his son, fell on his neck and kissed him. Touched to the very depths of his heart by his father's greeting, humiliated, repentant, and grieving, he threw himself upon his knees, and cried out with touching pathos, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Overjoyed to find his son in this penitent mood, the father ordered the servants to bring the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet; and the reason he gave for paying him these attentions was that the son "who was dead, was alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The artist has given a very graphic representation of this scene. The abject misery of the prodigal, with his shoeless feet and wretched garments, show what a low depth of poverty he has reached. His baggared cheeks tell a sad tale of starvation, and his supplicating attitude evinces his humility and contrition. Eager and questioning are the faces that are turned to him; and full of sorrow is that of the mother, whose loving heart, while it rejoices at seeing him again, is shocked and grieved at the miserable condition to which he is reduced. Despite his changed appearance the dog recognizes him, and pulls at his garments, as if to attract attention. One servant is seen bearing the robe, another carries the shoes and a ring in a casket, while a third brings in the fatted calf. Every face in the group is full of feeling and expression, showing that all present take a deep interest in the returned prodigal.

The original of this picture was painted by the French artist, Alexandre Bida, who is renowned for his Scriptural and Oriental scenes. He was born in Toulouse, and studied under Delacroix, after which he visited the East for the purpose of sketching. It is said of this artist that "he represents with wonderful power the life and scenery of Oriental coun-

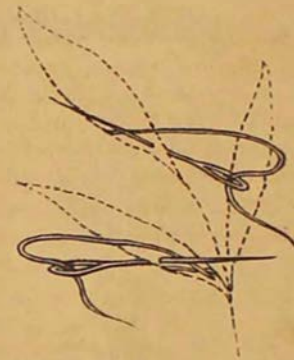
tries, and his Scriptural scenes are not surpassed in force and directness by any other painter of like motives." Three of his paintings are in the Walters Gallery, Baltimore.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

THE embroideries of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago were generally good in design. They followed the rule that decoration should not be imitation but representation. A suggestion of flowers is given, not actual painting of flowers in silks or crewels.

All through this country in old families samples of embroidery thoroughly good in design are often found carefully treasured, because embroidered by some great-great-grandmother, or great-great-aunt. These are generally embroidered in crewel or silks on home-spun linen. At one time it is a wedding gown or petticoat, at another, curtains for a closet or bed. Wallets were also embroidered, and as these were for personal use and small in size, much time was often spent upon them, making a strong and elaborate piece of work. The design on page 41 is adapted from an old wallet embroidered about a hundred and fifty years ago.

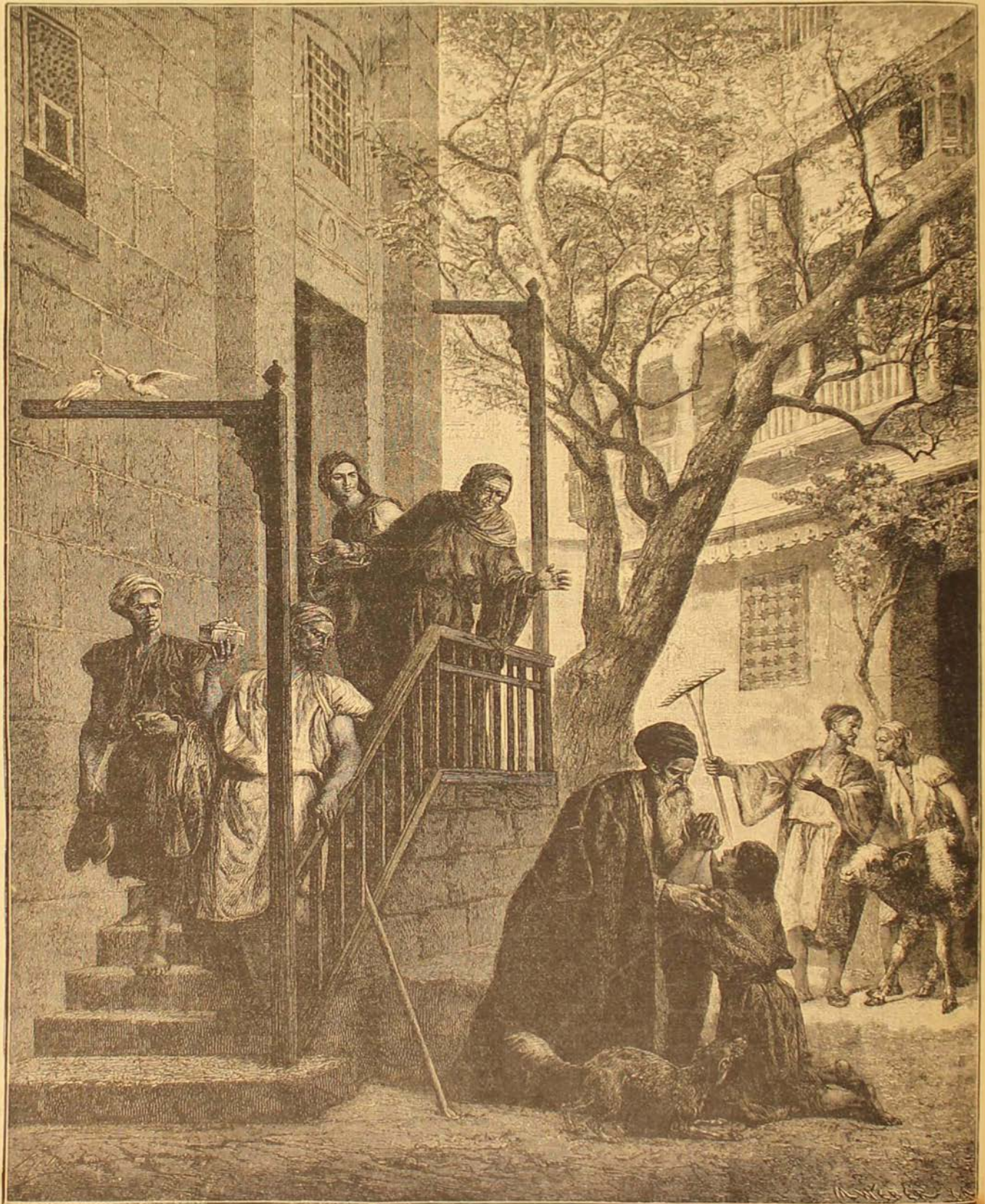
As arranged, it is suitable for a work bag, or when repeated can be used as a border. The design is first embroidered in New England stitch on round thread linen or crash. Then the background is worked in solid in the same stitch in wavy lines of various shades of color. This background can change in color like the background in an oil painting. The wavy lines can change in width and direction to suit the background colors and the brighter colors of the design. At the top gold color can be used, changing to a dark olive green below. This green below should be darker than the green of the leaves of the design.



NEW ENGLAND STITCH.

The leaf above the upper right hand flower, and the leaf shape standing alone above the next upper flower, should be in gold yellows, the background at this corner being a darker yellow, so that these two shapes run into the background color. The large central flower should be in shades of a scarlet red. The flower at the right of this below should also be in reds, but of a darker shade. The cluster of three on the opposite left hand side should be gray blues with green calices. The flower above these should be in purples with two green outside calix petals. The daisy-shaped flower on the left should be crimson, with deep yellow center and green calix leaves behind the petals. The flower in the center above should shade from light old blue to deep honeysuckle purples; the two central petals light blue, the next on each side dark blue, the two outer ones on each side purple. The upper flower at the right below the yellow leaf should be in purples. The leaves are in shades of green, except the two yellow ones mentioned before. The lower and larger leaves should be in the deeper greens. The round balls on the spray and ovals falling from the large leaves can be in reds. The background is an old gold yellow, near the upper blue and purple flowers, changing to deep olives behind the red flowers below. The whole effect is antique and curious like on old tapestry. When worked in silks it is exceedingly rich.

HETTA L. H. WARD.



THE PRODIGAL SON—From the Painting by Bida.—(See page 39.)



Design for a Work-Bag, Pocket or Border, by Hetta L. H. Ward.—(See page 39.)

Janet's Love.

MR. ANGUS LORING paused in the midst of his solitary breakfast to meditate gloomily on the contents of a letter before him.

"A comfortable life I shall lead," he soliloquized, as he pushed back his chair and strode back and forth the room. "A pleasant life it will be, with a dancing, prancing girl, let loose about the house, and eternally jingling 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' on my Evard piano. I wish to heaven, Arthur Lynde or I had been at the bottom of the Red Sea, before he induced me to become the guardian of his daughter."

From which misanthropic utterances, it may very readily and slightly be inferred that Mr. Angus Loring was a bachelor. Certainly there was nothing very prepossessing about this gentleman's tall, spare figure, and gray eyes, that were cold and searching; evidently his was a nature without tenderness or sentiment. In fact, Mr. Loring was a solitary man, who sought no companionship, male or female; whose one passion was music—his idol, literature. Not a very congenial spirit then, it may be imagined, for a young school-girl, freshly recovered from a serious illness, which rendered a change of surroundings imperative, and further study impossible. Such was the necessity that was bringing Janet Lynde to the home her father had destined her, when he died. And Mr. Loring, who, when the prospect of taking her in charge had been in far perspective did not consider the idea so formidable, now turned in utter repugnance from the duty immediately before him. However, the arrival was yet a week off, and in the meantime Mr. Loring played his most intricate and classical music, as though to banish from his soul all memory of the disagreeable future.

It was in the twilight of a winter's afternoon that Mr. Loring's ward arrived, accompanied by the maid that had been sent to fetch her; and as her guardian received her with formal and punctilious courtesy, he had to admit that in exterior appearance, at least, there was nothing formidable about Janet Lynde. Very small and quiet she looked in her simple black dress, as she answered with monosyllables his words of greeting, and then asked permission to retire. And soon Mr. Loring began to discover, that the elements he had dreaded in his ward's nature were not forthcoming, and except that they met regularly at their breakfast and late dinner, it would have been difficult for Mr. Loring to remember there was a feminine presence in his house. Gradually there grew up in his mind an odd curiosity concerning this mute young person, who sat facing him at the table. Could it be possible, he speculated, that she was satisfied to live, solitary as himself, in a large house, without human sympathy or companionship? Never yet had he found indications of sadness, or discontent disturbing the tranquillity of her face, nor had he heard the tones of the obnoxious "Madame Angot" brought forth by the agency of those slim hands. How then did the deft little fingers employ themselves? And what sweet serenity there was in the curves of her red lips! More than once had Mr. Loring surprised a quickly suppressed smile, or a sudden flash of the dark eyes, and it had come to pass that the reserve which, at first, had been a source of self-gratulation to Mr. Loring, now gave way to a tantalized annoyance, as the days and weeks went by, and found him no nearer understanding the unusual young person who still obeyed the precept of childhood, "to speak only when spoken to."

Coming home one day, much earlier than customary, Mr. Loring's steps were arrested on the threshold of his library by certain sounds issuing from behind the heavy oak door.

Surely it was a woman's voice singing Beethoven's "Ade-laide" in tones of purest, clearest soprano. How it thrilled Angus Loring's music-loving nature, as he listened to the liquid intonations and cautiously opened the door far enough to inspect the intruder within. There she was—his ward—on the topmost round of the ladder, apparently selecting a volume from the well-filled shelf, while the melody of her song came as readily from her lips as a bird's notes. What a morsel she looked up there, and how delightful it would be to help her down from her high perch! At the thought Mr. Loring pushed open the door wide, and entered. The song ceased suddenly, and Janet's cheeks were flushed carnation pink, as she asked pardon for her intrusion, in the tones of a naughty child. Then, book in hand, she would have slipped away, but her guardian's voice arrested her at the door.

"By the way, Janet," he said, "do you never feel the need for more amusement in your life? You must find yourself very dull at times, I fancy."

"Not when there are such delightful books to be had," answered Janet, with a quick, bright smile, holding up the "Mill on the Floss;" "I do not even feel the necessity for some one to whom I might remark, that solitude is a fine thing."

Mr. Loring's eyes flashed a delighted smile. Here was a young person who evidently read Balzac. He would further test her literary discernment.

"Sit down, and let me catechise you a bit, Janet," he said, as he handed a chair. "It's one of my beliefs, that the great key-note of character is in one's choice of books. Of course, being a young lady, you do not like Dickens?"

"I have read every book of his twice over," said Janet, with the enthusiasm of youth; "indeed, so much did I like David Copperfield, that I might remark with Mrs. Blimber, that if I could have known Dickens I should die happy, as I do not care particularly for an acquaintance with Cicero."

And Miss Lynde's eyes were raised demurely to his, and gave Mr. Loring his first opportunity to observe how exquisitely clear they were.

"On my word you remember something of what you read," commented her guardian, with an amused smile, as he folded his arms and surveyed with furtive criticism the small head, crowned with red brown hair that rippled into irrepressible waves and curls, while Miss Lynde diligently employed the pause by turning over the leaves of a magazine on the table before her. So Mr. Loring had time to reflect that it could not have been altogether timidity that hitherto had kept this dogmatic young lady silent. What then was it, unless a repugnance towards the man who buried her alive in his great silent house.

Mr. Loring came out of his reverie with a start, and consulted his watch. "I must not forget that I am going away," he said, with something very like a sigh; "it is impossible to say when I may be back—certainly not under a month. I have made arrangements with my cousin—an elderly but very agreeable lady—who has just returned from abroad, to remain with you in my absence; she will probably remain permanently, as some time ago; I asked her acceptance of a home here. Now I must insist on your having more society—more amusement in your life. Ask one of your old school comrades, or as many as you choose, to come, spend a month or two with you. Turn the house inside out, if you will. I make but one proviso, Janet—be glad to see me when I come back—it will be a new and delightful experience to have some one welcome me home."

As he finished, Mr. Loring held out his hand, and as Janet returned the clasp, she answered gayly: "You shall be obeyed sir, in every particular. Good-bye!"

As the door closed after her, involuntarily Mr. Loring

sighed. It was impossible to hide from his penetrating eyes that she was glad he was going away, and indeed, as he argued impartially, why should she be sorry? Truly, there was nothing he had done to make either himself or his house so agreeable that she should be loath to part with either the one or the other. But when he returned, he decided it should be quite different. He would commence the careful study of this demure, charming little girl, whose reserved and yet ingenuous manner had stirred up strange feelings in his calm breast. Even in the midst of the important case that required his utmost vigilance and intellectual ability to bring to a favorable conclusion the memory of that bright animated face and uplifted eyes haunted him. There were possibilities of intellect in that young ward of his, he reflected. How was it he had not found it out sooner? Here then would be a study more interesting, more satisfying than science, for she held the key as well as the index to the volume. So it was with great inward satisfaction that Mr. Loring found his case in the Supreme Court sooner reached, and more speedily concluded than he had thought possible, and himself on the way home again. Hitherto he had always telegraphed for rooms to be aired, and preparations to be made for his arrival, but all these considerations were swallowed up now, in the prospect ahead, of a certain youthful person coming forward to meet him with words of welcome. Where should he find her? In the library where they had parted? No; there, all was silent and dreary, as it had been before her existence was remembered. The whole house was silent as a tomb, Mr. Loring soliloquized impatiently, while he mounted the stairs to his own apartments. His feet pressed the thick carpet noiselessly, and just then voices in conversation issued from a room, whose door was slightly ajar.

"So this is Mr. August Loring," said a strange voice, manifestly feminine. "Mr. *Angular* Loring would be more appropriate I should say, from the look of his picture; and such eyes! Why, Janet, I could almost fancy he was looking at me in the flesh. How you can make a hero out of such an old and ugly man, is beyond my conception."

Mr. Loring seated himself in an easy chair, just where he could see and hear unobserved, with a total indifference to the fate of eavesdroppers.

"At least, he has very good taste in furnishing his house," said the strange voice presently, from another quarter of the room. "These mantel ornaments are superb—but how you manage to get away with your time, is a mystery to me. It is certainly barbarous of your guardian to have kept you shut up in this great prison, away from all civilized society. Either he is very selfish, or you are remarkably precious to him."

"Indeed, I shall not let you run down Mr. Loring," interrupted Janet, with a certain sound of decision in her voice. "He is very kind to me, does not interfere with my time or the way I employ it, and even at school, Jessie, you know I was never gregarious. I have been quite engrossed, this winter in my painting and music. But you should hear Mr. Loring! Many a time, he would have been horrified to know that I was sitting on the stairs, listening to him play Beethoven's and Schuman's great works. You should hear him render the 'Moonlight Sonata'—You would never doubt but that he had a grand and noble soul." Mr. Loring nearly betrayed his presence, in an effort to see Miss Lynde's face, as she spoke those rapid and enthusiastic words. "Bad Symptoms" said Miss Vinter, shaking her head astutely, with the air of a person who knew all about such matters. "And how old might the interesting monster be?" with youthful *insouciance*. "Jessie, I really will not listen when you speak of my guardian so disrespectfully." And Miss Lynde turned with offended dignity to the piano.

"Oh! very well," responded incorrigible Jessie, with a light laugh. "But here under his own fig-tree, Janet, I will predict, that you and the *Angular* being of your veneration will wind up, by getting married." But Miss Lynde had forthwith commenced, with great energy to play a polonaise of Schubert's, and there was a precision and firmness in the touch of those slender yet strong fingers, sufficient to surprise anew the man who for a year had lived in ignorance of the treasure, that his house had held.

"Mr. Loring!" The white hands came down with a crash on the ivory keys, in her surprise and consternation. "I am so sorry, I mean I am so glad to see you home again" with timidly extended hand, "Jessie, Miss Vinter this is my guardian, Mr. Loring." Rather a lame introduction, but Miss Vinter went through the ceremony of handshaking with great coolness, pursued a commonplace conversation for a few minutes, and then with a mischievous look at Janet, excused herself and withdrew.

"What will you think of me, Mr. Loring?" burst forth Janet, with almost imploring deprecation as soon as they were alone.

"We are to have a party to-night, and dancing, and music—what shall we do?" "What shall you do?" echoed her guardian with an amused and indulgent smile at her almost tragic tone of dismay. "Why, promise me to enjoy yourself, with all the gaiety of your innocent heart." He had got possession now of both her hands, and was looking deep into those haunting, limpid eyes. "And what have you been doing with yourself?" He asked presently, when the long lashes began to droop. "Has my cousin treated you well?"

"She has been very kind," Janet answered, "and since Jessie came, we have been to the opera twice, the Art Gallery and a reception. Oh! yes, I have seen a great deal of amusement since you went away, but I am very glad that you are come home again."

* * * * *

Mr. Loring was restlessly pacing up and down his flower-decked drawing room, with his eyes upon the broad stairway beyond, watching for the slight figure that was now constantly in his thoughts. But the plain, black-robed young lady did not appear. Instead there came gliding down a wonderful vision of *tulle* and silk—her lustrous robe garlanded with snow-balls, fresh roses on her cheeks, and innocent delight in her brown eyes. Angus Loring felt a momentary impulse to take her in his arms, snow balls and all, but instead, he folded his arms, and viewed her with a pleased criticism. Truly, she reminded him of some small, beautifully plumed bird, in this new attire, and as he raised the slim, gloved hand to his lips he said, "Janet, I fear I shall have occasion to mourn lost opportunities the rest of my life; the chrysalis state is over, you have emerged a gay young butterfly, that will soar away beyond me." And when Janet would have answered him, guests were announced, and Miss Lynde entered upon the duties of her first evening, as hostess. A very successful party it proved. And Janet found herself in a new and delightful atmosphere. As if in a dream she heard herself uttering gay speeches, and knew that she was surrounded by a throng striving for her smiles and bright words of *repartee*. Even Miss Vinton in her superb pink brocade, was not sought after to the extent of this small youthful creature in her pure white robe. At length, however, the evening was over, with all its excitements and pleasure, and even Miss Vinton had disappeared up stairs. Janet was going too, when her guardian detained her with a word. "It is needless to ask if you have enjoyed yourself," he said kindly, with a look at her pink cheeks and the brightness of her eyes.

"How will you be able, Janet, to go back to the every-day dullness of your life?"

"Oh! it has all been very delightful," said Janet, gaily; "but one cannot expect life to be always a holiday—" "Spoken like a sage," answered her guardian with amused gravity. "Nevertheless, I have a mind to test your philosophy. Suppose I ask my cousin to chaperone you into society for the rest of the winter? Ah! I see that you would like it. Well then, consider it a thing accomplished, but there is a provision, before the contract is ratified. Six months from to-night you will come to me, in my study, confess your experiences, and consider whether peace be declared, or war still continued in the enemy's country." And so they parted for the night.

Very speedily the quiet mansion of Mr. Loring was besieged with gay callers, and cards for receptions, *réunions*, and all manner of amusements, and at all these festivities Janet came rapidly into favor. How innocent and happy looking she was, beside those others, thought her guardian proudly. There were moments when he longed to snatch her away from all these people, before they had time to dim the freshness of her nature, or taste its sweetness. But he had set a guard upon his impulses, in the steadfast purpose, to be generous to the young life, he held dearer than his own. Gradually he withdrew himself to the old quiet solitary evenings of music and literature. It was more than he could bear—he told himself, to witness the triumph of another man who had won the prize he coveted. Yet he could not but acknowledge that this young Marcelle—whose attentions were so marked, that he, as her guardian, was constantly being asked when Miss Lynde was to be married—he could not but concede that this young gentleman was entirely suitable in age and fortune, and character. But it was none the less hard to bear for that reason, and Mr. Loring concealed his disappointment in an accession of unapproachableness, that was both alarming and inexplicable to Janet.

There was a light tap upon the library door, where Mr. Loring sat, ostensibly reading, but in reality speculating as to the chance of Miss Lynde's remembering a certain agreement, entered into between them six months before.

"At least, it is proper, this Mr. Marcelle should acquaint me with his intentions," he was thinking, and then Janet slowly opened the door and advanced. There was a beautiful flush in her cheeks, and the delicate shade of her *ciel*-blue silk contrasted well with the pale roses in her hair.

"Do I disturb you?" she said timidly, "I feared perhaps you had forgotten—and as I am going to the opera with Mr. Marcelle, I thought I would remind you—it is just six months to-night—" And then Miss Lynde quite broke down and stood like a beautiful bashful child, pulling her *bouquet* to pieces.

"Come here Janet," said her guardian quietly, as he placed her a chair beside him. "Do you realize, my child, that I stand to you in a father's place? Tell me, Janet, is Mr. Marcelle the happy man, to whom I shall be asked to give you? I had hoped you would have given me your confidence, but I am aware there is nothing in my manner to call forth confidences," and Mr. Loring made a difficult effort to smile.

Janet had listened to this sufficiently long and measured speech, with a slowly deepening blush.

"How could you think it?" she asked with rapid utterance, and rather irrational indignation. "Why, Mr. Loring, he is hardly more than a boy. How could I respect a man who has no positive ideas of life, whose very ideas are unformed and of course it is impossible to love, if one does not respect—"

"Logical as ever, I see, Janet," said Mr. Loring, smiling quite easily this time.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Loring," remarked Janet, with an air of injured dignity, "that it is Jessie Vinton whom Mr. Marcelle is anxious to marry, but that is not known just at present."

"Then Mr. Marcelle is disposed of, as far as I am concerned, Janet;" and, with great magnanimity, "he is certainly a very estimable young gentleman, from all I hear. Then more seriously: "And you have nothing further to confide in me? No advice to ask or favor to request?"

"None whatever, sir," Janet answered faintly.

"But Janet," he went on hurriedly, "you must not imagine that I am blind; quite unintentionally I have come across evidences that your heart is engaged—some verses, very pretty ones too, in a book you had been reading. You may rely upon my indulgence, child, and if your love is given to a man capable of appreciating the gift, my consent shall not be wanting."

"You are very kind," said Janet, with great bitterness, "and if you are endeavoring to let me know, in a polite way, that you are tired of your position as my guardian, I can go away—back to school, any place you please, only I shall never marry, not even to please you," and suddenly Miss Lynde's lovely eyes brimmed over with tears and called into requisition a diminutive lace handkerchief.

Here was the spectacle of a woman in tears, a situation Mr. Loring had always provisionally abhorred. But could this be the cold and proud man who now so passionately and extravagantly entreated this tearful young lady to dry her eyes and weep no more?

"Pray, pray, don't cry," he besought her. "What have I said? Why should I want you to go away? Do you not know that from the hour I lose you, life will be a very desolate and empty affair to me? Have you not seen that I love you with all the force and fullness of a nature that love never before had reached? Janet, I had not meant to frighten or distress you, but I am not made of stone, child, that I can listen to such words when you should know that the treasure of your heart would make mine supremely happy."

And what did Janet answer to this rhapsody? A wondering gladness had slowly usurped the place of tears, and the large eyes raised to Angus Loring's face were beautifully tender.

"And you can really love me?" she whispered softly, as they stood there, face to face, beneath the clear glow of the chandelier. "You, so far above me in intellect and culture, can really love me? God has been very good to me." And the low voice was very reverent as it spoke these words.

"What is this you have said?" exclaimed her guardian, as he grasped Janet's hands in a strong pressure. "Tell me at once, that I was mistaken; that I am already ripe for my dotage, in the mad notion you would consent to marry me."

Surely there was nothing cold or searching now, in those long gray eyes, though there was an air of strongly enforced repression in his manner, as he uplifted the round chin, to gaze at the delicious mystery of Janet's face. But that was surely delighted, radiant happiness that curved those red lips in lines of infinite content. And what words were these he heard, so softly uttered, that he must hold her close to catch them?

"I shall never love any one but you, and if you will take so small and insignificant a creature to be your wife, I shall be unspeakably happy."

So Mr. Marcelle went alone to the opera that night, and presently the fashionable world received their wedding cards.

LOUISE ALEXANDER.

What Women Are Doing.

A **Woman farmer** of Kerguisee, the widow Levallant, has received a gold medal at the *concours regional* of Vannes for her fine cereals.

A **Union of Women Painters and Sculptors** has been established in Paris. There are at present sixty members. The president is Mme. Leon Bertaux, 147 Avenue de Villiere.

Miss Anna Jacques, of Oldtown, Massachusetts, has given thirty thousand dollars for building an invalids' home in Newburyport.

Mme. Michelet announces a volume upon the early life of her husband, based upon autobiographical memoranda found among his papers.

Mlle. Mathilde Hacquette, sister of a well-known marine painter, has been appointed professor of drawing in the Paris schools.

Another **Belgian lady** has been decorated with the order of Leopold for her services in literature. She is Madame Courtmans, *née* Jeanne Berchmans de Maldeghem.

Mrs. Mary Krom, principal of the Denver School of Music, has just made a tour of California. Mrs. Krom has the distinction of being the only lady assayer in the country.

A **Girl** named Gueunessen, age sixteen, the youngest of her sex to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, accomplished the ascent during the second week in August.

The **Woman's Congress** held its session in Chicago during the second week in October. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was re-elected president for the ensuing year.

The **Princess Louise's** portrait of an English sailor, shown in the Grosvenor Gallery, is a capital picture. The flesh painting is clear and firm, and the pose of the figure unrestrained, easy, and well managed.

The **Postal Stamp and Telegraph Service** employ at present in France 1,537 women. They are also employed in the Bank of France to the number of 160, and in the *Crédit Foncier*, to a large extent.

Portland, Me., has a matron at the police station to take charge of women brought to the station. Two years ago one of Ohio's representatives introduced such a bill at the State capital, but the measure was lost.

The **King of Bavaria** has appointed a niece of the late Richard Wagner to be a "Royal Professor of the School Music," this being the first appointment of the kind which has ever been given in Germany to a lady.

Mme. Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles. She is the first woman ever thus distinguished.

Three ladies have, after examination, become members of the Faculty of Paris. Mlle. Victorine Benoit, in particular, brilliantly distinguished herself, when put to the test by a jury consisting of M.M. Potain, Strauss, Rendu and Monod, all celebrated French physicians.

Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett is said to be the oldest newspaper woman in the country. From 1848 to 1862, she was editor, proprietor, news-editor, bookkeeper and mailing clerk of the Yazoo City (Miss.) *Whig*, afterward the *Banner*. At the same time she kept her own house, and brought up her three fatherless children.

A large furniture house in New York employs a woman to travel for it. Her husband was in the employ of the same concern, and, upon his death, she solicited the situation and got it. Another, Miss Ella T. Greene, gets \$1,800 salary as a commercial traveler for a St. Louis house. Both make good incomes, and give entire satisfaction.

There are three women bank presidents in this country—Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens, who succeeded her late husband in the First National Bank of Marion, Iowa; Mrs. M. G. Williams, of the State National Bank of Raleigh, North Carolina, and has held the office for several years; and the president of the National Bank at Newberry, South Carolina.

Mrs. E. A. Burke, wife of Major E. A. Burke, editor of the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, has accepted the superintendency of Lafayette Square, the most beautiful spot in that city, whereupon the *New Orleans* papers are rejoicing, as Mrs. Burke is a public-spirited lady, and will discharge the duties of the position faithfully.

Miss Arabella Kenealy, second daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, has just obtained the license of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, and special license in midwifery. There were some forty male candidates, and Miss Kenealy's papers were adjudged the best.

The Association of the **Liberees de St. Lazare**, the discharged prisoners' mission of the great women's prison in Paris, which Mlle. de Grandpre founded, has entrusted its general management to a lady well known for her philanthropy and education, Mme. Caroline de Barrau. Nowhere is the need that there should be women governors of female prisons more marked than in the case of St. Lazare.

Three important societies in Paris have lately been distributing medals and prizes, of which many women have been recipients. The Society for the Protection of Animals has decorated Mme. Henry Greville for her "Civic and Moral Instruction for Girls." The other societies are the *Société pour l'Encouragement au Bien*, and the *Société Libre d'Instruction Populaire*.

Mrs. Ethirajulu, a native lady in India, has been granted permission by Mr. Nayadu, B.A., a sub-magistrate, to practice in court as a private pleader. She is said to be able to talk English fluently and charmingly, and is the wife of a native clergyman. She has a private girls' school in Madras. Another native lady has already been enrolled as a pupil in the primary class of the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta.

For trained nurses the demand is enormous and ever increasing; but not everyone can follow this profession. It is reserved only for the brave and strong, the sympathetic and the intelligent. Stupid girls, bad-tempered girls, impatient girls, weak-headed girls, hysterical girls, must not think of it; nor must those who desire ease and luxury think of it. But for those who really care for the work, and are strong and can command themselves, it is a splendid and a noble field.

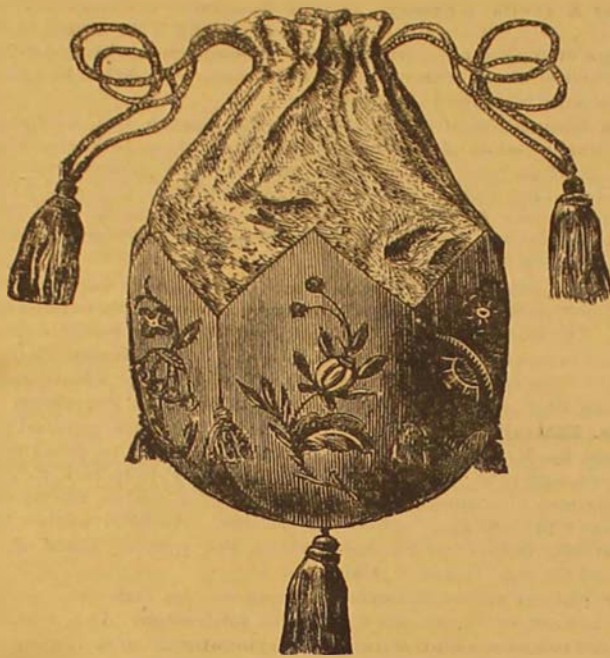
Madame Sturzenger has received a gold medal from the Italian Government, as a memorial of her cool courage and skill in struggling with and causing the arrest of the notorious highwayman Cecchini, who attacked the young couple on their wedding tour. It was at night, a violent contest took place, and the courage of the bride is said to have saved both lives. The husband receives a silver medal.

Miss Mary M. Carey, young, pretty and gentle-mannered, is employed by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad at Nazata, as depot and express agent. She has charge of yard work and signals around the station. She is at her post from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. much of the time. She is respected by all, and understands her duties thoroughly. She is the eldest of four orphan girls, who live and keep house together.

In the Postmaster-General's report, the number of women employed as clerks in the central establishments in London, Dublin and Edinburgh is 455; as telegraphists, counter-women, etc., throughout the Kingdom, 2,106; total, 2,561. The report also records that for the first time a female medical officer, Miss Shore, has been appointed this year to take medical charge of this department.

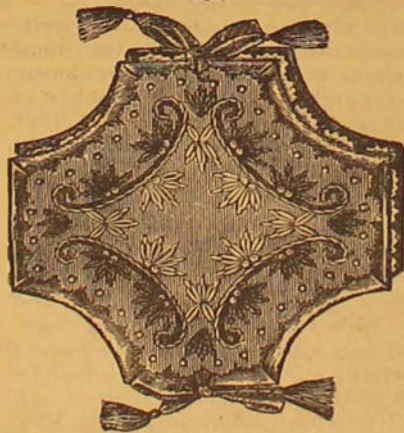
The Dhurruntollah American Mission Home in Calcutta belongs to the American Union Zenana Missionary Society of New York. One of the chief promoters of the society was the late Mrs. T. C. Doremus, of New York. Mrs. Doremus was the founder of the society, and was for many years its president, and it is exceedingly appropriate that her name should be permanently associated with the first mission founded by her. The Mission Home at 140, Dhurruntollah street, will hereafter be known as the "Doremus American Zenana Mission," and will thus stand as a lasting monument to the memory of one who, perhaps more than any other person, was instrumental in organizing the great societies which in recent years have given such an immense impetus in woman's work in the mission field.

Mrs. Samuel Watson, the efficient president of the Memphis W. C. T. U., has been unanimously elected to the presidency of the Woman's Christian Association of that city, a position made vacant by the death of Mrs. J. S. Johnson, whose mantle of manifold good works now falls on brave shoulders, and whose burden of others' sorrows is borne by a loving heart. The Memphis Union under Mrs. Watson's leadership is carrying on a Band of Hope numbering over two hundred; a sewing-school for girls, and helps to support a city mission teacher.



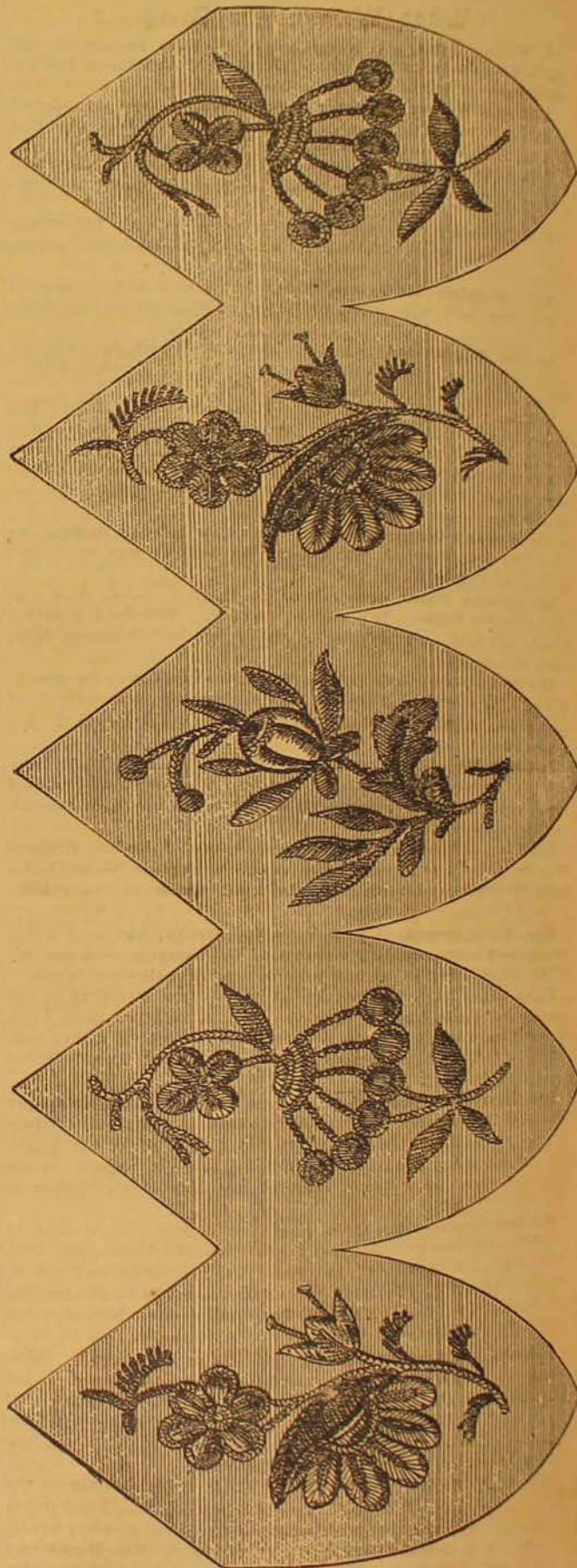
Work Bag.

THIS little article will be found very convenient for embroidery, silks and needles. The design is the exact size, and can be enlarged according to fancy. Cut the shape of stiff paper or an old hat frame, then cut the same shape of dark velvet, and embroider in bright colors. When embroidered, press on wrong side only, where the flowers are, else the nap of the velvet will flatten; cover the stiff paper with the velvet, making sure that the edges are well turned over; turn it wrong side out, and overhand the points together at the bottom. Measure the size round the bag, then make an inside bag two and a half fingers in length, allowing enough for a ruffle at the top. Finish with a cord and tassel in bright color to match the silk.



Shaving Case.

THE foundation of the case is of cardboard, cut out as shown in our illustration. Each side is lined with blue satin and bound with the same, and filled with scalloped and vandyked pieces of fine colored tissue paper. A piece of dark maroon velvet is put on the outside of the cover, and embroidered in chain and knotted stitch, with pink, blue, and yellow silk; the rest of the embroidery is worked in chain and overcast stitch, with two shades of olive silk. The two halves are fastened together with blue and maroon satin ribbon, tied in bows.



The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

Our Great Railway System.

The completion of the Northern Pacific road was very properly celebrated by a gathering of distinguished visitors from abroad, who, with President Arthur and the officers of the road, saw the last spikes driven and the first through trains sent rejoicing on their way to the Pacific Ocean. We have now three trans-continental railway lines, and soon will have two more, in addition to the Canada Pacific, which is being constructed through the western portion of the Dominion of Canada. According to the most recent statistics, by the close of this year the United States will have 115,000 miles of railway, which is 10,000 miles more than all Europe combined. Should we continue building at the present rate, in five years' time we will have more miles of railway than all the rest of the world put together. In two years we have constructed 28,500 miles of road, which is 10,000 miles more than Great Britain has built in 50 years. It is 11,500 more than the total French mileage, and 7,000 more than that of Germany. True, we have discounted the future; our pace has been too rapid, and hence the distress in business for the past two years, but the wealth and might of the nation is shown in these gigantic railway enterprises during the last few years. We will not build so rapidly in the immediate future, but authorities in such matters say that our railway system is still in its infancy, and that 300,000 miles of road is needed to give this country all the railway facilities it requires. Our total indebtedness for railway construction is \$6,000,000,000, represented by bonds and stocks.

Postal Matters.

Letter postage has been reduced to two cents for the half ounce. The postal notes for sums less than five dollars have also made their appearance, and will prove a great convenience for making payments by mail, and hence will be greatly favored by newspapers and retail dealers, who distribute packages of goods throughout the country. They will be issued in any fractional part of five dollars, hence their great convenience for retail trade. No doubt the next Congress will give us a parcel post similar to that of Great Britain and Germany. There was a time when kings and nobles reaped all the advantages from the central authority, but now the people have come to the fore, and are demanding that they too should be benefited by the action of the central machinery of government, hence national post offices, saving banks, and other agencies, by which the nation help every individual within its borders. The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where letters are conveyed all over the Empire for two *sen*—that is, about one and two-fifths cents of our money. This is the more wonderful as the country has little over one hundred miles of railway, a small steam marine, and rather poor roads. The portraits on the new United States postage stamps that came in use on October 1 are: One-cent, Franklin; two-cent, Jackson; three-cent, Washington; five-cent, Garfield; six-cent, Lincoln; seven-cent, Stanton; ten-cent, Jefferson; twelve-cent, Clay; fifteen-cent, Scott; thirty-cent, Hamilton; ninety-cent, Perry.

About Low Prices.

People past middle life will recall the fact that when they were young money seemed to be worth more, that is, it would buy more of a given article than it does to-day. In 1840 \$20,000 was regarded as quite a competence, and an income of a thousand dollars a year made the recipient a comparatively wealthy person. Since then money has cheapened. More of it is required to purchase the same amount of goods. Indeed, this cheapening of money has been going on since the middle ages. Two English pence would buy a sheep in the reign of Henry the Seventh. This was because there was so little gold and silver in circulation throughout the then civilized world; but all the discoveries and improvements in banking have, to the great advantage of mankind, tended to make money cheaper. The Spanish conquest of Central and South America poured vast quantities of silver into the channels of trade. Then, more recently, gold was discovered in large quantities in California, Australia, and elsewhere. Then the bill of exchange and the institution of national banks have added greatly to the sum total of the currency of the commercial world, the general effect of which has added to the prosperity of nations; for debtors have been

relieved by the decrease in the actual value of money, business of all kinds is stimulated when prices are advancing, and then the leisure class is forced to go to work to keep up their standard of living. But the recent practical adoption of the commercial nations of the gold unit of value, is tending to make money more instead of less valuable. All over the civilized world there has been a steady fall in prices for ten years past. Every leading commodity can be purchased to-day for less money, that is less gold, than it could in 1873. The fall in prices is merely apparent, the real phenomenon is the increase in the value of gold, which has been made the yard-stick to measure prices at a time when the yellow metal was getting scarce, that is to say, the gold mines of the world are giving out. The coinage for the last seven years has been double the amount actually produced by the mines. Cotton and woolen goods in this country are cheaper than they have been known in our history, and everybody in trade is beginning to realize that a steady contraction in prices is going on. People should be careful how they go into debt, for as money grows dearer, that is, more valuable, the debt practically becomes heavier. There can be no radical change in the situation until the commercial nations agree to restore silver to its old rank as one of the money metals of the commercial world, which can be freely coined under an agreed ratio with gold.

The Church and the Stage.

While orthodox Christians in this country very generally frown on the stage and all its belongings, it is not to be disguised that the prejudice against actors and theaters is not as marked as it was, say, twenty years ago. One of the most beautiful and successful theaters in New York is owned by a couple of clergymen who are also proprietors of the *Churchman*, the official organ of the Episcopal denomination. The Rev. Robert Colyer and other liberal, as well as Episcopal, clergymen openly visit the New York theaters and no scandal is caused thereby. In England the Bishop and clergymen of the national church attend operas and theaters the same as other people; but more remarkable than all, the *Christian World*, the leading London organ of the Nonconformists, recently contained a leading editorial, giving Mr. Henry Irving a "God speed," apropos of his departure to America. Mr. George Macdonald, the English novelist, is a clergyman, yet he frequently appears as an amateur actor on semi-public occasions. The theater is growing in popularity in this country. A large space is given to dramatic news in all our journals. It is for Christian people to say what course they shall pursue in the future. It is idle to ignore the stage or to condemn it by wholesale. After all, why not try and moralize it and free it from objectionable associations?

World Convulsions.

The recent earthquakes in Java and Sumatra were the most appalling and destructive recorded in history. True, the great Lisbon earthquake, early in the last century, destroyed 60,000 lives, but the number of human beings killed outright in the recent earth convulsions was nearly 80,000. Then the phenomena attending the disaster were far more awe-inspiring. Mountains disappeared in the sea, and in their place newly developed volcanoes filled the air with their jets of fire, ashes and smoke. The descriptions of the disaster bring vividly to the mind the accounts geologists have written of the vast perturbations, which took place on the surface of our globe millions of years before man appeared. To quote Shakespeare's line, "The earth was feverous and did shake." Undoubtedly the recent convulsions affected an immense section of the earth's surface. The earthquake in Ischia was a part of the mighty explosion which found its principal vent in Java and Sumatra. Scientists now say that it is possible to foretell earthquakes. They are preceded by certain conditions, which may serve as warnings against similar catastrophes in the future.

A Wonderful Mountain Railroad.

A marvel in the way of a mountain railway has just been completed in Switzerland. It starts about a quarter of a mile on the Vevey side of the Castle of Chillon and runs to a point called Glion. It is 700 meters (2,275 feet) in length, and has a gradient of 57 per cent., which makes it the steepest railway in the world. It goes apparently straight up the side of the mountain. The descent inspires terror as the cars seem to rush tumultuously down the mountain side, while the ascent seems to be tedious and slow, yet this is all apparent, as the pace in both cases is the same. The locomotion is brought about entirely by water power, and its constructor is Mr. Riggerbach, the inventor of the Righi railway system, which has always been a curiosity since it was built. This mountain railway is almost as long as that of Mount Pisgah in Pennsylvania which is 2,322 feet in length with a gradient of 33 per cent.

Shakespeare's Bones.

The vicar of the Church of Stratford-on-Avon has created a sensation by giving some one permission to exhume the remains of Shakespeare, which lie under the chancel of the church. There has long been a desire to remove the body of the greatest poet known to the race to Westminster Abbey, but it has not

heretofore been done, because of the monitory words inscribed over the grave:

" Good friends, for Jesus's sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Although it is tolerably well settled that Shakespeare never wrote these lines himself, yet they have been effectual so far in preventing the opening of the grave. Many efforts have been made to exhume the bones of the poet. Miss Della Bacon, an American woman, advanced a theory that Lord Bacon was the real author of the wonderful plays ascribed to the poor actor. She thought the grave itself would furnish some evidence of the truth of her theory. Then Shakespearean scholars have been very desirous of measuring the skull of the dead poet to settle the vexed question as to the value of the several pictures of him in existence; but at last accounts it was stated that the local authorities will not permit the grave to be disturbed.

The Working People and the Government.

A senatorial committee has been holding sessions in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, with the view of collecting such information as will lead to intelligent legislation for improving the condition of the working people. A great many witnesses were examined, and of course the most contradictory schemes were put forward to ameliorate the hard lot of our working millions. It is a noticeable fact that in this country, as in Europe, the common people think that the central government can help them. They say that in times past, the powers of government were exerted to benefit kings and nobles, and why, they argue, should it not now be used to ameliorate the lot of the laboring classes? The central authorities now supply courts, police, common schools, education, public parks, cheap and efficient post office, and why not still further extend the sphere of government to help the average citizen? This, of course, is flying in the face of the theories of the old Jeffersonian Democracy, which was jealous of the central government, and which demanded absolute freedom from governmental control. But all the representatives of the laborers who appeared before the commission demanded of the federal government some legislation on behalf of the more needy portion of our population. The most comprehensive programme suggested was that of Mr. John Swinton, which was as follows, and which may be regarded as the programme of the labor party of this country:

- (1.) The revival of the income tax by Congress.
- (5.) The establishment of a national board of industry, empowered to collect labor statistics of all kinds, embracing the data of co-operation, the eight-hour question, the toil of factory women and children, and other things underlying the welfare of the country's workers.
- (3.) The establishment in the government by Congress of efficient boards of health, as of education and public works, under a comprehensive system and policy.
- (4.) The establishment of government industrial schools and colleges, as in the French system.
- (5.) The public ownership of railroads and telegraphs, as in the Belgian system.
- (6.) The freedom of patents, as in Holland and Switzerland, but with a royalty system.
- (7.) The establishment of postal banks, with all that the term implies in the British system.
- (8.) The enactment of such land laws as will prevent the holding of great tracts of our country by corporations and individuals, including foreign landlords.
- (9.) The public ownership of coal, iron, gold and other mines, and petroleum wells.

Among others Jennie June appeared before the commission, to make a plea for an industrial education for all persons, boys and girls. Every one in starting out in life, she thought, ought to be instructed in some special trade or calling that would enable them to make a decent living.

The Third Greatest Diamond.

Mr. Peter Rhodes has found a diamond in South Africa which enjoys the proud distinction of being a "paragon gem." It weighs a hundred and fifty carats. It exceeds in dimensions the "Koh-i-noor," the "Star of the South," the "Regent" or "Pitt," the "Austrian" and "Sancy" jewels, and in purity of water it is reported to rival the "Regent," the finest of all these notable gems. It is inferior in size to the "Orloff" belonging to the Russian Czar, which weighs one hundred and ninety carats; then there is said to be a diamond in Borneo, still uncut, which weighs four hundred carats. But Mr. Rhodes has a white elephant. His gem is so enormously costly that there is no market for it. There is no monarch in the market to buy it, and its cost is so great that it would impoverish the millionaire who might wish to possess it. Rich men who are willing to give up all their fortune for the sake of a precious stone are naturally very scarce, and so Mr. Rhodes, notwithstanding his great find, may die a comparatively poor man. A jeweler in New York has a diamond worth \$100,000. It weighs one hundred and ten carats. It is the largest gem on this continent.

Polar Explorations.

The polar problem still defies mankind. So far every attempt to reach the topmost round of the earth has resulted in an ignominious failure. As sudden dashes for the pole have been un-

successful and sometimes disastrous, a few years since the leading maritime nations entered into a joint arrangement to make a simultaneous advance upon the polar regions from many different directions. The plan was to establish colonies in low latitudes at different points, and then advance northward, keeping open lines of communication and taking advantage of favorable seasons to near the desired goal. The United States was the first to send out its expeditions, which were established at Lady Franklin Bay and Point Barrow. Russia chose for her stations Nova Zembla and the mouth of the Lena; England, Fort Rae; Austria, Jan Mayen Land; Germany, Cumberland Sound; Holland, Dickson Haven; Norway, Bossekop; Finland, Sodankyla; Sweden, Spitzbergen; Italy and the Argentine Republic were to co-operate with independent explorations. News now comes that the Dutch expedition has failed, the Varna having foundered on July 4th last near the island of Waigatz. The other Dutch vessel was ice-bound. The Austrian expedition reports good progress; so does the English party at Fort Rae. The Swedish station sends favorable news. At the Finnish outpost some very interesting discoveries have been made respecting the aurora borealis. Lieutenant Ray's American party at Fort Barrow will soon be heard from, but the relief for Lieutenant Greeley's party at Lady Franklin Bay failed last year, and has succeeded no better this year, for the Proteus was crushed by the ice, and its crew had to travel a thousand miles in boats before being relieved. The Yantic, the companion vessel, was driven back by the terrible ice barrier. It does not follow that Lieutenant Greeley's party will perish, for their supplies ought to last until next summer. Game was abundant at last accounts. It is a mighty struggle to solve the mystery of the pole, but man will never be satisfied until he knows all about every square inch of the planet he inhabits.

An Unostentatious French Ruler.

The French people, it is claimed, are naturally ostentatious. They like parade and display, especially in their rulers. But the President of the Republic, M. Grévy, is one of the most modest rulers known to history. He lives in a large house, the Chateau of Montsons-Vaudray, which has twenty-five guest rooms, to which, however, no strangers are invited. His daughter is married to a Mr. Wilson, an Englishman. Their child is the delight of the domestic President of the Republic. M. Grévy rises at eight, works until the afternoon, fishes for an hour or two on the banks of the Loire, which is famed for its abundance of the finny tribe. After dinner, he plays billiards and enjoys his family life. At twenty minutes past ten all the lamps in the chateau are extinguished. M. Grévy is not a very brilliant man, but he is a good and solid one, and while he may not be a second Washington, he has many of the good traits of character which have given such an enviable fame to the first American President.

A Wonderful Street.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Windom is now in London trying to raise money for building an arcade under the whole length of Broadway, New York. If he succeeds, that will be the most extraordinary thoroughfare known to the history of cities. The scheme is to make a new street under the present surface of Broadway, extending to the houses on each side, and lit by electric lights at night and glass reflectors in the daytime. The middle of the street would hold railway tracks, not only for city travel, but to accommodate in-coming trains from every part of the country. The traveler in San Francisco or St. Paul would not only buy his ticket for New York, but the hotel on Broadway where he intended to stop. Freight and baggage would be conveyed directly to the warehouse or be received by the express car which was to convey it to any part of the country. Then traffic of all kinds could be carried on on each side of the arcade. There would thus be a double tier of stores. Provision could be made for sewers, water mains, gas pipes, and heating tubes. In short, it would become a double street and the value of the property quadrupled along the route. Engineers say the scheme is entirely practicable. There is business enough now on Broadway for two thoroughfares.

America and France Contrasted.

Charles E. Wilbour has gained some fame as an Egyptologist. He is an American by birth, and recently returned to his own country after an absence of nine years. He was much astonished at the marvelous growth of New York within that time. What struck him particularly was the immense office and apartment buildings which are so marked a feature of recent New York architecture. Some of these immense edifices are called Paris flats, but in Paris the law forbids the erection of houses more than five stories high; hence there are none of the eight and ten story buildings in the French capital, which are so numerous in New York. In English cities these great edifices are forbidden on the ground that no land owner has a right to exclude his neighbor from the light and air. Mr. Wilbour furthermore says that wealth is more evenly divided in France than in the United States. Outside of the Rothschild family there are no enormously wealthy men like our Vanderbilts, Goulds, and other railway magnates, but the French notwithstanding are a very rich people. They are industrious, frugal and draw tributes from all the world in payment for their beautiful and artistic manufactures. We Americans sell grain, cotton and other agricultural products, on which there is a very small profit, while the French artisan and manufacturer make heavy returns on their beautiful and artistic wares. The ordinary Frenchman is a great investor in securities. The national debt of France is vastly greater than that of the United States. It is held in small lots by the bulk of the French

people. We have 20,000,000 more people than France, but the latter country has probably four times the number of securities than are on the market on this side of the ocean. Still Mr. Wilbourn thinks that there are more openings for making money in this country than abroad, but those who have money to spend can make it go farther in Europe than they can in the United States.

A New Empire.

President Arthur's excursion to the Northwest, the visit of distinguished foreigners to take part in the opening of Yellowstone Park, and the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad has directed attention to the wonderful region in the Northwest, which is as yet very sparsely inhabited. Millions of people will yet dwell in these vast spaces where at present the inhabitants can be counted by hundreds. There are now three complete trans-continental roads, connecting the Pacific with the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic States. There are others under way, and before five years are over the traveler from the east will have a choice of some six different routes by which to reach the Pacific Ocean. At no previous period in our history has the population and wealth of our country been increasing with so much rapidity. It is believed that our actual population by the close of this year will be fully 56,000,000. Our increase is over 2,000,000 per annum. It follows that the land of the United States, being a fixed quantity, is steadily and largely increasing in value. Attention is called to the fact that wealthy foreigners, including many English noblemen, are purchasing large estates in this country. They are monopolizing sections in the far West, which are daily becoming more valuable, due to the increase of population and wealth of the country. A *Tribune* correspondent tells of an English lord, whose friends criticised his large outlays for American land. "Why," he replied, "I am looking out for my children. Under the Gladstone laws estates in Ireland have become worthless to the landlord. The same result, I fear, will follow in England. American law recognizes the absolute right of the owner to the soil." Should not the American people, however, do something to check speculation in wild land in this country? The English nobleman or other speculator purchases land in large quantities and holds it as an investment. The neighborhood becomes populous and gives value to the soil thus held without any help from the foreign owner. He thus gets the right to tax the native American of the next generation by selling out at high figures. The California constitution, to break up the large estates which had created artificial deserts, enacted that wild lands should be taxed at the same rate as improved property, and it certainly does not seem just to levy all the taxes on those who improve their property and who thus make valuable the adjoining wild lands owned by the speculator.

Reducing the Armies.

The kings of Europe have recently been conferring together. The emperors of Austria and Germany have met, and the King of Spain has paid a visit to several of his brother rulers. The result is said to be an alliance between a number of the leading powers to bring about a reduction of the several armies. In times of profound peace Europe represents a vast camp; nearly all the able-bodied men are drafted into the armies, and the financial burdens of the several nations have, in consequence become intolerable. It is believed that a congress of the several nations will be held to see if something cannot be done to retrench the military establishments, and save some of the money now wasted on costly and useless armaments. How happy is the United States. It has no military burdens, nor has it a navy worth mentioning, and its army is composed of only a few thousand men to keep peace upon the frontiers. Our revenues are so large that we do not know how to dispose of the surplus. How fortunate that we have no powers upon this continent to dispute our supremacy.

Do we Want Cuba?

There is a possibility that another attempt will be made to create a revolt against the Spanish authority in Cuba, the object being the ultimate annexation of that island to the United States. Expeditions will doubtless be fitted out to land upon the Cuban coast. So far all such have resulted unfortunately. The last case was that of the *Virginias*, which sailed from New York under the American flag during President Grant's administration, but was captured by the Spaniards, who hung the crew and passengers as pirates, though the most of them were American citizens. Our people do not want Cuba; if we grow, it should be northward. The annexation of the Dominion of Canada to the United States would be popular in every part of the Union, as its inhabitants are descendants of British and French settlers, and have been trained under free institutions. There is, it seems, somewhat more land in the Dominion than in the United States, though, of course, vast quantities of it will always be sterile. The time may also come when the northern States of Mexico would be a desirable addition to the Union. Sonora and Chihuahua are full of gold and silver mines, and, were they admitted into the Union, would be soon filled with an enterprising population who would contribute largely to the bullion product of the country.

The Vatican and Modern Research.

Pope Leo has written a letter to two of his cardinals requesting them to open the archives of the Vatican to modern research. In this great library are stored all the documents which have been sent to Rome since the beginning of the Papacy. It must contain thousands of documents of the highest value to the historian. So far the Roman Church has kept these archives under

lock and key. The present Pope thinks this was a mistaken policy, as he professes to believe that many of the scandals which have discredited the church will be explained satisfactorily when these long-buried documents can be scrutinized by modern scholars. It is to be feared, however, that only scholars known to be good Catholics will be admitted to the Vatican library, but even they, doubtless, will be able to throw a great deal of light upon the more obscure chapters of church history.

Church Property in Gin Palaces.

Canon Wilberforce is calling the attention of the people of England to the great revenues which the Established Church derives from its gin palaces, beer houses, and even more disreputable establishments. Of course, the dignitaries of the Episcopal Church did not originally invest in this kind of property, but in the leases they negotiated for long terms of years, the houses were sublet for disreputable purposes. A recent investigation shows, however, that a very large proportion of the revenue of the Church comes from these unhallowed sources. The agitation of this matter will hasten the day when there will be a separation of Church and State in England.

Religious Tendencies.

An orthodox clergyman in the *New York Tribune* calls attention, with some alarm, to the tendency toward free thought in all the orthodox churches in the world. The leading religious teachers, even in the oldest and most conservative sects, are criticising the old dogmas and repudiating the creeds of their own denomination. Ministers who express heterodox views are the most popular, and charges of heresy which twenty years ago would have banished them from the pulpit, now fall still-born. Jonathan Edwards' terrible sermons, which so well expressed the Calvinistic theology of his time, would not be listened to with any patience in a modern Presbyterian church. This same minister complains that in Geneva, the home of John Calvin, the Orthodox Clergymen, so-called, are in fact Agnostics. They are in reality more heterodox than Servetus, whom Calvin burnt at the stake for his premature liberalism. But there may be a revival of faith. Epochs of unbelief are very rare in this world, for man is a religious animal. Infidelity was rife in Athens when Pericles was all powerful, but later on the worship of the gods revived, and Socrates was put to death for teaching a system of ethics and religion which would have been assented to, or at least tolerated, in the time of Pericles.

Progress of Æstheticism.

Although Oscar Wilde is universally derided, his mission as a dress-reformer has not been in vain. During the past summer, at all the watering-places, but more especially in the quieter summer resorts, the flannel shirt, the low shoe, and the knee-breeches were all the rage among the young men. The knickerbockers, by the way, are found to be indispensable to the wheelmen, as the bicyclers are now called, and are a great comfort for players of lawn tennis and other outdoor sports. Next year, there is every reason to believe that the pantaloons and the "biled" shirt will be universally discarded by the younger generation of men at the country resorts. Æstheticism is showing itself in other ways besides the dress of men. The attire of women is assimilating to that of the ancient Greek costume. There is now no concealment of the form, and the drapery is simpler than it was. Then, in house adornment, æstheticism is all the rage. The Rev. H. M. Haweis has built him an artistic house in St. John's Wood, London. It is yellow in color, has peacock fans in the windows, and is full of quaint artistic devices. It is called the Amber House. He is somewhat famous as an author, while his wife is a noted art critic. Together they give entertainments, so as to revive the Greek mode of female attire for English ladies.

A New Planet.

From certain perturbations in the orbit of Mercury, astronomers have been led to suspect that there was a planet near the sun the elements of which had not yet been calculated. One of the French astronomers who observed the recent eclipse of the sun in the South Pacific Ocean, declares that he saw Vulcan, as this new body is called; but this discovery is not confirmed by the other astronomers. Vulcan cannot amount to much as a globe, nor is there the slightest probability that any form of life can exist upon its surface. Were a sensitive being to be born in that orb, the sun would make it "too hot" for him to live. It will be over a hundred years before any eclipse takes place by which the alleged discovery of the French astronomer can be verified.

Marriage Becoming Popular.

The British House of Lords at its last session rejected a bill permitting a widower to marry his dead wife's sister. This subject comes up every year, and while it passes the Commons by large majorities, it is annually defeated by small majorities by the Lords, temporal and spiritual. The debate on the motion brought out some curious statistics. It seems that marriage is once more a popular institution in Great Britain. Twenty-five years ago the middle-class Englishman was reluctant to marry. One of the popular songs of that day was, "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" But now marrying is again in order, but the old conditions of conjugal life are very greatly changed. There is more freedom in marriage. The wife as well as the husband is more her own master. The former is no longer the mere echo of her consort, while the latter resents being tied to the apron-strings of his wife.



THANKSGIVING DINNERS.

DINNER-GIVING is one of the most fashionable forms of entertaining nowadays, and enormous sums are spent upon a single occasion—sums that would seem fabulous to sober folk, and that cannot even be understood as possible except by those who have a more or less intimate acquaintance with modern ways and modern means. Dinner-giving of this description is simply a question of money; it presupposes and demands a fine house, a staff of trained servants, a *chef de cuisine*, and an unlimited bank account. The plate used in one elegant mansion at grand dinners is so costly that it is removed from the table to safes in a vault under the dwelling, which is patrolled by watchmen like a bank vault, night and day. In another house, famous for its hospitality, the china used is hand-painted, each piece in a different design, and by a great artist—the plates cost on an average one hundred and thirty-five dollars each—and the glass, a wonder of color and engraving. The mistress of these treasures, which are more choice than many that are placed on exhibition by collectors, gives her servants five dollars each after every dinner party, if they succeed in carrying them through without nick or breakage.

Among the principal items of grand dinners as given nowadays are the flowers and the *menus*. The flowers especially are often obtained at a cost of thousands of dollars, the particular kinds required being perhaps scarce on that day, or imported from a great distance. Last season fashion raged in the direction of roses very much exaggerated in size, and frequently sold at from two to five dollars each. To be sure, very many were not required to make a bouquet or fill a basket: but, alas! neither did it take many to run up a large bill, when five roses loosely tied together with geranium leaves, represented twenty-five dollars.

Menus were formerly mere lists of dishes—bills of fare—written or printed upon a card—written is the fashionable style nowadays—and the real *menu* still preserves its simple form, but it is supplemented by an ornamental accessory, usually confined to the ladies, but not unfrequently distributed among ladies and gentlemen both, which is artistically designed and elegant enough for a souvenir. For ladies alone these take the form of exquisite pockets, bags, baskets or fans, painted on satin and filled or covered with flowers; while for ladies and gentlemen both cards are used, delicate or fanciful of form, and decorated with hand-painting, bronze and gilt devices, illuminated lettering and ribbons. At several fine dinners given recently the ladies were supplied with large baskets filled with magnificent roses and tied with ribbons. But fashion is not to be confined to roses this season, but each lady or hostess is to present her favorite flowers *en masse* and wear a toilet corresponding in color.

The following are some *menus*—that is, bills of fare—of dinners given in New York City:

No. 1.—MENU.

HUITRES.
 POTAGE BISQUE.
 TIMBALES A LA CHATEAUBRIAND.
 SAUMON—SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.
 SUPREME DE VOLAILLE.
 FILLET DE BŒUF AU MADERE.
 CHAMPIGNONS FRAIS.
 TERAPIN A LA MARYLAND.
 SORBET.
 CANVAS-BACK DUCKS—SALADE.
 SAVARIN.
 GLACES.
 FROMAGE.
 DESSERT—FRUITS, CAFE.

Menus are always written in French, or, it may be presumed, by a French cook, for sometimes they are a jargon of French and English. The following shows better scholarship than the preceding, and is copied, like the others, from an actual *menu*.

No. 2.—MENU.

HUITRES EN COQUILLES.
 CONSOMME AUX QUENELLES AU VOLAILLE.
 PUREE DE TOMATES.
 PETITES BOUCHEES A LA MOELLE.
 SHAD GRILLE A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.
 FILLET DE BŒUF A LA FINANCIERE.
 SUPREME DE POULET A LE CLARIATE.
 TERAPIN A LA MARYLAND.
 ESCALOPES DE FOIE GRAS A LA OFELZEE.
 DIUDE TRUFFEE; SALADE DE LAITUE.
 CHAMPIGNONS A LA CREME.
 GLACES VARIEES; PETITS GATEAUX.
 FONDANTS GLACES AU KIRSCH.

Very good little dinners given by a gentleman and his wife frequently during the season, are remarkable for the small number and perfection of the dishes of which they are composed. Here is one of the bills of fare—

OYSTERS.
 SALMON—ANCHOVY SAUCE.
 FILLET OF BEEF WITH MUSHROOMS.
 STRING BEANS; ASPARAGUS.
 ROAST DUCK.
 SALAD OF LETTUCE AND TOMATOES.
 FRUIT TARTS—ENGLISH STYLE.
 NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM.
 FRUIT. COFFEE.

The preceding is really a model *menu* in its way, and all the better for being written in plain English, for these people are above the affectation of giving a bill of fare to English-speaking people in French.

But sending for a caterer, or telling your cook that a certain number of guests are coming to dinner, and to prepare his *menu* accordingly, is a very different thing from the family gathering at a good old Thanksgiving dinner in the country, anticipated months beforehand, prepared for with loving hands, and representing childhood, youth, manhood and old age to the partakers of it. "Of the two the French cook's dinner would be the more digestible," laughs some one who has suffered from an overdose of "country" mince pie and doughnuts. Perhaps, but it lacks the flavor of sympathy, and association, and it does not repeat itself often, so the stomach has time to recover from any unusual draft made upon it. A real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner was something like the old-fashioned garden—a gathering of everything sweet and good under the sun, all flourishing and struggling for supremacy together. Doubtless such a dinner would now shock fastidious tastes, but it was intended for tastes that had not grown fastidious, and was the expression of a genuine and hearty hospitality that had little time or opportunity for exercise and lavished its whole strength upon these rare occasions.

The following list of articles appeared all at one time on a Thanksgiving table that we wot of:

Vegetable soup, an immense dish of beef and pork, samp, greens, roast turkey, baked with sausages, chicken pie, potato mashed with cream, Russia turnips, sweet potatoes, boiled onions, cranberry sauce, jelly, doughnuts, crackers, celery, butter home made bread, pickled peaches, and pickles of various denominations. The dessert was composed of mince pie, pumpkin pie, apple pie, cranberry pie, cheese, crackers, red apples, nuts, raisins and tea.

A very good dinner could be gotten out of such a bill of fare, for the cooking would have satisfied the most dainty palate.

Of all the cooking in the world there is none that can compare, on general principles, with that of an intelligent New England woman who, to use the common phrase, "does her own work." The special points in which she is deficient consists in the cooking of meats; the feature to which she devotes too much attention, the making of cake. A French cook will take sole-leather and make of it a delicious *filet*, an ordinary cook will take the tender *filet* and turn it into sole-leather. Among the pleasant reminiscences of travel abroad is the always tender and juicy *filet* which greets the tired tourist after a day's journey in France, and the sweet *compôte* which is the midway signal of the German *table d'hôte* instead of the Roman ice which comes to us in the form of bird's-nests or prepared oranges.

Here is a *menu* which draws the line between fashion and old-fashioned simple hospitality :

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

OYSTERS.

CREAM SOUP.

BOILED TURKEY, WITH MUSHROOMS.

CELERY, BOILED ONIONS.

POTATO SNOW, CRANBERRY SAUCE.

ROMAN ICE.

ROAST DUCKS, ROAST CHICKENS.

PEAS, CURRANT JELLY.

SALAD OF LETTUCE AND TOMATOES.

PLUM PUDDING, MINCE PIES, CRANBERRY TART.

FRUIT, COFFEE.

A simple and suitable way to dress lettuce and tomato salad, is to beat up a fresh raw yolk of egg, add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, three tablespoonfuls of best oil, a pinch of salt, a soup-
poon of red pepper, and vinegar to taste. These proportions are enough for four persons ; increase according to number.

To Broil Oysters.—Procure large ones, wipe dry and broil over bright coals ; do not bread them, and place them on a hot dish upon toast. Serve very hot.

Reception Biscuits are made by mixing self-raising flour with cream, which roll into a thin, smooth paste ; prick, cut and bake immediately. They should be kept dry in a close tin box. If the flour is not self-raising, salt it lightly and mix with it a desert-spoonful of baking powder.

Luncheon Dish.—Trim the beards from as many oysters as may be required, wrap each in a very thin shaving of fat streaky bacon (cold boiled bacon is the best) ; run them one after the other on to a skewer, and hold them over a toast in front of a clear fire until the bacon is slightly crisp ; serve on the toast immediately.

Veal Fritters.—For these the remains of cold veal should be cut in small neat pieces ; dip each in batter and fry a light brown ; in serving pile them high on a dish, pouring over them a good brown sauce, well thickened with tomatoes when in season, or, if not, the gravy must itself be thick and strongly flavored with tomato sauce.

Friendly Loaves.—Beat half a dozen mealy potatoes with a quarter pound of grated ham, two eggs, a little butter, and a little cream, taking care not to make it too moist ; form it into balls or small loaves, and fry them a nice light brown ; they should be fried in butter. Pile them on a napkin, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley.

Mince-meat.—One pound finely-chopped beef suet, two of rump steak (slightly broiled), three of apples, two of currants, two of raisins, one nutmeg, tablespoonful of cinnamon, rind of two lemons, quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, one pound of sugar, two quarts of cider boiled down to one with a quart of maple syrup, a glass of raspberry jelly ; a heaping teaspoonful of salt.

Baked Beets.—Wash them perfectly clean ; put in a pan with a little water, and bake until they are tender ; the time varies with the size of the beet, an hour being small enough allowance for a beet of medium size. When they are done remove the skin and serve in the same way that you do a boiled beet.

Farmer's Tea-cake.—To two cups of sour milk allow one large teaspoonful of soda ; dissolve this in a little hot water, then stir it in the milk ; half a teaspoonful of salt is required, and enough buckwheat flour to make a stiff batter. Put this in a well-buttered tin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

Traveler's Toast.—Mince any scraps of meat and season nicely ; mix it with sufficient milk or cream to make it moist, and stir it over a gentle fire for five minutes. Draw it from the fire a moment, and mix with it the yolk of an egg well beaten. Keep hot, but without simmering in the least. Cut thin a slice of bread, and toast it on both sides ; cut off the crust, spread the hot mince upon it, heaping it high in the middle.

Genuine hot Slaw.—Chop half a small cabbage very fine ; put in a saucepan half a teacupful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of pepper, one well-beaten egg, a piece of butter the size of a butternut, three-quarters of a table-spoonful of sugar ; stir well ; when it begins to thicken pour in cabbage, and cook until the cabbage is tender, stirring all the time to prevent burning.

Maine Chowder.—Take half a pound of salt pork, cut in small pieces, fry them till brown ; take them out, and in the fat thus obtained put a pound of haddock or of fresh codfish, half a dozen potatoes cut in thin slices, some crackers or pieces of hard bread broken in small bits, half a teacupful of sweet milk, a lump of butter the size of a small egg, and pepper and salt to taste ; thicken with a little flour rubbed smooth with the butter.

Boiled Bread Pudding.—Crumb your stale bread into a pudding-pail, cover with sweet milk, and set by the stove to warm and soften. Then to every quart of the milk and bread add two well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar, and a handful of raisins, or sweet dried fruit of any kind. Do not have your pail full as it needs some room to rise. Put the cover on tightly, set into boiling water, and do not allow it to stop boiling until done.

Real Mayonaise.—Take the yolks of two or three raw eggs (according to the quantity required) very carefully separated from the whites ; put the yolks into a mortar, or yellow bowl, and very slowly and gently grind them round and round with the pestle, or spoon, working from the wrist, not from the arm (there is a great knack in doing this). Add, drop by drop, the purest salad oil to the amount of two or three tablespoonfuls, as required, stopping occasionally to work it in, always turning the pestle the same way. Between times drop in vinegar (about two teaspoonfuls) and if the mayonaise cracks or curdles, a few drops of water will restore it to its smooth creamy state.

Turkey Stuffing (enough for two).—Put the crust of a French loaf of stale bread to soak in milk, and grate the crumb, into a pan, adding also the same quantity of grated Albert biscuit. Mix it all together with a pound of fresh butter ; cut in small pieces. Then take a bunch of sweet marjoram ; rub the leaves to powder ; the same of sweet basil, lemon thyme, some black truffles, mushrooms, a salted sheep's tongue cut in pieces, two small onions, quarter of an ounce of powdered mace, two large grated nutmegs, two or three cloves. Mix the spices together and then add a teaspoonful of salt and one of black pepper. Mix the herbs thoroughly in the bread crumbs and add by degrees four hard boiled eggs, finely crumbled.

Cold Turkey.—Cut the meat into small pieces free from the bone ; season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg ; put this into a saucepan with sufficient white sauce to moisten it ; let it simmer very gently for five minutes ; turn it out on a hot dish, and serve with tiny fried pieces of bacon all round it. To make the white sauce, put a quarter of a pint of milk into a saucepan, and simmer, with a strip of lemon rind in it, for five minutes ; mix a dessertspoonful of cornflour in a little cold milk, and thicken the sauce with it ; stir the sauce gently over the fire for one minute ; take out the lemon rind, and stir in half an ounce of butter after the sauce has cooled for a minute ; and then heat the turkey in it.

Tinned Turkey.—Open a tin of turkey, set in boiling water to melt the jelly, pour the melted jelly into a saucepan, slightly thicken it with cornflour and sufficient mushroom catsup to to make it a good flavor, season it, and keep hot while the turkey is being freed from bone and minced. Open a small tin of mushrooms, and mince them with the meat ; mix well in the gravy ; keep the mince hot for ten minutes, and then serve on rounds of toast for breakfast or luncheon. The turkey can be simply sliced, and the mushrooms left whole, if preferred.

Apple Snow.—Stew a dozen large juicy apples in just enough water to keep them from burning ; pass the pulp through a sieve ; stir in half a cupful of granulated sugar, and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, and then add the apples and beat, adding, a little at a time, two cups of powdered sugar ; heap the "apple snow" on a large glass dish ; add to it bits of high-colored currant or raspberry jelly.

Mince pies without cider, brandy, or vinegar, are a desideratum, and an "earnest temperance woman," in the *Union Signal*, says : "I have made them for the last forty years, or taught others in my kitchen to do so, and have never used any of the above ingredients. I simply use the liquor the beef is boiled in, and if that does not make moisture enough after adding some New Orleans molasses, which gives a rich brown color to the mass, I add a cup of coffee left from the breakfast table, with spices to suit the taste. Pies made in this way are not only excellent but are not liable to sour the stomach."

Original receipts which do not call for wine, or intoxicating liquors, are very welcome to the department of the "Kitchen."

Scientific.

Cork-leather, which is waterproof and very elastic, is cork-powder consolidated with India-rubber.

Fruit put up in tin cans should be taken out entirely when the can is opened for use. If allowed to remain after the can is opened, the action of acid juices upon the solder when exposed to the air may form acetate of lead, which is poisonous. Pour the fruit out into glass or earthenware dishes, and the danger of poisoning is avoided.

The following cement is less expensive than that made with red lead—one part of white lead, one part of manganese ore, one part of white pipe-clay mixed with linseed-oil-varnish, or two parts of red-lead, five parts of white-lead, and four parts of pipe-clay, mixed with linseed-oil-varnish.

An excellent stain for giving light-colored wood the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

When you have the wood-work in a room painted, it is a good plan to have about two inches of the floor painted also; have the paint the same color as that of the baseboard; then if, when changing carpets, the carpet will not come close to the wall, the little space left will not be so unsightly.

Oil cloth may be kept bright when almost worn out if, after washing it, you take a flannel cloth and dip a corner of it in kerosene, and rub the oil-cloth with it. Of course a very little oil goes a great way and care must be taken not to use too much.

The pike-perch has a beautiful scale, indented like a maiden-hair fern, which has long been used by the Irish for fish-scale embroidery. They sew the scales in clusters forming flowers, and introduce with them a happy combination of seed-pearls, china ribbon, and white chenille, producing a delicate effect difficult to surpass.

Linoleum consists of cork-powder consolidated with dried linseed-oil. The mixture, in the proportion of about three parts of oil to one of cork-powder, is passed under the heavy rollers and then stuck on to cloth by means of drying oil. It is allowed to dry for about three months, when the product is ready to receive various designs, and may be readily washed. Linoleum is adulterated by adding saw-dust to the cork-powder.

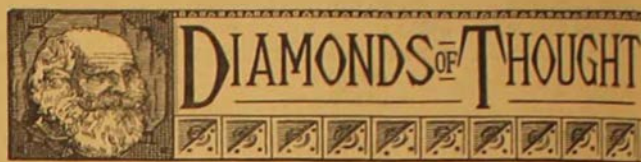
Select some of the flattest and smoothest stones to be found on a beach and rub one side all over with beeswax. Make this surface quite level by scraping with the edge of a knife. When it is dry and firm paint landscapes or groups of picturesque-looking foreign figures on them in oils, and afterward bring up the colors by varnishing. These painted flints can be used for door porters, letter weights, &c. It is, of course, necessary that the stone should be a good shape and flat.

An indorsing-ink which does not dry quickly on the pad and is quickly taken by the paper can be obtained, according to the *Papier Zeitung*, by the following recipe: Aniline color in solid form, blue, red, &c., sixteen parts; eighty parts boiling distilled water; seven parts glycerine, and three parts syrup. The color is dissolved in hot water and the other ingredients are added whilst agitating. This indorsing-ink is said to obtain its good quality by the addition of the syrup.

Any one who has had the misfortune to injure the coating of a rubber umbrella will be glad to know that it is not without a remedy. A preparation of damar varnish and asphaltum in about equal quantities, with a little turpentine, will make an easily applied coating which makes the umbrella about as good as new again. Spots on gossamer coats and cloaks can be covered with this also.

Water-Resisting Fabrics.—Briefly stated, the process of rendering fabrics water-resisting, yet not impervious to air, is as follows: First the cloth is put into a boiling bath composed of yellow soap—three-quarters of a pound; water, one gallon, and worked through and about in this for about one hour, when it is passed through a roller-wringer to press out excess of the liquid, and suspended in the air for an hour or more, or until nearly dry. Next the cloth is put into a bath composed of ammonia alum, five pounds, water three and a half gallons, and remain therein for from eight to sixteen hours, according to the nature of the fabric and the requirements. The time of this exposure may be considerably lessened by working the cloth through a series of rolls, which causes the discharge of the absorbed liquid and admit of the reabsorption of fresh portions of the bath. Finally, after wringing out, the cloth is put through the soap-bath again and, after rinsing in clean water, dried.

Danger of Copper and Lead in Food.—Copper is not as dangerous as lead. The solubility of most of its salts, their marked color, nauseating taste, and emetic action give at once warning. The salts of lead, on the contrary, have no pronounced taste, or are even sweetish. They are, in general, colorless. If introduced into the system, there is no alarming effect until the nervous centers, the liver, and the blood have become interpenetrated with the poison. All foods sold in tins, especially if of a fatty nature, public water supplies, wines, beers, effervescent drinks, the glaze of earthenware, enamels, and especially culinary utensils lined with tin, may introduce lead into the system.



DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Our content is our best having.—*Shakespeare*.
Examples are few of men ruined by giving. Men are heroes in spending, cravens in what they give.—*Bowie*.

Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The sunshine of the soul.—*Young*.

Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face.—*Emerson*.

God is glorified, not by our groans, but our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer.—*E. P. Whipple*.

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely their distempers.—*Emerson*.

Nobody can critically observe the structure of American social or domestic life without being struck by the immense amount of energy which is wasted in the woman's half of it.

When the golden rule is employed in governmental matters instead of diplomatic trickery, then and not till then, the future of nations will be sure.—*Kossuth*.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more; and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—*Gail Hamilton*.

I honor that man whose ambition it is to be master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father, and friend.—*Emerson*.

Profane swearing is a voluntary sin. Most erring people, when they do wrong, count upon some good to be derived from their conduct, but for profanity there is no excuse.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Dary*.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.—*Mrs. Balfour*.



SPICE BOX

A Serious Movement on Foot—the coming corn.

Brides-maid's Question.—Don't you think the the bride is foolish not to marry the best man?

Mint is said to keep rats and mice out of the house. If a fellow owned a mint he could also "keep the wolf from the door."

They were speaking of a young lady who sings beautifully, and one of the party asked, "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I think she's Irish," was the innocent reply.

A little girl said to her mother one day, "Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous!" said the mother. "What is nervous?" "Why its being in a hurry all over," answered her daughter.

A "sweet girl-graduate" wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text-book on moral science:

"If there should be another flood,

For refuge hither fly;

Though all the world should be submerged,

This book would still be dry."

A military man laughed at a timid little woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

"Polly," said a lady to her little daughter, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years four months, and twenty-eight days old.

An inhabitant of a country village, being asked for a subscription toward repairing the fence of the graveyard, declined, saying, "I subscribed toward improvin' that buryin'-ground nigh on to twenty years ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet."

"Ma," howled a boy, running into the house and approaching his mother, "Willy hit me with a stick." "I'll whip Willy," said the mother, abstractedly rolling together a pair of stockings that she had been darning. "No, don't whip him!" cried the urchin. "Don't let him have any supper! I whipped him before he hit me."



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE

THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—NOVEMBER.

"FASHION!" said an old lady, not long ago, "I don't see as fashions change much! My black silk is as good to day as it were ten year ago, an' I don't see but it's jist as fashionable." From this old lady's point of view fashions do not change, and the black silk may continue to do solemn duty to the day of the old lady's departure for a world where clothes, if they exist, will doubtless be a real index, not of fashion, but the character of the individual wearer.

But fashion to some is a momentous fact,—it means supremacy, leadership,—it means being the first in the field with a novelty,—or it means possessing the power to make a fashion by the development or the adoption of a new and strange idea. It means also getting the full credit of the money spent on clothes. "I cannot have the same thing I had last year," remarks one woman, because no one would give me the credit of having anything new—they would think I was wearing my old clothes. So the great effort is to get something quite different from that which has preceded it, and the anxiety, the interest, the time spent upon the questions involved, depend mainly upon the quantity of clothing required, and the frequency with which it must be duplicated. A working professional woman will be satisfied with six dresses in her wardrobe; a fashionable lady will feel destitute with less than sixty. She requires costumes for all sorts of purposes, and all sorts of occasions. For riding, for walking, for visiting, for staying at home, for rising, for breakfasting, for dinner, for evening, for lunching with one person, and lunching with several, for afternoon receptions, for "little" teas, for "high" teas, for formal dinners, and evening entertainments, for every change of season and temperature, for city and country, for the seaside and in the mountains, for the theater and the concert room, the opera and the lecture, the gatherings to hear a poet read his own verses, and the grandeur of an evening entertainment, where ideas of any kind, except such as are bought and paid for, would be vulgar and out of place. Is it a wonder that dress occupies so much of the time of a fashionable woman, or that she has neither mind, nor body to put into anything else?

But even so, with all the time and all the labor, few achieve the art of dressing well—that is suitable to the occasion. Usually women who dress according to a code over-

dress. At a recent series of readings given in a private parlor, and which often took the form of lectures, and drew together a literary and scientific audience, there were women, fashionable women, who did not know any better than to appear in very light and open evening dresses with lace sleeves and expansive arms and necks. This exposure, common enough at balls, seems terribly out of place in comparatively small gatherings of professional workers, and actually in these cases created a vast amount of inconvenience, for no window could be opened, and nothing done in the way of ventilation, on account of these undressed women. The point of this statement is this, that if women undertake to be fashionable, they should possess abundant means, and sense enough to know that what is suitable, or "fashionable" for one occasion, is not suitable, and therefore not fashionable with the majority, upon another which represents a totally different element; and that they are better off with a few really good dresses that strike the happy mean between poverty and display, than in the possession of showy costumes, which are only fit for a motley crowd in which they can be more or less lost.

This is a velvet season, and also a woolen season, and ought therefore to be full of suggestion for warm comfortable clothing. The finest fabrics shown are the velvet and satin brocades, used in combination with plain satin, plain velvet, and the Rhadzimer and Ottoman fabrics. Plush is retained for linings, and also for trimmings, for borders, collars, and mounting, but is less employed than last season in the construction of suits and garments, it being too thick for drapery, and too easily marred by pressure and exposure for the durability which would justify its cost. Plain velvet, or plain wool, or a combination of the two are again in vogue for suits, and can be used with less danger of making a mistake, than when attempting combinations of figured fabrics. Figures are fashionable, and are not only large, ingenious, elaborate, and wonderful in color and shading, but seemingly indispensable in obtaining the magnificent effects required in toilets of ceremony. But minus the train, the solid color can be used to best advantage, or a simple combination of shades, a narrow clustered stripe or check on a small raised figured velvet in conjunction with the plain or ribbed stuff.

There is a warmth, weight, and massiveness about the

winter goods that seem rather peculiar to the season. Matelasses reappear, the stiff quilt-like lines forming the groundwork, the raised figures in velvet, or satin, the relief. They are rich, but never graceful, and less tractable even than plush, which is stamped, as is velvet also, into figures, to be combined with the plain self-colored fabrics of the same class. Stamped figures must not be confounded with woven figures, for the design produced by stamping is much more easily marred or obliterated, while the depressing process by which the figure is obtained, simply sacrifices one half the fabric to heighten the effect of the other. In this respect the broché Nonpareil velveteen has an advantage over stamped silk velvet, for the broché figure in the Nonpareil velveteen is woven in with the fabric, while the stamping on silk, or wool, or cotton, merely depresses parts of the surface, and suffers from exposure and moisture. Cloth is more used for cloaks and jackets this year than for many seasons previous, perhaps because braiding is so largely employed in its decoration. Improvements in sewing-machines, and greater skill in the use of the numerous "attachments," are rapidly bringing the ornamental products of the "machine" up to the finest specimens of hand labor. The latest triumph is that of fastening the braid on its edge, and sewing braid on by machine so as to completely conceal the stitch. This advance not only facilitates, but diversifies designs to an almost incalculable extent, and prolongs the life of the braiding furore indefinitely.

Paris Fashions.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

DEAR DEMOREST:—Notwithstanding the death of the Count de Chambord and the consequent definite postponement of many of the most elegant garden and lawn parties which had been proposed by the adherents of that descendant of the ancient kings of France, there have been a succession of usual *fêtes* which are given for the benefit of some portion of the suffering populace, and which are a source of seeming pleasure to others.

Since my last letter the Parisian press organized an entertainment in the garden of the Tuileries for the benefit of the victims of the earthquake in the Island of Ischia. The booths were in charge of well-known artists from the theaters and operas, but the people thronged so densely about the fair saleswomen that I got but a glimpse here and there of the hats and heads of the ladies.

One little songstress had charged herself with the sale of portfolios containing sketches, and she wandered about in charge of a *grande dame*, selling her wares rapidly. Although the heat was intense, this artiste wore no hat and carried no sun-shade; her raven black tresses were laid in massive loops on the top of her exquisitely-shaped head and confined there by amber-shell pins and a comb of the same ornamented with olive-shaped balls. Her costume was pale blue surah, the corsage covered with platings of white Medici lace, which terminated in a *coq* postilion over the draperies of the skirt at the back, and formed a deep open V extending to the girdle in front; *pâquerettes* extended in profusion from the girdle to the shoulder on the left side of the corsage. The elbow sleeves were of silk covered with perpendicular *plis*es of lace and finished with five or six ruffles of deep lace edging. The front and sides of the short skirt were covered with finely-plaited Medici lace flounces, each about five inches deep, the three lower flounces forming a finish for the bottom of the skirt at the back, while a voluminous

drapery of lace was supported by puffs of the surah underneath and caught up under the postilion with a broad looped bow of the surah. The gloves were of undressed *écru* kid, reaching to the elbows, and the slippers of black *glacé* kid were strapped over pale blue open-work silk hose.

One of the artistes wore a hat of English straw, natural tint, the Directoire brim lined with *Orleans* (blue) velvet, a long plume of the same color at the right side, while at the left was a mass of white chrysanthemums, these flowers appearing in profusion on her corsage also.

Another lady was attired in an old-gold brocaded corsage of Mousquetaire form, with Tuscan straw hat of the same tint as the corsage, the brim lined with black velvet edged with bright Lakmé (yellow) pipings of satin, sweet-pea blossoms covering the left side of the crown and brim, while the right was fastened to the side of the crown by a gilt dagger. Sweet-pea flowers were also arranged in a deep V shaped plastron from the throat to the bust, and formed a dog-collar about the throat; the *glacé* kid gloves were Lakmé color, matching the satin piping, heavily embroidered on the back with black.

A beautiful spectacle was given by the Parisian "Excelsior Company" of the Eden Theater, a temporary theater having been erected in the garden just opposite the nearly demolished ruins of the old Tuileries Palace. The ladies of the *ballet* were dressed in short frocks of red and white stripes bordered with blue; Zouave jackets of blue bordered with silver lace over tight-fitting bodices of red and white, long, tight coat sleeves buttoned from wrist to elbow with small round silver buttons; Zouave caps of blue cloth with tri-colored tassel; small canteen of blue cloth slung over the shoulders by a blue strap; and dark blue cloth leggings buttoned from the sole of the boot to far above the knee completed this tasteful and lovely dress.

During my tour of the garden I observed many ladies of the committees elegantly attired in costumes of nun's veiling. Some wore red, others blue, others white, with small capotes matching the costumes; some wore the tri-color of ribbon, others of chrysanthemums grouped with such effect as to reduce the too vivid purple of these flowers to some semblance of blue.

As the season of opera and concert revives I notice a tendency to powder the hair and lay it in soft "baby" rings over the brow, while at the temples it is turned away in a small Pompadour puff. A small Marie Stuart bonnet of tulle, in any pale tint, is worn with this style of coiffure: either tulle, velvet, or ribbon is used for strings, and a *torade* of ribbon, a pompon, or a panache of plumes is placed high at the left side. In all cases, the color of an evening bonnet of this character is uniform throughout, great care being exercised to match the tone exactly in tulle, plumes, ribbons and velvets, the Roman pearls for the border not excepted in this specimen of millinery art.

The favorite fabrics for dresses and wraps are of velvet, in all possible combinations with corded silk, satin, and wool, or velvet and plush combined with gilt and silver tracings outlining the design. The fanciful names one finds at home applied to imported goods are rarely if ever met with here. There is such a variety of velvet stripes, dots, flowers, fruits, foliage, nuts, berries, birds, beasts, insects and reptiles represented in whole, or in part, that the French content themselves with originating the designs, leaving to the Yankee genius the invention of such names as may strike the popular fancy in America. Here *velour frappé* and *laine frappé* designate the entire family above mentioned, while *broderie* distinguishes lampas wools and all other degrees of that class of goods which show any trace of needle-work, whether hand or loom-wrought.

In honor of Miss Van Zandt, there are some of the local shop-keepers who have christened their "creations" by the name of the opera in which this artiste attained so much success, *Lakmé*—but one thus honors a fabric strewn with tiny flowers, another places three shades of yellow beneath the protection of the deserted Princess, a third crowns a tiny gray velvet capote with this appellation, and a fourth applies it to a parasol or sun-umbrella, where it really seems to find Oriental companionship in the company of the ivory or teak-wood stick that resembles an elephant's tusk elongated, the broad part forming the handle and the tip protruding at the top of the parasol where it is finished with gilt or silver mountings, the ribs of the light paragon frame being tipped to correspond and the rich quality of the twilled satin covering rendering any other ornamentation needless.

Large umbrellas, such as many ladies use in New York, are rarely seen in Paris, the climate and other conditions rendering it unnecessary to arm oneself with anything so cumbersome, while the sun is often so hot in the winter that the medium of a sun-umbrella is requisite to comfort if one would enjoy the stroll along the broad avenue of the Champs-Élysée.

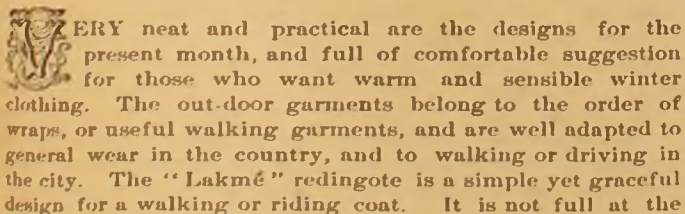
Large shade, or round hats are of satin-finished plush or felt in all dark shades of the prevailing colors in dress goods. The crowns are Tyrolean or broad and flat, and one might describe the mode of trimming as "fuss and feathers," so ragged, jagged, and tagged are the wings which are massed amid loops of velvet or ribbon at the left side of some of the head-dresses, while the crown may be several times encircled by a cable-cord of silver or gilt, one end of the cord being thrust through a sailor's needle of gilt or silver, the needle being used to secure the hat to the head. Some of the hats are ornamented with strands of Roman pearls or cut jet beads wound round the crown and intermixed with the garniture at the side; cockatoo's plumage is much used, and the crest of the "laughing-jackass" finds itself blending with the graver plumage of the crow's wings and tail, while an entire kingfisher swoops at the side of half a dozen wrens just liberated from the shell. These proximities seem fantastic, but caprice seems Mistress-of-the-Robes, and her decrees are followed by many who have nothing else to do.

As yet, short mantles only are worn, but long wraps are shown with bright satin linings bordered inside with plush bands several inches wide.

The greatest novelty is the *Fédora* mantle called *sleeveless*, but arranged so as to protect the arms. The front is cut out at the arm-size very much and a piece of the goods is inserted at the shoulder seam extending back of the arm far below the waist, being sewn in the seam at this point. This piece is about a yard and a half long in front, and it is lined, turned *under* and fastened at the neck so that the lining is conspicuously displayed and the arms are passed through the opening in front. None but the richest fabrics are suitable for this long wrap, which needs no garniture.

M. T. K.

Illustrated Designs.

ERY neat and practical are the designs for the present month, and full of comfortable suggestion for those who want warm and sensible winter clothing. The out-door garments belong to the order of wraps, or useful walking garments, and are well adapted to general wear in the country, and to walking or driving in the city. The "*Lakmé*" redingote is a simple yet graceful design for a walking or riding coat. It is not full at the

neck, but cut in the *sacque* shape at the back, which is shirred in at the waist, and made tight fitting in front, which may or may not be buttoned the entire length. The cords are attached at the ends of the shirring, and are loosely knotted upon the sides. The interior facing is of silk, the finishing two rows of stitching, and the cloth plum-colored Jersey cloth with a beaver reversible side. If the cords and tassels do not match, they should be black. The "*Gréville*" raglan is a handsome and serviceable wrap and driving cloak, specially commended when made in dark plaid cloth, lined with Indian red, peacock blue, or amber flannel, the smooth with twilled cashmere finish, or the pattern may be made of Paisley or cashmere cloth in India figures and mixed colors, and lined with plush, crimson or old gold. The body part of the cloak, back and front, is cut in one the entire length, the draped effect being obtained from the dolman sleeves and plaited extensions between the back and side seams. It is a very popular form of wrap, because of its convenience, combined with a more dressy effect than is usually found in cloaks of its serviceable class.

Jackets are never out of date, never unwelcome, never undesirable, and an absolute necessity in the wardrobe of a lady who has not arrived at the years demanded by the middle-aged dolman, long or short. We have therefore great pleasure in recommending the "*Finette*" jacket as an admirable example of its kind, and well adapted to late autumn and winter wear. It is well cut, sets well over the hips, is graceful in the back, and partly double-breasted in front. It is "tailor" finished, but less stiffly shaped than the regular tailor-cut garments, and requires only the small round buttons, which are often inlaid with steel, and interior facing of twilled silk to match the cloth, for its completion.

A graceful costume suited to general wear, and particularly adapted to a combination of plain with checked materials will be found in the "*Vanoni*," which consists of a gored skirt walking length, and a polonaise draped high on one side, but descending low on the other. The skirt may be of the checked or plaid material, and is kilted in rather wide plaits, which are held underneath by tapes a quarter of a yard apart. Folds for a sort of vest front, and the check is employed for bands at the neck, upon the sleeves, and as straps to hold the vest in place. It also forms an ornamental bow at the back, which surmounts the drapery.

The "*Ellana*" walking skirt gives a very pretty and novel design, which is graceful and effective, well adapted to any softly draping woolen material, plain or in a small check, and best trimmed with several rows of black velvet. Gray or plum-colored camels-hair, English serge, or Chuddah cloth—sometimes improperly called "*Shoodah*" cloth—are suitable material, and the "*Sylvestra*" basque very suitably completes the costume: the folds in front, and the little inserted panier laid in folds at the back, giving character to a simple solid material.

The polonaise has recovered, and more than recovered the prestige it enjoyed years and years ago, when it was not at all so graceful or becoming in cut and style as now. It is in fact so convenient a form in which to unite bodice and overskirt, or trimmed skirt and basque, giving the effect of each and all according to cut and style, that it cannot be replaced, and hardly superseded.

The present model, the "*Armina*," is tight fitting, open in front, which forms long pointed leaves, and draped up at the back in a simple yet graceful manner. It may be made in almost any material, plain or figured; it would look well in stamped velvet or broché velveteen, and exceedingly well in the new materials, with tapestried effects, over a velveteen skirt.



1



2



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4



5

No. 1.—This dainty capote is of violet velvet, with a poke front of silver net lace with velvet spots. The lace is plaited slightly in two rows. A large bow of velvet ribbon is fastened at the left side with a bird of paradise next the face. Strings of satin-faced velvet ribbon tied under the chin in a large bow.

No. 2.—Poke bonnet of dark ruby velvet, tied under the chin with velvet ribbon strings. A bouquet of Judée tinted ostrich tips droop toward the front over the brim, which is faced with a shirring of Judée surah.

No. 3.—Matador hat of black felt, faced on the rolling brim with black velvet, and trimmed with a scarf of black velvet fastened in a bow on the left side of the front with a handsome gilt buckle. Seven short ostrich tips are bent over the brim all the way around on the right side.

No. 4.—A stylish walking hat of French gray felt bound with a ribbon of the same color. The soft brim is caught up at the right side and faced with velvet of a slightly darker shade. A band and bow of gray velvet trim the crown, and a fine cut steel buckle is fastened in the bow.

Two long ostrich plumes of the lightest Judée tints droop over the right side.

No. 5.—This becoming shape has a high, square crown of black velvet, and a shelving poke brim lined with shirred crimson surah, and covered with a fluted puff of black velvet. A large bright-plumaged bird is placed on the left side toward the front, and

Fashionable Millinery.

the hat ties under the left ear with black Ottoman ribbon strings.

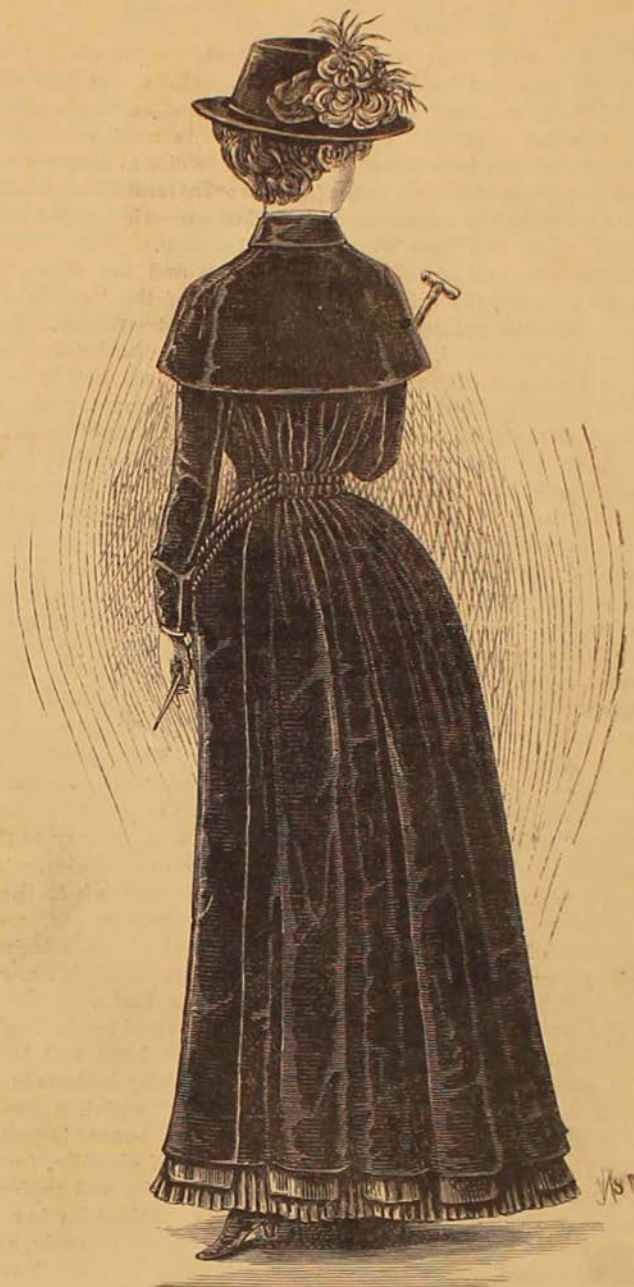
Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purpose for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

THE STANDING band with plaited ruffle is the favorite "collar," but turn-down collars of moderate size are also worn, and for dress, a collarette that also forms a vest.



Armina Polonaise.

STYLISH, yet simple costume of garnet-colored woven *broché* velveteen, plain Nonpareil velveteen, and *faïlle* of the same color. The tight-fitting polonaise is of the garnet *broché*, and the front is cut away below the waist and falls in long leaf-shaped points, while the back is most gracefully draped as the illustration shows. The underskirt, of plain Nonpareil velveteen, is cut out in battlemented squares falling over a deep box-plaited flounce of garnet *faïlle*. Bonnet of garnet velvet with full puffed crown, trimmed with ruches of black and cream lace, and tiny pearl slides on narrow garnet velvet ribbon. A spray of dark red pansies is placed in front, and the velvet ribbon strings tie under the right ear. Price of "Armina" polonaise pattern, thirty cents each size. Plain skirt pattern, thirty cents.



Lakmé Redingote.

THIS stylish garment is of dark golden-brown Nonpareil velveteen, over a walking skirt of satin Rhadames of the same color. The redingote, which is the model known as the "Lakmé," is cut with tight-fitting fronts, and sacque-shaped back shirred in to the figure at the waist. A small fitted shoulder cape, fastened in front with silk cord cloak loops, adds to the graceful effect of the redingote, and mousquetaire cuffs and rolling collar of velveteen complete the design. A handsome silk *cordelière* with tassels swings in triple cords across the front, fastening at either side of the shirring at the waist. Brown felt hat with high sloping crown and flat brim, trimmed with a band of velvet or cluster of ostrich tips and an aigrette. Tan colored Jersey gloves. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Winter Hats and Bonnets.

VELVET and felt are the popular materials for the late fall and incoming winter hats and bonnets. Plush appears upon some of the blocked forms which are covered ready for trimming, but it is used very little for bonnets made to order. The average size is larger than last year, but there are less of the two extremes to be seen than we have been accustomed to find of late—that is, the very large hats and the very small bonnets. The bonnet shapes are as before—a modified poke and the capote as leading styles, the brim partaking more of the “*cabriolet*” form than the pointed upward scoop of last summer. The crown is rather high and proportioned to the brim; this with its mass of feathers, which emphasizes height and size, gives much of the appearance of enlargement, which is less noticeable, therefore, in the untrimmed bonnets.

There is immense variety, however, in the details of shape and style, and the remark of the milliners that “everything is worn” seems to be justified. Feathers are extravagantly used; flowers very little. There is certainly nothing more elegant or becoming, nothing in the “long run” more economical, than a rich, real ostrich plume, black or undyed; but the mixture of wings, plumes, pompons, bird’s heads and tails, often to be seen crowded upon one bonnet, spoils the whole and destroys the effect of each separate part. The high colors are not so desirable nor so much sought after as last year; women are beginning to be surfeited with red and yellow, and are finding refuge in mouse-color, gray, black, white and a revival of the peacock greens and blues; plum-color is perhaps the most fashionable of the fruit shades, and garnet has given way to the darkest shade of wine-color. A gold edge to the brim, wide lace strings and a soft group of three to five ostrich feathers massed up against the crown, the ends falling over or near the edge of the brim, are the features of the most admired velvet bonnets. The “Mandeville” hat has a high crown, a broad, straight brim, edged with silver braid, a row of which also surrounds the crown, and a group of lovely feathers set high against the crown, with velvet band and bow, and diamond buckle for fastening. A novelty in hats is of black felt with tall (Welsh) crowns, against which a group of feathers forms an aigrette. The chenille bonnet is pretty though not durable; it consists of strands of chenille, forming a network over a crown of Ottoman satin, and perhaps dotted with balls or beads. The edge or small brim is covered with leaves of shaded chenille or velvet or satin, and the trimming is chenille pompons and shaded velvet leaves and flowers, or marabout feathers. There are always fancy styles, but they usually do not outlast the season. Of such are the fluted felt and fluted plush, which looks too much like the old-fashioned “Melon,” and the more recent shell straw bonnets. The best felts are always fine and plain, and the new mouse-gray with wide gray satin and velvet strings (reversible), and garniture of feathers and velvet, the latter fastened with a pendent ornament of oxidized and filigreed silver, is of the kind that is always handsome. Oval English felt walking-hats and turbans require no trimming save a wing, and can be bought at very moderate prices. They are excellent school and walking hats for girls.

Evening Toilets.

THERE is a good deal that is novel and much that is beautiful and effective in such evening toilets as have been prepared in anticipation of the fashionable season. The employment of rich brocades in their construc-

tion is universal for married women, but instead of opening in front and disclosing a lace-trimmed petticoat or an embroidered satin skirt, they are draped at the sides over a petticoat of satin or Ottoman silk, ruffled with itself or with lace, and ornamented with satin loops and bows, with ostrich feather trimming, or feathers and bows tied together. The looping is effected with cords or bands of satin, and lace or ribbon, and holds a round pocket, richly trimmed and ornamented, to match the skirt. The skirt is plain, except the draping, but is made full at the back and cut out upon the edge over platings of Ottoman satin and lace.

Lace is much used as flounces and trimming for satin, and a new freak is to use coffee-colored lace upon cream white satin or brocade, the Princess of Wales having set the example during the past summer. White evening dresses must remain as distinguished as ever, for there is no other tint that demands such refinement and elegance in all its accessories, or that displays them to such advantage. The tinted white brocades with their magnificent patterns in fruit or flowers on Ottoman grounds offer an always satisfactory solution to the vexed question of a handsome evening dress, and as they are now made by American manufacturers, can be purchased at prices that are not annihilating, though higher than they would be if we had no heavy protective-tariff to maintain. Ladies who go out a good deal, yet cannot afford any great variety in their wardrobes, do well to limit themselves to two evening dresses, one white, the other black; the white for the choice, the black for general occasions. Colors are doubtful for evening wear, unless they are so light as to be delicate and dainty as white; the fashionable dark wines, reds, navy blues and plums being either too conspicuous or better adapted to daylight than gaslight.

Conch shell pink is a lovely evening shade, and pink has become an immense favorite in the petunia shades and singularly lovely effects produced by the combination Ottoman, armure and satin in the designs. Mechlin lace shows to advantage upon a delicate pink brocade, and nothing can exceed the effect of such a dress, well made, stylishly trimmed and ornamented with aigrettes of ostrich feathers, fastened with diamond stars. Diamond stars as mounting for ornamental plumes is another fashion set by the Princess of Wales, who always wears them in her hair and often on her dress. It is no secret that with her imitators Rhine pebbles or crystals often take the place of diamonds; in fact, the difference between real diamonds and false is principally size, so that the smaller the crystal the more “real” it appears to be.

Young women who know how to dress wear lighter and simpler materials than their mammas. Tulle, satin surah, embroidered crepe over silk, and embroidered nuns’ veiling, are the more prominent; and instead of being made with overskirts they are arranged in a series of ruffles or flounces, one above another, satin bows and sashes or belts being used as garniture. The bodice is nearly always crossed over, made full upon a plain lining and belted in; and the sleeve may be a puff or epaulette, or made to come to the elbow with ruffles of lace or the material, and inside finish of lace. Watteau effects are often produced upon evening toilets with a scarf of lace or tulle, which may be carried from the shoulders, the ends fastened at these points with bows or rosettes of lace or ribbon. “Baby” dresses of sprigged muslin are worn in high circles over white, pink, blue, and écreu silk; the trimmings satin belts and ribbons in two shades of the silk color, and sometimes other colors added.

There has been a noticeable absence of artificial flowers in evening garniture for several years, and they are conspicuous by their absence this year also; this is a subject for congratulation, for if they are well-made they are very costly, and if ill-made, very vulgar, and at the best only an imitation.

Out-Door Wraps.

HERE is great variety in cloaks and wraps, and it is difficult to decide, not only what is, and what is not the fashion, but what is most desirable out of the numerous styles and designs exhibited. Very rich cloaks are made of brocaded velvet, outlined with an embroidery in fine cut beads and silk, and lined with silk plush in old gold, amber, or some fashionable shade of red. Usually the embroidery does not extend over the entire surface, but forms ornamental designs like passementerie, only the effect is richer. Occasionally the embroidery is executed upon the sleeves, and forms a collar and ornaments at the waist and down the front, simulating showers of pendants, and this has a lovely effect. One of the new black brocades has cut jet beads woven into the fabric, and this is not only used for cloaks, but for costumes, particularly in combination with black Lyons velvet.

Long, handsome cloaks of Rhadzimer and Ottoman, or, as it is now called, "Muscovite" silk, are cut close, lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with plush or fur, the collar matching the trimming. Cloth cloaks are more worn than for several seasons past, the ornamentation being principally effected with braid or cords, and ornaments made of cords and braid, and having pendent balls instead of tassels. The form is decidedly close, which shows how little real progress the effort to revive the crinolette has made, either here or abroad. Many autumn wraps have capes; they are not

new, but they are useful for the cloudy, chilly days which demand warmth and protection, though not exactly the services of a waterproof. A novelty has, however, made its appearance in ulsters; it cannot be made in heavy cloth, for the outside is gathered, or laid in lengthwise folds, or fine kiltings back and front. The sleeves are made a little full at the top, and the prettiest and most convenient are cut slightly flowing and gathered up a little on the inside of the arm. A belt should be attached to the back on the inside of the waist, and a wide ribbon to tie on the outside.

Our "What to Wear" for the Autumn and Winter of 1883-84.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, out-door garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. "WHAT TO WEAR" for the AUTUMN AND WINTER of 1883-84 is now ready. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's Agencies.



Vanoni Costume.—Stylish and graceful, this costume is arranged with a short, gored skirt, trimmed with a deep side-plaited flounce, over which is a tight-fitting polonaise with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The drapery on the left side of the polonaise hangs rather long and plain, and is carried across the right front and secured in plaits on the right hip; while the drapery on the right side is looped high in the side form seam and pointed below, the back being quite long and bouffant. A plaited plastron ornaments the front of the polonaise. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is especially appropriate for a combination of materials. The trimming

may be of straight bands of plaid, as illustrated, or of any other style to suit the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Ellana Walking Skirt.—Novel and attractive in effect, this stylish design consists of a short, gored skirt, trimmed with a kilt-plaited flounce, and an overskirt with an apron draped high at the sides, and a back drapery having double revers and looped in a manner which gives the effect of burnous plaits. This model is adapted for any class of dress goods, and the trimming may be of ribbon velvet, as illustrated, or any flat trimming can be selected that corresponds with the goods. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



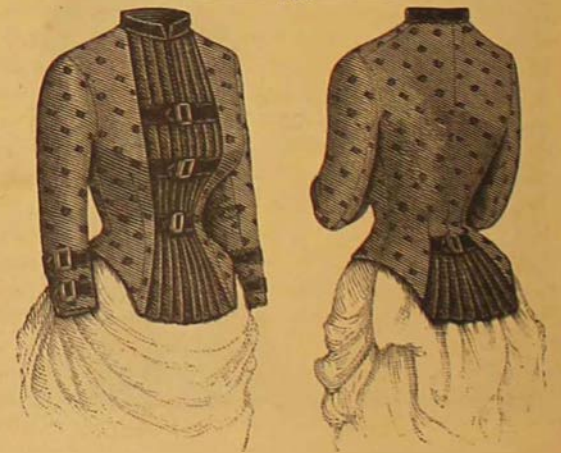
Greville Raglan.

STYLISH wrap of black brocaded Ottoman silk, made up after the model of the "Gréville" raglan, which is cut with sacque-shaped fronts, shoulder-pieces forming sleeves inserted in dolman style, and a gracefully draped back. The garment is trimmed around the bottom and on the lower edge of the sleeves with deep, black Escorial lace. The sleeves are draped in plaits at the back seam and ornamented with ribbon bows; a ruche of black lace encircles the neck. This garment is worn over a costume of black Ottoman silk. Capote bonnet of black and gold lace, with Ottoman ribbon strings caught at the back with a small gold slide. A spray of pale pink roses trims the bonnet. Patterns of the "Gréville" raglan in two sizes, medium and large. Price thirty cents each.

THIS is the first number of the new volume (XX.) of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY. Subscribers should renew immediately to prevent delay in the continuation, and club-raisers should see their friends and patrons to secure subscriptions before the busy season.



Lakmé Redingote.—A stylish garment for street wear or traveling. The front is tight-fitting, with two darts in each side in the usual places, and one under each arm; while the back is cut in sacque shape and shirred in to the figure at the waist. A little shoulder cape, fitted by small gores on the shoulder, adds to the graceful effect of the redingote, and the sleeves are wider than usual at the lower part, and finished with mousquetaire cuffs. A rolling collar completes the design, which is adapted to any light or moderate weight woolen goods and other fabrics suitable for outer garments. No trimming except a *cordelière* and cloak loops of silk cord is required. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Sylvestra Basque.—An especially graceful and novel style of basque, short on the hips, the front finished with a plaited vest, and the back cut off just below the waist-line and lengthened to the requisite depth by a plaited basque skirt. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Pointed straps of ribbon velvet joined by buckles ornament the front of the basque, sleeves and plaited skirt. This model is appropriate for almost any class of dress goods, and is particularly well adapted to a combination of materials. The trimming may be of velvet and buckles, as illustrated, or can be selected according to the material chosen. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Walking Costumes.

SILK fabrics are disappearing from American side-walks. That is good, and it is to be hoped that they will not return, except the occasional light weight summer fabric, but that the useful and sanitary wool, which protects from all evil atmospheric influences, will take its place. Wool has been growing in favor for years, and since its production in quiet varied styles which differ from the plain solid merino and worsted of our early years, yet are not conspicuous in pattern or color, they furnish the indispensable material for a serviceable street dress. This year, the cloths are many of them ribbed, and repped, and intersected with threads of bright dark color which, however, are scarcely visible. These threads are not broken up into a mixture in the cloth, but are woven in lines which run the way of the cord or rep. There is an almost infinite variety in fabric, and chevots, tweeds, heather mixtures, and the old favorites divide honors with the newer corrugated and more showy mixtures, all gaining an appearance of novelty from the constant changes in finish, in combination, and the originality displayed in the use of color. One of the prettiest suits of the season is of mouse gray cloth with dark red lines, which show in the kiltings of the skirt and the folds of the drapery. The jacket, cut deep, and "away" from the lower front, shows a small portion of a red vest, the jacket itself being made of fine, plain, solid mouse gray cloth. Dark navy blue may be used instead of gray, or dark hunter's green.

Plaids are used in combination somewhat, but not so much as last season; they are relegated to the children, solid braided stockinet, and fine cloth suits taking the lead with young women. Plain cloth tailor-made suits of the best quality cost from ninety to a hundred dollars, and consist of four pieces: skirt, tunic, habit bodice, and outside walking coat, made almost exactly like the frock-coat of a gentleman. But this is not extravagant, when it is considered that the cloth is of the finest, the skirt made up on good silk, the basque lined with twilled silk, the coat with solid satin, and the workmanship thorough.

There are no trimmings on these suits except the silk facings and linings, the silk feather stitching for fastening, and fine fold-like cords of silk galloon. The changes made from year to year in these suits consist only in some slight modification of the drapery, a little lengthening or shortening of the coat or basque, or a variation in the cut of the bodice from the plain jersey to the habit, or *vice-versa*. Sometimes, but rarely in this country, they are made up in fancy cloths—tweeds, chevots, and rough ribs—the cost being so great that ladies prefer cloths of finer finish and more dressy appearance. Long coats, lined with satin and finished in all respects as well as a gentleman's overcoat, cost sixty dollars.

The purchasers of these styles are, of course, very limited in number. The popular cloth suit is braided, and costs from forty to fifty dollars, without the addition of the coat, but with the addition of the jaunty little jacket, which completes it handsomely for girls, but not for married ladies, who require something longer and more in the long coat or dolman style. An excellent garment for girls, as part of a walking suit, is the jersey jacket, made of fine, elastic, yet warm and soft stockinet cloth, and finished with extreme neatness in the way of buttons, silk facing, and the like, including the workmanship. These may be worn with any dress, light or dark, and on a great variety of occasions.

A very pretty suit is made of cloth, very dark green with a brown mixture, after the following designs: The "Una" costume, to which the "Mina" cape is added in the checked

material, lined with twilled silk or satin, and the "Lurette" costume, to which the same addition is made in navy blue cloth to match the suit, the shoulders being accentuated by braided ornaments, matching the military braiding across the front.

There are a vast number of useful felt hats and bonnets this season, which can be purchased to match suits at very low rates. There is the oval English walking hat with galloon finish, a smoke-colored felt with soft flexible brim, and leather cord and binding; fluted cloths, with cords and silk balls for trimming; and an infinite variety of high-crowned felts, some with a modified Gainsborough brim, others with a rolling, or turban brim, but nearly all showing a high, fez-shaped crown, which is generally becoming—more so than the low sailor, or high-pointed crown, which are better suited to children.



Finette Jacket.



DECIDEDLY stylish in effect, this close-fitting, tailor-made jacket is of forest-green West-of-England cloth, made with double-breasted fronts, to which, back of the single dart, a separate skirt piece is added that also completes the shortened length of the side gores and side forms, while the back pieces extend the entire length of the garment and are ornamented with fancy lapels. The fronts close with small, green-tinted pearl buttons, and the edges of the jacket are finished with machine stitching. Gainsborough hat of dark-green felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with a velvet band, pearl buckle and *titled* ostrich plume. Price of jacket patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

"Nonpareil" Velveteen.



GOLD medal has been awarded this peculiar make of velveteen by the Amsterdam Exposition, as being superior to any other entered for competition. This authoritative indorsement fortifies the opinion expressed in regard to its excellent qualities by the press as well as by its purchasers. There is no pretense about velveteen any more than there is about summer saateen or foulard cambrics; they are simply an improvement on what has preceded them in the same line, and afford an opportunity for being well-dressed at a moderate cost. A young girl, a teacher of music in New York, last winter bought a black Nonpareil velveteen dress for her one "best," had it made very simply, by the advice of a friend, and walking length, so that it could be worn on all occasions. She did not go much to parties but a great deal to concerts, theaters and afternoon receptions; and at such times, and also for Sunday church wear, the velveteen did constant duty. When she went home late in the spring, the dress was still good, showing not the least sign of wear or loss of color. She intended to get a new dress this winter, so out of her velveteen she made a suit for her young brother, which equips him for the present winter in fine style. She is enthusiastic in regard to Nonpareil velveteen, and it may be remarked that the enterprise of the manufacturers not only secures the latest improvements in the making of the fabric, but in the excellence and variety of shades of color in which it is produced. It is the only kind that we are aware of that has produced the very desirable mouse and fawn shades, the gray and electric blues and the beige colors which are so difficult to find in any fabric. They produce also the finest *broché* velveteen, the figures woven in, not stamped, and equal in appearance to Lyons *broché* velvet, while in wear it is far superior to stamped silk velvet. The "Baveno," which gives the effect of the Genoa velvets, divides the honors, in the estimation of some, with the plain Nonpareil fabrics, but there is no division on the question of the figured Nonpareil—that has no rival in velveteens.

The Winter Colors.



QUITE a retrogressive movement has taken place in colors—a silent protest against the corn and poppy mixtures of the past two seasons. The almond and biscuit tints are revived, the russet and golden browns, the beige shades, dark leafy greens, and dark rock and mouse grays.

The latter are quite the newest and most distinguished of the winter colors, but are not becoming to every one, and require a touch of high color to warm them. This is obtained by lining the coats or basque bodices with crimson, and adding a crimson aigrette to the ornamentation of the bonnet.

The biscuit and almond shades are always a disappointment—they look so much better in the hand than on the back. They require delicacy of tint in the wearer for one thing, and manipulation suited to their refined character. The sapphire blues, the electric blues, the peacock blues and greens—now called "duckling" and "duck's breast"—the pure raspberry shades, and the new Indian reds are employed for in-door dresses, pretty robes, morning gowns and the like. The high, glaring colors are disappearing entirely; sober colors or dark cloth shades are used for out-of-doors, and the soft brighter tints for in-door wear. White and black are as fashionable as ever for the evening, and some magnificent brocades in gray, violet, and white, in orchid patterns, are perhaps as fine in combination as it is possible to conceive

with present limitations. The tapestried and India effects have this disadvantage in rich fabrics—they do not look well with diamonds; they require mixed colors in stones—rubies and sapphires, emeralds and the shaded cats-eye, to mingle with the diamonds, or garnitures of Eastern origin in which color and workmanship are the claims to distinction. Now, American women usually wear diamonds, and no other ornaments. American men like diamonds, and so the "parures" matching toilets, and the ornaments corresponding to the style or sentiment of a dress, are rarely seen, even in fashionable and wealthy circles.

Our "Portfolio of Fashions" for the Autumn and Winter of 1883-84.

OUR "Portfolio of Fashions" is now ready, and we call the attention of ladies to this most useful publication. Embracing, as it does, highly finished and correct illustrations of all the newest and most popular styles, together with clear descriptions of the same in English and French, it affords unusual facilities not only for the selection of a garment, but for the making up of the same. Every detail is given with accuracy, including the number of yards required for the garment and trimming.

The present issue of the "Portfolio" contains an unusually large number of beautiful and stylish illustrations, representing street and in-door dresses, wraps, underclothing, articles of gentleman's wear, and all that goes to make up the wardrobe of children of every age.

The immense sale of this publication is ample proof of its utility and popularity. No safer or more satisfactory guide in the selection of a suitable style can be found, and the low price of fifteen cents places it within the reach of all. Address MME. DEMAREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.



Una Costume.—Stylish, and exceedingly graceful, this costume has several novel effects. It is composed of a gored skirt trimmed with double box-plaits and a draped apron, and a polonaise which is tight-fitting, with a pointed waist in front and bouffant back drapery. A round collar and cuffs complete the model, which is suitable for almost any class of dress fabrics, especially those that drape easily. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with bands of velvet and buckles, or in any other preferred manner that corresponds with the goods selected. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fall and Winter Fashions.

HERE is something decidedly fascinating about children's fashions this fall. They are so gay and bright, the material used are at once so handsome and so appropriate, and the styles are childlike and pretty. Plaids are very much worn—not as last year, in combination with perfectly plain materials, but made up with goods purposely manufactured to correspond with them, in tiny checks or indescribable mixtures. Many of the combination dresses have yokes and sleeves of light plaid, plaited skirts of mixed material and buttons, in which the prevailing color of the plaid is cunningly introduced. Handsome suits are made up in brocaded satin and velvets, one of the prettiest materials being a satin brocade, the figure of which is in cut velvet. Such a brocade is made up with plain satin, of the same color, and dark velvet to correspond with the color of the figure. The most stylish way to make such a dress is with a deep, close-fitting jacket of the velvet, open in front to allow of a full Mother Hubbard vest, shirred in the neck and falling in puffs over the satin skirt; panels at the side of the skirt, as well as the sleeves and collar, should be of the brocaded satin; a double plaited flounce of plain satin finishes the skirt. Very lovely honey-combed buttons are made in the most delicate shades for handsome suits of this kind, or buttons are dispensed with, and oxidized clasps are placed down either side of the front of the jacket, and silk cord is looped over the vest. Shoulder bows of Ottoman or surah ribbon, the ends fringed out, are seen upon many of the imported dresses. The favorite colors this season for children's wear are bright emerald green, Louise blue, dahlia, heliotrope and above all mandarin. Very stylish suits for misses are made up in winseys with velvet raised designs. These are obtainable in all dark colors, the figures being in bright tones. Tricot, Ottoman and Biarritz cloths are also much used for girls' suits, and striped cheviots for skirtings, with bright plaid jacket waists, are popular. Plain morning dresses are mostly of gay plaids, plainly trimmed with military braid or with many rows of soutache. Out-door garments are of cheviot or thick Scotch plaid. A very handsome imported wrap is of graduated blue and gray plaid in large pattern. Silk cords of graduated shades trim this wrap, falling in loops from the shoulder across the sleeve, and forming a double ornament at the waist, terminating below it in exceedingly handsome tassels. Double havelocks are made up in plaid goods, and exceedingly stylish ones in India cashmere, with shawl designs. Handsome sacks are in plush and velvet, with fur trimmings, metal clasps being much used as fastenings. Cashmeres are less expensive this season than usual, and are always pretty and becoming; for little girls nothing is prettier than a skirt of this material and a Jersey waist; the skirt to be made with a deep kilted flounce, and a sash drapery over the Jersey, tied in a tight, close knot at the back, without ends. There is no evidence that the Jersey will become unpopular; it has so much to recommend it—and is now made up for children with drapery and a large satin bow below the waist at the back. Stockings for the little ones are in bright colors, either plain or with white stripes running down the leg; plaid hose are not worn at all. A novelty in gloves is the introduction of embroidery upon the wrist of the long Jersey glove. They are to be obtained in all colors, the design of a leaf or flower being embroidered in silks upon the wrist, and tiny buttons and silk twist being carried up the center of the back. They are extremely pretty, and will be more worn even for dress than red. In millinery there are many novelties, and hats and bonnets bid fair to be as gay as dresses. The favorite style for little girls of seven or eight is the Tam O'Shanter crown, with wide brim. These are made up in bright-colored

lushes, trimmed with plumes and satin ribbons to match. Under the brim are deep plaitings of the plush supplemented with ruchings of lace and tiny bows. Long ribbon strings are worn with these hats. Another style of plush hat is the fluted crown, very deep and trimmed from the center with long loops of chenille, twisted and allowed to fall carelessly to the edge of the brim. These also have the ruching below the brim, which indeed is found in all the imported hats. Felt hats of bright colors are in various shapes, the high crown and broad brim being perhaps most fashionable. Trimmings for them are of velvet or plush, with large bows and buckles, or tips; long plumes are very little worn. Among the imported hats this season are those for little children in white felt, with trimmings of surah satin and plumes, the ribbon being formed into bows at the left side and fastened with handsome mother of pearl clasps or buckles. These hats, if of turban shape, are bound at the edges, and when with broad brims are lined with plaited and tucked silk, shirred at the edges. Very pretty cap bonnets for younger children are made up in silk and white cashmere, with embroidered insertions and fronts. They usually have full Quaker crowns and small poke fronts, and when embroidered by hand are very handsome. Infants' hoods are of shirred silk or embroidered cashmere, lined with quilted satin, and have very deep capes reaching to the shoulders and finished off with knotted fringe. Sacks for small boys of eighteen months or two years are in plush, cut perfectly straight, with deep collar of the material, and no trimmings, except handsome gimp buttons and fasteners. Among the novelties this season are the suits for boys of four and five, which have bright plaid skirts, made plain in front and kilted at the back, and dainty little cutaway jackets of the finest tricot cloth. Bright buttons are placed down the front of the skirt and upon the sleeves. Braided and plaited blouse suits have short knee pants and are braided up the side. In neck-wear for older boys plaid scarfs are very popular, and in made-up ties light colors with tiny designs in white are the fashion. Roundabout collars are preferred to the turn down, which were in fashion last season. Girls' collars are very deep, with square corners, and are either of linen edged with embroidery, or of overlapping insertions, and are fastened with narrow ribbon passed through the band, and tied in long loops.

Among our illustrated designs for the young people of the household will be found two costumes for sixteen and fourteen years of age respectively, that are among the best for woolen dresses for the present season. The "Lurette" for sixteen years gives a braided suit, consisting of a gored skirt with braided tabs, over a box-plaited flounce and back drapery, also ending in tabs braided to match. The polonaise is long, and draped in front, but forms a habit basque at the back; the whole bordered with rows of narrow braid, which alternate the kinds used in the formation of the design upon the skirt.

The "Una," for fourteen years, is a mixture of checked cloth with stockinet. The arrangement of the skirt is particularly pretty and effective; the box-plaits which ornament it are made and set on the plain check, the velvet bows with buckles forming the heading. The "Mina" cape, tied with velvet in front, is a pretty finish to this suit. It should be made in the check.

The Misses Box-Plaited Skirt gives an excellent model for a permanent design for a walking skirt for girls, either in wool, silk or cotton. The yoke fits the hips, and does away with the fullness below the waist, at the same time that it assists in sustaining the weight of cloth. It is essential to the neat fit of basque, or jacket, which must wrinkle if the fullness of the skirt is carried up and only supported by a band. The "Luka" jacket is a capital model for school or

walking jacket, in warm, furred cloth, with twilled or stockinet surface. It is tailor-made, finished with stitching only, and with round onyx buttons or bone, colored to match the cloth. It should be silk-faced, and the inside seams covered with bias folds of silk. The "Coat" dress for small boys or girls of two years is made in velveteen, smoke, gray blue, garnet, bronze or black, trimmed with cream lace.



Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This charming little dress, suitable for young children of either sex, is made of black velvet, after the design called the "Coat" dress, which is, as its name implies, a half-fitting, double-breasted sacque coat, to the lower edge of which a box-plaited skirt is joined to complete the dress length. The illustration represents a handsome garniture of *écru* linen gimpure lace set on *en revers*. White felt hat with shirred satin facing and blue and white ostrich tips. Patterns of the "Coat" dress in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates the unique and stylish "Lurette" costume for young misses. The material of this pretty house dress is dark crimson serge, made after the model illustrated, with a gored skirt to which is attached a bouffant back drapery, both of which are cut in tabs at the bottom, those on the skirt falling over a box-plaited flounce. These tabs are each ornamented with a palm-leaf in appliqué of

velvet passementerie. The tight-fitting polonaise has a long draped front, and basque back to which fullness is imparted by the box-plaits below the waist. Three rows of black velvet ribbon outline the polonaise and basque, and are carried all the way up the front. Patterns of the costume are in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each



Luka Jacket.—Slightly double-breasted, and cut-away below the waist in front, this stylish jacket is almost tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut with extensions that are laid in plaits on the inside. Revers and coat sleeves complete the model which is practical and simple in arrangement. This design is suitable for any class of goods usually employed for misses' out-door garments, and stitching is the most appropriate finish for cloths and woolen fabrics. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Miss's Box-Plaited Skirt.—This simple and practical model is suited for the lower part of almost any style of costume for street or house wear, as it is adapted for use either with a polonaise or a basque, and with or without an overskirt. It is suitable for any class of dress goods, including woolens and washable materials, and consists simply of a yoke with box plaited skirt attached. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



ORNAMENTAL NOVELTIES consist of a pin, which is a sword in its scabbard with a plumed hat thrown across it. The sword can be drawn out, and forms a pin of itself, the hilt constituting the ornamental head. Pins with silver gilt balls, and sprays of fine, variously colored silver leaves are set with Rhine pebbles. Some pins have engraved oxidized heads in curious designs, such as arrow-tips, battle-axes, a sphynx head, sharks' skin head studded with steel, and there are gilt spiders and all manner of bugs, squirrels' feet mounted on steel, and other small legs and feet of unknown animals in brown or white fur, set in oxidized silver.



LADIES' CLUB

THE increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, renders it necessary to urge upon them *First*—Brevity. *Second*—Clearness of statement. *Third*—Decisive knowledge of what they want. *Fourth*—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves. *Fifth*—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. *Sixth*—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects.

"Mrs. M. M."—We should advise plum-colored beaver cloth, darkest shade, trimmed with black fur, *not* pointed. You will find a good model in the illustrated designs for the present month. Black velvet basques are very fashionably worn with black silk, black woolen, white woolen, and also with claret-colored skirts.

"MARION O. T."—You can get the books you enquire for at any bookseller's, and also learn the price which differs with shops and localities. "Ruby" is a poem, and at this moment we cannot remember the name of the author, and have not the number, at hand.

"A. E. C." asks for a recipe for "Tortean" cake, a table dainty with which we are unacquainted, and which must, we imagine, have had a local origin. If any of our readers know it by its name will they kindly send us the directions to make it.

"A. L. P."—"Mother Goose" is said to have been a Boston woman, whose daughter Elizabeth married in June, 1715, an industrious and enterprising printer named Fleet, the officiating clergyman being no other than the celebrated Cotton Mather. Mrs. Goose was a cheerful old lady with a store of rhymes and ditties, which she poured out from morning till night after the birth of a son and heir to the house of Fleet. Mr. Fleet was a quiet man, and could have dispensed with this incessant carolling, but he finally conceived the idea of writing down and publishing in collected form his mother-in-law's songs and ballads, and did so under the name of "Mother Goose's Melodies," in 1719. They were issued from his printing house, Devonshire Lane, Boston, "price two coppers." The title was a joke on his mother-in-law, whom he immortalized in a very singular manner, though few give Mother Goose credit for being a real personage.

"KATE."—One year is usually as long as crape is worn for the nearest and dearest relatives. It may be worn for two years, if the wearers wish to emphasize their affection and respect. Black-bordered stationery is only used while crape is used, in lighter mourning the border would be omitted, but all fancy and decorative papers also avoided, and solid English rough or cream laid adhered to.

"MARIE."—R. S. V. P. on a card of invitation means, *Répondez s'il vous plait* (reply if you please). It is always correct to put the name of your town and the date of your letter on the top of the page, or above the first line of writing. In writing little notes the full address is omitted and the abbreviation is often put at the conclusion instead of the beginning. It is of the greatest importance, however, in letter-writing to friends, or any one at a distance, to *always* write full address, never take it for granted they know, the omission of the address often causes pain, anxiety, business embarrassments, and is responsible for many broken friendships.

"A LOVING SUBSCRIBER."—Take your dresses apart, and have them made over on a lining, into "trimmed" skirts, and basques shaped well to the figure, and cut after the "Sylvestra" pattern. The skirts should be made with two killings in front, one at the back, and a simple drapery, not too long. Wear soft muslin fichus, or a line of full tulle about the neck and throat, cut your dresses with narrow standing collar and pleated ruffle of muslin or lace inside, have the sleeves cut high on the shoulders, which should be short, this makes all the difference in the fit and style of a dress. Dispense with ribbons at the waist, and ties, unless you put a *rose* in a nest of lace, or a bow of peacock blue or wine-color upon grey to brighten it up. Upon brown you can only put white or cream, and neither brown nor grey are your colors, you should wear dark green, peacock, or electric blue, or prune color. We should not advise a short jacket, or dolman, for an outside wrap for you, but a long pelisse like the "Dauphine" or "Hildegarde," and a beaver bonnet with plumes. The pelisse could be made of dark wine-colored velvet beaver cloth, bordered with silk plush, and faced with silk, all to match, and if you have it cut high enough at the throat, and upon the shoulders, and well fitted, it would be very suitable and good for three winters. *Cut and fit* are the great requisites of style, and don't be afraid to shorten your sleeves, and wear long—what you would consider *very long*—gloves.

Your husband may be a little startled, but he will like it, for we mean no exaggeration, only conformity to a standard which is an improvement on the old one, and neglect of which places you at a disadvantage.

"A NUISANCE."—The pelisse, or long dolman cloak, fitted in to the back, and cut very high at the throat, and upon the shoulders is the style of cloak most worn by middle-aged ladies. The "Dauphine," the "Hildegarde," and "Natalitza" are good examples. The first might be made in soft velvet beaver cloth, dark plum, or claret, with plush border, and collar, and silk facing. The second in figured cashmere cloth, silk and wool, lined with quilted silk plush, on fur border. The third would look well made of Sicilienne, or brocade, lined with silk plush, and bordered with plush or feathers. But this style would cost more than fifty dollars. The most effective light summer silk dress you can have is black and white, trimmed with killings, and black and white lace, the black above the white. Frames of hammered brass are the most fashionable just now, and will be always good. If your marble table is in the parlor, cover it with a fine cloth cover, with plush corners upon which some pretty shaded design is embroidered. Ivan The Terrible was Ivan the Fourth of Russia. He was born in 1530, came to the throne in 1533. He took the title of Czar in 1543; that is when he was fourteen years old, and signalized it by murdering his three regents. He was pitilessly cruel, but had great military genius. He carried on war with the Tartars, and captured Kasan and Astrakhan. He introduced printing into Russia, and was in some respects enlightened for his day. A story told of him is of an architect of Moscow, who built to his order a most beautiful church. "Could you build another equal in all respects to this?" asked the Czar. The architect thought he could. "Then kill him," thundered Ivan The Terrible, and the great artist and architect was cruelly murdered lest he should reproduce, or execute for another a piece of work equal to that done for this wicked potentate. He died in 1584, after a reign of fifty-one years. The furniture of a hall depends upon the size, and style of the house.

Usually there is a mirror with hooks at the sides, a brass or bronze plaque, or two, two high, antique chairs—and of late it is the fashion to have a recessed fire-place built in the halls; an absurd revival in these days of furnace heat, of an early English idea, and purely ornamental, for they do not communicate with any chimney, and cannot be used. If a hall is square, large, and a real fire-place can be put in, facing the door, so that the cheerful fire can be seen on opening the door, then it is a pleasant, and desirable object, but nothing is more chilling than a cold, unused grate, and so strongly is this felt in England that in summer they are always concealed by "aprons," or screens. Such a hall as this would require a sofa, a table, and pictures. It is becoming the fashion to pay more and more attention to halls, the light from stained glass doors gives them importance, and must fall on Turkish or Smyrna rugs, instead of the hard wood, or marble flooring, or practical oilcloth. Handsome portieres to interior doors also help to furnish the halls of some houses and apartments, and, in fact, there is more and more a tendency to give a furnished appearance to the vestibule of the house, the condition of good taste being that nothing shall be used of a purely family or personal character.

"ARIADNE."—Perseus, whose head, recently given in bas-relief in this magazine, you so much admired, was the offspring of Jupiter and Danaë, therefore part mortal, part immortal, according to the legend. His first exploit was the conquest of the Gorgon, another the rescue of Andromeda. The whole of the beautiful mythological story will be found, with many others, in the "Age of Fable," published by S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston.

"IGNORANCE."—We should not advise too many dresses—better have a few, and wear them. We should advise a velvet basque for your wine-colored silk skirt; plain, with just an inside ruffle of lace at the neck and wrists; it would then prove an exceedingly useful toilet. For traveling, a dark green cloth, tailor made, with two killings on front of skirt, one at back; apron folded over, and drawn closely round the front, irregular, and not very full drapery at the back. Put the skirt upon a lining waist with vest front and pockets: add coat, basque and redingote of the same, and border the redingote with gray, or black fox fur. You can get an excellent quality of cashmere Marguerite for \$1.50 per yard. But we would not advise terra cotta for wedding dress; a dark raspberry shade would be prettier, or bronze. Mouse gray is a very fashionable color, but we would not advise it for you unless lined with dark red satin. Electric blue is too cold for you in winter; that is, cold looking. Kid gloves to the elbow would cost about \$5.00, with real lace insertions, \$15.00. Yes, the gloves should be removed at the table; their seat depends upon whether the table is their own, or in the home of parents, in the latter they occupy the seat of honor; in the former they would be host and hostess. D'oyleys are small fruit napkins, are little squares of German linen, decorated with outline embroidery or etching, and placed beneath the glass finger bowls; pronounced, *doy-ly*.

"Mrs. L. A. B., Brownwood," Texas, writes.—"This is the first year of my subscription to your magazine, and it improves so rapidly upon acquaintance that I should like to purchase the numbers for several years back from some subscriber who does not care to preserve them. I can have them bound at home, and expect them to be of the greatest service in everything pertaining to home decoration, as the numbers for this year have been worth double the price of subscription for Miss Ward's papers on needle-work alone." Address Mrs. L. A. Bryan.

"Mrs. J. F. M."—S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, have exactly the practical books and materials you need.

"A. I. M."—We know of no depilatory that we should dare recommend.

"LITERARY."—Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have published a very complete manual of directions in the preparation of MSS. for publication. After having put it in shape, and the principal mechanical points are a legible handwriting on one side only of the paper, and a knowledge of ordinary punctuation, the best test of the market value of the work is to send it to a publisher. Write full address in a corner of the MSS. and price in another. Enclose stamps for return if not wanted; this will be sufficient to ensure its return, for publishers, as a rule, are honest folks.

"INEZ."—Napkin rings are placed beside the plate, and are for every day use. On formal occasions napkins are often arranged as fans, bows, rosettes, and in other fancy shapes, but they are rolled up, and slipped into rings after having been used, as they are often not changed more than twice or thrice a week in the family. Mizpah means: The Lord watch between thee and me, while we are absent from one another. Beatty is pronounced, *Beetly*. *Con amore* (with love), or *Semper idem* (always the same), *Fideler* (faithfully), or *En Verité* (in truth); would be any and all good mottos for a ring to be presented to a brother.

"Mrs. T. G. B."—Red paint with black trimming would only be suitable for houses under certain conditions, and could not have been stated in so generalizing a manner as to include all kinds of houses, and all places and conditions of dwellings, and persons. Your house being Gothic in form, and brick, would look well painted grey, with black and white trimmings. It would also look well painted terra cotta red and black, but brown as trimming should only be introduced in conjunction with cream or yellow, or dark olive green. With terra cotta red for house, the verandas might be painted dark olive or bronze green, and trimmed with terra cotta red and black, the effect would be very good. The shutters should match veranda.

"M. E. L."—Your two shades of brown wool would serve admirably for traveling suit, but we should advise ulster or redingote instead of jacket. Navy blue cloth, with dark red lining for hood, would be good. Dregs of wine would be an excellent shade for your dress, and with it wear long, ivory kid gloves. Trim with oriental lace at neck and wrists. Long silk pelisse cloaks, and long cloaks fitted at the back, and with modified dolman sleeves are fashionably worn. Fur, plush and feather bands, also chenille trimmings and passementeries are all used for ornamentation.

"M. S."—The safe investment of money is one of the most difficult of problems. U. S. bonds pay a very low rate of interest, because of their perfect safety. Registered four and a half per cent. bonds are selling now for 1.12, that is each one hundred dollar bond costs one hundred and twelve dollars, a comparatively low price, because they will be called in in eight years (1891), and have, therefore, only this short time to run, when the Government will pay only the interest and face value. This really reduces the interest to about two and a half per cent., which hardly seems worth having. For bonds due in 1907, you would have to pay for each one hundred dollar bond one hundred and twenty dollars, the price advancing with the length of time they have to run, but you would have an absolutely "sure thing." You can buy bonds, either registered, or with coupons attached, the latter forming little dated and numbered tickets, which have to be cut off and presented for payment of interest; a "safe deposit," or trustworthy bank is the place to keep them. If coupon bonds are stolen there is no redress except by catching the thief, but if registered, the numbers can be sent into the Department, the payment of interest stopped, and the bonds re-issued. Interest is payable half yearly. U. S. bonds are not taxable. State, railroad, and county bonds are sometimes good, and bring better interest, but we could not undertake to advise on so serious a matter.

"EVANGELINE."—A serviceable dress in wool, of light weight, a summer silk, or silk costume complete, for church wear, and half-worn dress, black or dark silk, for dinner at hotels, with a wrapper for morning, would be sufficient outfit in the way of dresses. Add an ulster, a fichu, a stylish hat of black straw and feathers, and gloves, and you are all right.

"KATHLEEN WOOD."—It would be a good plan to give historical interest to your sessions this winter. Select for every meeting either a personage, or a period, and let each one who is willing to contribute bring what he or she can find out about that individual or time. For example, Charlemagne, Zenobia, the Cave-dwellers, the Early English, Danton, Madame de Staël, and the like. Always try and have a little music, and for a "tea," restrict the table to plain dishes, cold meat, chicken, or tongue, two or three kinds of bread, butter, fruit, and not more than one or two kinds of simple cake. In place of luxuries, have a mould of cold, well-cooked oatmeal, or hominy, to be eaten with cream, and always have Graham bread with other kinds.

"LOTTA."—It is not necessary or usual for a young lady to give her betrothed a ring because he gives her one: the engagement ring is a forerunner of the wedding ring, and is for the lady alone. She may give her picture in return. Her name in it is sufficient.

"ORA."—Trimmings for a black silk dress are a matter of taste, and purse; self-trimmings are better than common lace and passementeries,

but if you can afford a really beautiful jetted, or embroidered passementerie, that enriches a rich material, it is well to use it.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Carving is not done at very stylish dinner-tables; the table is only set with ornamental dishes, white and colored glasses, individual salts, and a plate to each guest; also a roll which is often concealed in the napkin, and the individual flowers, and menu cards, the last containing the name of the guest, and placed near or upon the plate which marks his or her seat. Soup is served from a tureen, which together with the plates, are placed in front of the host. Meats, poultry, and the like, are carved at a side-table, and are each passed in turn, with an accompaniment, such as a vegetable, jelly, or compôte. After the last course, which is poultry or game, comes the salad, pudding or pastry; ice cream is always placed before the hostess, who serves it from its crystal dish into small glass dishes, with her own hands, and lastly coffee, and the fruit—which occupies the ornamental dishes on the table—is passed around, the plates being changed for each course. Butter plates are not needed, and are not used at very elegant dinners. Dinner coffee is served without sugar or cream, but these are passed so that the guests can help themselves if they choose. Colored finger bowls are more fashionably used than white ones.

"Miss E. C. H."—Your changeable brocade would look well combined with dark green wool. We should advise a killed trimming upon a lining, and polonaise overdress of the silk, with draped back and short apron front. You might have it dyed a dark shade of green, but we do not think it would greatly improve it.

"FRANK."—There is no school in New York equal to the Boston School of Oratory, for the purpose you speak of, and if you are serious in your determination, it would be worth something to you to graduate from that institution. We would not advise you to begin with private lessons, but end with them. In beginning with them you run the risk of merely acquiring mannerisms. In a school you acquire principles, and can supplement these with special teaching later; for specialists, there is no place like New York. An ordinary elocutionary training, such as you would get from nine out of ten teachers, would wholly unfit you for the stage.

"KATE."—It is not necessary, or even proper, for you to rise on being introduced to your friend's friend, unless she is very much older than yourself; then you rise as a mark of respect to her age. It is not necessary either for you to rise when she leaves, unless she addresses farewell remarks particularly to you, and includes you in a ceremonious leave-taking. There is no standard of etiquette in this country, except the official code at Washington. Our fashionable society divide allegiance between English and French rules.

"A SUFFERER."—It is more possible to indicate climates which are least bad than those which are good for catarrhal sufferers. Colorado is said to be particularly bad, and all mountainous regions. Florida should be good in winter, and the Bermudas or Honolulu.

"LULU S. M."—A widow of seven months certainly need not cover her face with a heavy crape veil in church, and should not any time, unless she wants to emulate some Hindoo widows and die of suffocation. She may wear black camel's-hair, cashmere, Armure silk and Ottoman cloth, made without crape and trimmed with dull silk or self fabric, but not satin or any glittering or shining stuffs. Long black kid gloves, dressed or undressed. Make your boy's dresses in pleated blouse style, with a ruffle, and rash above the ruffle.

"JESSAMINE."—A thick, soft silk, such as an ivory satin Rhadames, or an ivory brocade, with satin front, would make you a handsome wedding-dress. The first would be least expensive and most youthful. Veil not needed; fasten the hair with pearl pins.

"DAISY LIVINGSTON."—You can easily procure Ottoman silk to match your garnet velvet, and your best plan would be to have this made into a thick ruche for the bottom of the garnet velvet skirt, into close, paniered folds and drapery, and simulated vest laid in folds. Do not put your hair back: wave it rather broadly over your temples; it is absurd for women all to wear their hair one way; adopt your own way—a way that is becoming to you—and stick to it. Thanks for your approval; we endeavor conscientiously to give to women something they will be the better and the happier for having.

"ENQUIRER."—A small wall mirror of beveled glass, with brass frame and candelabra, would be a handsome and acceptable bridal present; or an elegant lamp, or a pair of bronzed candlesticks, a rich fan, or an opera glass; any one of these would come within your limit. You might wear gray or black, with white lace and white flowers and gloves. Follow your own suggestion and have your own room done in two shades of mouse gray, not French gray. Have the library done in walnut, the dining-room in oak, and the hall in walnut. Paper the ceiling with dull golden brown, starred with gold, and put a frieze above the leafy bower with golden lines of the wall-paper for library, and also above the handsome black paper; terra-cotta in tint of the walls for dining-room and hall. Use dark olive with crimson for border for library curtains; shades for dining-room; Madras muslin for parlor, and antique lace for your own room.

"MAUD."—You will find just what you want in a new and enlarged edition of "Art Recreations," published by S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston. This contains clear instructions for painting in oil upon different materials as well as in water colors and illuminating, tapestry painting, etc.

"A SOUTHERN WOMAN" writes: "God bless and prosper our Northern sisters who work for woman's advancement. If I could see one, or all of you, I wouldn't give you a cold handshake. No, I'd give you a real Texas hug. Let me tell you how your good work is spreading. A wave has reached us and is doing good to us all. Our girls are coming up with independent ideas; they don't, and they won't believe that they were made to marry and settle down into mere drudges for men who claim to be the stronger, yet heap up "burdens grievous to be borne" on the shoulders of the weaker. Our girls are reading and working; they have their literary societies and clubs, and they mean to accomplish something for themselves and each other in time. We have our fashionable dolls, to be sure, and clingers; yes, indeed, clingers, who are so anxious to cling, they would cling to a bean-pole if it had on coat and pants. They deride us, but who cares; we do the homely tasks that duty bids us and do not think we are stooping to do them either, and we are not ashamed for any one to see us at our work; but when we are done with it we are done and then we read, write, play on an instrument of music, or draw—even to sit down and think good thoughts is better than to go from house to house tattling. We have had enough of "chivalry" too, the kind that is expended on every woman except a man's own wife; and we have about made up our minds to go in for a little justice, a little acknowledgment of the work we do, a little right to the money that comes into the house, a little voice in our own homes, a little control over our own children.

A. B.

"SUBSCRIBER."—"Junket" is a Devonshire (England) dish, and is not known in its integrity out of the small farm-houses of that famous dairy county. It consists simply, according to Miss Acton (the best English authority), of a dish of sweetened curds, and whey, eaten with "clotted" cream, or cream obtained from scalded milk. The process of obtaining it is the following. The milk after standing twelve hours in summer, twenty-four in winter, is very gently removed, *in the pan*, to a hot plate heated from below and allowed to come very slowly and gradually to the scalding point, without being allowed to boil, or even to simmer. It is then as carefully put back in its former place, and allowed to stand another twelve hours before skimming. The cream is then of exceeding richness, so thick that it can be made into butter by merely beating with the hand. But it is usually sold or eaten as clotted cream, and considered a great delicacy when made in this way, and it is this cream which is the peculiar feature of Devonshire junket. Some people put a pan of milk in a warm place, let it set solid, acquiring a pleasant acidity, eat it as a dessert with cream and powdered sugar, and call it junket, but this is a Swedish dish, and not junket.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—The production of accepted designs by manufacturers of carpets, or any other wares in which designs are used, demands a knowledge of mechanical drawing, which you evidently do not possess. Make yourself acquainted with what is necessary to be known, and then put yourself in the way of acquiring the rudiments of an art, before trying to practice the art itself. If you knew enough to produce a design surpassing others, it would matter little upon what material it was drawn; it would be accepted gladly.



"A College Fetich."—The now famous address by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, has been published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, Mass., in pamphlet form, and under the above title. It is the blow of a mailed knight against an idol that has been worshiped—ignorantly worshiped—by a large part of the American people, and it has been struck by the only man in the United States who could have done it effectively—the representative head of its most representative family. It was a courageous hand that did it, one worthy of its ancestry, and the ringing words which fell like missiles are destined to reverberate until they have accomplished their work, and destroyed *as a god* the image from which the veil was torn away. Six years given to a dead language does not prepare a man for active living life; that is the gist of the brilliant discourse. It may be added that our "great" colleges have also given us a class of educated dudes, whose superiority consists in want of knowledge of practical affairs, and in looking down upon those who must struggle with them. It was with the greatest difficulty that the School of Mines and Engineering was made a recognized part of Columbia College; now it is that part which is admitted to possess most value. Mr. Adams' concluding words are a tremendous arraignment of Harvard, when he asks: "that it will no longer use its prodigious influence towards closing for its students what it closed for him—the avenues to modern life and the fountains of living thought."

"Germany Seen without Spectacles."—This book, written by Mr. Henry Ruggles, late United States Consul to the Island of Malta, makes no pretensions to being scholarly; it is simply the impressions of a man

of intelligence and good general information, conveyed in a very agreeable off-hand manner, and with a natural gift of appreciation that goes far to neutralize his prejudices. His descriptions of German towns—of Stuttgart particularly—are delightful, and his knowledge of the ways, modes of living and customs of the people, intimate and kindly. His strictures on student life and the singular optimism of American parents in sending their daughters to sail alone on musical German seas are useful in suggestion to parents and mothers who have sons and daughters growing out of socks and bibs towards such a future. Mr. Ruggles is shocked, like most other traveling Americans who know little of poverty at home, by the spectacle of women working in the garden and the fields, and describes the stolid German watching his wife at her double labor of hoeing and caring for the baby. But did he never see women at home earning the daily bread for drunken husbands by washing and taking care of many children? and all women who have tried both will agree that a day's work out of doors is less hard than one at the wash-tub. There are plenty of women at the West who work in the fields for the farmers from early morning till dark—do the work and earn the wages of men, and consider it "their" harvest as well as the farmer's, and the labor infinitely to be preferred to that of the wash-tub, to which they go back when the harvest is over. Germans are not lazy; they are very hard-working. They are poor, and the wife often assists in the work that supports the family, but we are fast coming to that in this country, though perhaps not in Mr. Ruggles' circle of acquaintance. The military system comes in for the usual severity of condemnation, but Mr. Ruggles fails, like many more, to recognize the positive good which it exerts to counterbalance some of the evils. German men who have been subject to it regard the discipline to which it subjects young men for five years of their lives as invaluable. It gives them, they say, an education they could not receive in any other way; it teaches them cleanliness, order, the value of promptness and subordination. It develops the body, gives them a fine, erect carriage and lays the foundation of good health. The incidental accounts of royal life in Germany and the little kingdom of Württemberg confirm all that we know of the family character of these courts and their sovereigns, and the public attractions which are painted in such vivid colors and which contrast somewhat too forcibly with the lack of such things in a republic, proves that even royalty, kept up to the mark by public opinion, may be turned to good account. We recommend "Germany Seen without Spectacles" as a really charming book, and spite of women in the field and men in uniform, it will make every one who reads it wish to spend a portion of his or her life in Germany. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

"Daisy Miller: A Comedy."—Mr. Henry James has dramatized his famous American girl, Daisy Miller, and Osgood & Co. have published the play in book form—it being too long and too little sensational to suit the stage. In any form, however, it is a charming character study, incomprehensible to Europeans, but photographically correct in its details, and better suited to the pages of a book than the stage of a theater, unless it is a French theater where language is of more importance than incident, and conversational plays, if the conversation is good, are enjoyed. Mr. James is the finest mental photographer of our day; his work is the neatest and cleanest, and his figures not only leave the most abiding impression, but are the least encumbered by their accessories; perhaps this accounts for their clearness and distinctness.

"The Storied Sea," consisting of letters written from abroad for a weekly paper, by Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, have been republished by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, under the above title. They are pleasant reading, and the "Light of the Harem" which has been extensively copied, throws some light on a hitherto rather dark subject, and ought to get rid of some of our self-satisfied prejudices, and misconceptions. It may be a providential arrangement, however, that makes us believe our own Lares and Penates the only household gods worth having.

"The Age of Fable."—A new edition is forthcoming of Bulfinch's charming mythological work, edited by E. E. Hale, and published in one handsome illustrated volume by S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston. We do not know anything more valuable as a gift-book for young or old, than this collection of Greek myths of classic stories, which constituted the old religions, and which have inspired the finest works in art and literature from the ancient days until now.

"His Triumph," by Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "That Husband of Mine," is as a story far superior to that popular production. The title is a misnomer; it ought to have been called "Her Triumph," but as a piece of work it is clean, compact, and good, interesting from first to last, not the great American novel by any means, but a good story well told, of an interesting woman, who disappoints an excellent husband from first to last, but always succeeds in pleasing and in surprising the reader. A typical woman in every respect. But his triumph was certainly more truly her triumph, and we are sure all who make themselves acquainted with it will agree with us.

"Fore and Aft," by Robert H. Dixon, is a capital book to put in the hands of a boy who has a desire for a seafaring life. It is no fanciful string of romantic incidents which never occurred, but a truthful representation of the average experiences of the American sailor, his hardships and perils, his pleasures and enjoyments. Few works of this kind have ever been written; the majority present altogether false and delusive

ideas of the sailor's life, leaving out the element of strength, and heroic endurance of petty miseries which form so never-ending a part of the sailor's lot in life, and nerve him to face death at any moment. Being a real book, it is full of interest to the lovers of ships and "yarns," and it should be in every school library. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"**The Princess.**"—James R. Osgood & Co. will publish shortly a beautiful holiday edition of "the Princess," with one hundred and forty illustrations by sixteen different and well-known Boston artists. The Princess is one of the sweetest and noblest poems ever written in any language, and is crowned with an immortality equal to Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

"**Dio Lewis's Monthly.**"—Dr. Dio Lewis, once a prophet, and preacher of advanced ideas in Boston, has transferred his Lares and Penates to New York, whether because Boston has profited all that it could, or because Boston did not sufficiently profit Dr. Lewis, is not stated, but anyway, Boston's loss is New York's gain, since Dr. Lewis has settled down and started a "*Monthly*," the first number of which appeared courageously in the hottest of New York months, August. Mr. Lewis is nothing if not sanitary, and reformatory, and he attacks all his pet aversions with nearly all his old vigor. There are a number of good short articles, in fact the articles are almost too short for a magazine, and for their titles, but the cover is striking, the paper thick and good, the typography excellent, and the matter readable and digestive. We wish the new *Monthly* success.

"**A Woman's Reason.**"—William D. Howells has fairly earned his position as a leading writer of fiction, on both sides the Atlantic, the only drawback to his work being that the subject matter is usually rather thin, and of a commonplace, conventional order. But he deals with these every-day conditions, persons, and circumstances in a way that renders his books very pleasant reading, that individualizes his personages, and interests one in their fortunes, so that they become friends or acquaintances, sufficiently recognizable, but not accentuated, or enlarged to unnatural proportions. It is this naturalness, this clearness in outlining and sketching places and people, and the truth and distinctness with which they are presented under widely differing social conditions, that gives his books their charm. Ideas do not trouble him, and he has unquestioning faith in social superiority, as the outcome of social supremacy. But his heroine is a thoroughly good, brave girl, better for her hard experiences because they make her more able to appreciate the conditions under which others live and work and suffer; but we do not know but we like *Cornelia Root* better, and find more of the elements of the true heroine in her simple honesty, her unflinching courage and steadfast perseverance. It is something to have had a "past"—but the true heroes and heroines are those who are faithful to every obligation from the beginning to the end of a path that has no softness or sweetness in the retrospect, no brightness in the future, and their heroism is none the less great because necessarily unknown to Beacon street or Fifth avenue.

"**Guy's Marriage, or the Shadow of a Sin,**" is the latest work of the popular French author, Madame Henry Greville, and is curiously suggestive of the latest work of our leading novelist, Mrs. F. H. Burnett. Madame Greville, like Mrs. Burnett in "Through One Administration," deals in "Guy's Marriage," with a strong woman married to a weak man, who is shielded and inspired, as far as his nature will permit, by his wife's character and resources. Both women are disillusionized, but saved by pride from the consequences of their contempt—both love superior men—although the French lover is not equal in his heroic sacrifice and abnegation to the ideal man created by Mrs. Burnett. But with the vague outlines all similarity ceases. Madame Greville's work has the art of the practiced novelist, but it lacks entirely the subtle sympathy, the minute shading, the careful study and delineation of character, that characterize Mrs. Burnett's work and bring it nearer to George Eliot's if any can be compared to what is incomparable, than at least any other writer of our day. "Guy's Marriage" should have been called "Blanche's Mistake," and one wonders why as the mere story of a mistake, it should have been written.

"**How to Help the Poor,**" is the title of a little volume which has been written by the widow of James T. Fields, and is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mrs. Julia Anagnos, one of the daughters of Julia Ward Howe, publishes through Cupples, Upham & Co., a volume of poems under the name of "Stray Chords."

J. R. Osgood & Co. will shortly publish a volume of sketches entitled "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." It will have an introduction by W. D. Howells.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, publish the names of seventy women authors as belonging to their list alone.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has followed the lead of Mrs. Oliphant in her exquisite work entitled "The Little Pilgrim," and has written a story of the future life called "Beyond the Gates."—This looks as though the materials for fiction had been exhausted in this world, and opens the door wide for a flood of "literature," whose speculations will not be bounded by a "reverent" imagination.

W. W. Story's picturesque poem "He and She; A Poet's Portfolio" will be published this autumn by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, announce a new edition, revised, of "The Spell-Bound Fiddler," by Kristofer Janson, from the original, by Auber Forestier.

They also publish shortly, a new holiday volume by Benj. F. Taylor, author of "Songs of Yesterday," and other works profusely illustrated by leading artists.

From the same house is issued a new edition (the third) of Prof. Welsh's "Development of English Literature and Language," in one volume, without abridgment, at reduced price, for the use of schools.

Frederick Winkle Horn's important work, "History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North," from the most ancient times to the present, translated by Prof. R. B. Anderson, to which is added nearly 100 pages of Bibliography of books in English relating to Scandinavian countries, by Thorvald Solberg, will soon be published by this enterprising house.

The "Decorator and Furnisher" is a complete and satisfactory exponent of art, as it is at present applied to the forms and finish of household furnishings. The September number is rich in new designs, foreign and domestic, of which the latter take the palm.

A Beautiful Oil Painting.

Our December number will be embellished by a beautiful oil picture, entitled "The Tambourine Girl." This charming production represents a young tambourine player counting her gains. She has found, among her pennies, a silver coin, and her face is irradiated with smiles at the discovery of her treasure. The colors of this beautiful picture are uncommonly rich, deep, and glowing, the attitude and expression of the little musician most natural and attractive, and the costume highly picturesque in form and arrangement. "The Tambourine Girl" is a picture that cannot fail to please the eye and win the heart by its rich color and the charm of the subject.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

BINDING OF VOLUME XIX.

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